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The Celtic Annual

1916

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EDITED BY

MALCOLM C. MACLEOD.

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Fifth Year of Issue

THE CELTIC ANNUAL

Year Book of Dundee Highland Society

(Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach)

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"The Earth's Awakening."
Painted by E. A. Hornel.

EDITED BY MALCOLM C. MACLEOD

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FOREWORD.

LIKE all Associations of its kind the Dundee Highland Society has suffered during the past year on account of the disturbing factor of an all-absorbing War. Our "Annual" for 1915 did not make its appearance. The following Programme had been arranged for Session 1914-15 :—

1914.

*Oct. 29.—Opening "At Home." Address by Miss L. E. Farquharson of Invercauld, "The Future of the Gael in his Native Land."

*Nov. 5.—"Irish Music in Scotland,' illustrated by Scottish Songs in Gaelic and English. By Malcolm MacFarlane, Esq., Elderslie.

*Nov. 26.—"On an Irish Island": Visit to an Ancient Gaelic Seat (limelight views). By John Ritchie, Esq., M.A., LL.B., Perth, Sheriff-Clerk of Perthshire.

Dec. 17.—"The Gaelic Factor in Civilization." By Dr Cameron Gillies, London.

1915.

Jan. 13.—Grand Annual Gathering and Concert. Chairman—The Most Noble The Marquis of Breadalbane, K.G.

Feb. 11.—"Without the Gaelic we are nothing." By The Right Honourable Lord Ashbourne.

Feb. 12.—Annual Dinner.

*Mar. 4.—"Prince Charlie's Advance on Edinburgh." By A. H. Millar, Esq., LL.D.

Mar. 18.—"Artificial Islands in the Highlands of Scotland." By Dom. F. Odo Blundell, O.S.B., St Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus.

Apr. 29.—Annual Business Meeting.

The syllabus was printed and issued to the members, but it was found impossible to carry it through. Four lectures, however, were given, viz.: Oct. 29th, Nov. 5th, Nov. 26th, and March 4th. There was a good attendance at all the meetings.

Soon after the outbreak of war the Society was greatly handicapped by being deprived of the services of both its Secretary and Treasurer. The former—Mr Ronald Douglas—is a lieutenant in 3rd Battalion "Black Watch," and Mr John Walker—our late treasurer—is a Quarter-master with the Lovat Scouts. Over thirty members of the D.H.S. are serving King and country in the great European War.

Comforts for Highland Regiments at the Front.

Twelve months ago the ladies of the Society set themselves to knit fifty pairs of hose from homespun wool for men of a Highland regiment fighting in France. Every pair of sox contained some offering, and in most cases a letter of cheer, and it was not long before the gratitude of the recipients voiced itself in no undoubted terms. The work from this humble beginning has gone steadily on, although it has been severely restricted at times from lack of funds. One kind offer of help in knitting, from a Church Guild, could not be accepted from lack of material at the time.

The first six battalions of the Black Watch have all received repeated parcels, and in the same way each Highland Regiment has been remembered to the greatest extent possible under limited resources.

The letters and post cards written from the Front would provide sufficient matter for a long and interesting article, but throughout them all is the ring of sincere appreciation and gratitude. The Commanding Officers have never failed to acknowledge our most modest offerings; and our workers are eager to go forward courageous in the conviction that their work is good. May we ask that,

like the men in the trenches, they may not have to stand still for lack of munitions—which in our case spells money.

A list of subscribers to this Fund, together with an audited statement of accounts, will be found on another page.

Session 1915-16.

The continuance of our annual series of Lectures in a modified form has been decided upon, and the Syllabus will be ready towards the end of October.

The Celtic Annual, 1916.

We allow the contents of this issue to speak for itself, but it ought to be stated that, for the sake of securing uniformity, we have taken here and there the liberty of making some slight alteration in the spelling of our Gaelic contributors.

The Mòd.

The great Annual Mòd, which would have celebrated its 24th annual event in September 1915, was abandoned, and the current year's Mòd has also been put off. This break in the continuity for two years in succession of the event that has been for successive years the chief motive power, not only of the progress but for the very existence of the Gaelic movement, is bound to create a situation that will require all the tact, energy, and single-mindedness of purpose that is possible if its effects are to be overcome. This applies as much to the branches of An Comunn Gaidhealach as to the Central Association.

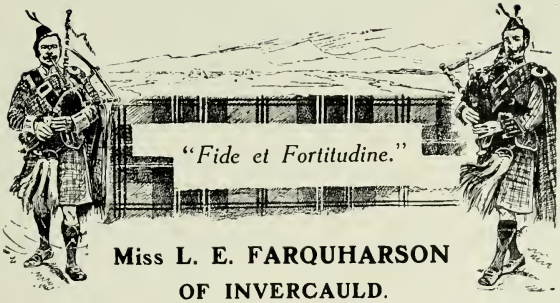
Higher Leaving Certificate in Gaelic and Grant to Teachers.

An encouraging feature for the past year has been the concession by the Education Department of a Higher Leaving Certificate in Gaelic. This will give an impetus to the study of the language to such as reach the Higher Grade Schools, most of whom are being educated for professional careers which will ultimately take them away from the Highlands. Although An Comunn Gaidhealach has for years been pegging at the Department for this concession, as have also the Educational Authorities in Oban and Stornoway, it was ultimately extracted by the spirited action of the School Board and the Comunn Branch of Dingwall. The fact that the ground had been so well prepared for them detracts nothing from the praise due to the Gaels of Dingwall.

Of more account in preserving Gaelic as a living and spoken language is the arrangement come to between the Highland Trust, An Comunn Gaidhealach, and the Gaelic Society of London in a combined effort in giving of a *per capita* Grant to teachers for the teaching of the language in the Elementary Schools of the Highlands. By this arrangement the Highland Trust provides this Grant for two successive years, and An Comunn and the Gaelic Society of London provide it for the third year, thus making a three years' Grant to the teacher on account of the same pupils instead of the one year's Grant previously provided by the Highland Trust. This arrangement has been based on suggestions and information given to An Comunn by its one time Secretary and Organiser, Mr T. D. MacDonald, during his subsequent propaganda campaign for the Association in the Gaelic-speaking area in the winter of 1911. It remains for both the teachers and the School Boards of the Highlands to be patriotic and sympathetic and good is sure to follow.

If the Department would now see that the £10 Grant that is given to help in providing Gaelic-speaking teachers for Gaelic-speaking areas is used for the furtherance of its ostensible purpose and withdrawn altogether from School Boards that appropriate it for the relief of the rates, another step would be gained. Better still would it be if the Department would make this a Grant for the teaching of Gaelic, which it at present is not. To do so would not be providing a new Grant, for which there can be little hope under the circumstances produced by the war; it would be merely putting to better use an already existing Grant which is at present being dissipated to no practical purpose.

Miss L. E. Farquharson of Invercauld.



Miss L. E. FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD.

FOR centuries it has been recognised that pride of ancestry is a Highland characteristic. Miss Louisa Elizabeth Farquharson of Invercauld, who last year inaugurated the Dundee Highland Society's session, has a long and honourable descent from men distinguished alike on the battlefield and in the Senate. The Farquharsons are derived from Farquhar, fourth son of Alexander Ciar Mackintosh of Rothiemurcus (1411-1492), the grandson of "Shaw Sgor fhialach," leader of the Clan Chattan champions in the fight at Perth, 1393. His sons described themselves by the patronymic "Farquharson," which has continued till the present day. The grandson of Farquhar was Findla Mór, a distinguished warrior in the time of James V., who was slain at Pinkie in 1547 fighting for the infant Mary Queen of Scots. He had five sons, the second of whom founded the branch of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, and the eldest was the ancestor of the Farquharsons of Whitehouse and Finzean. The Invercauld family formed many important alliances by marriage with notable Scottish families, among whom were the Mackintoshes of Mackintosh; the Grahams of Fintry; the Burnets, baronets of Craigmyle; Menzies, baronets of Weem; the Murrays, Dukes of Atholl; the Dundases of Arniston; Lockhart-Ross, baronets of Balnagowan; and the Oswalds of Auchencruive. Through the Atholl Murray connection the Farquharsons descend from the famous Charlotte de la Trémouille, Countess of Derby, the valiant defender of Latham House against the Cromwellians in the Civil War; and her great-great-grand-daughter, Anne Farquharson, wife of Æneas Mackintosh of that ilk, played a noble part in the Jacobite Rising of 1745. James Farquharson of Invercauld married Amelia, daughter of Lord George Murray, the brave comrade-in-arms of Prince Charles Edward; and thus Jacobite sympathies are hereditary in the family of Invercauld.

The immediate ancestors of Miss Farquharson may be briefly referred to. Her grandfather, James, married Janet Dundas, grand-daughter of the famous Lord President Dundas of Arniston. His son, James Ross Farquharson, who was a Lieut.-Colonel in the Scots Fusilier Guards, was married to Elizabeth Louisa, daughter of the late Alexander Haldane Oswald of Auchencruive, Ayrshire, and his son Alexander is now Laird of Invercauld, while Miss Louisa Elizabeth Farquharson is the elder daughter of that marriage. Her maternal grandmother was Lady Louisa Craven, daughter of Louisa Brunton, the famous actress, who became Countess of Craven in 1807, and survived till 1860. The Farquharsons of Invercauld have the right to quarter the royal arms of Plantagenet with those of their own family. Their ancient motto was "We force nae Friend; we fear nae Foe"; but it is now "Fide et Fortitudine"—"By fidelity and fortitude."

A. H. M.

* * * *

To know Miss L. E. Farquharson of Invercauld in her own country is to realise what "love of home" means to every Scottish man or woman.

Brought up from childhood at Invercauld, amid its beautiful and stately surroundings, Miss Farquharson has an intimate knowledge of its history and traditions. Her acquaintance with Gaelic makes her homeland doubly interesting to her, as the name of every hill and glen has a real meaning, and her article on "Place names in Braemar" in the *Celtic Monthly* makes this very evident. Like a true patriot she is connected with many of the Scottish Societies, more especially with those upholding the ancient language. She is a member of An Comunn, and has attended all the Summer Gaelic Schools organised by that Association during the past five years. She also belongs to the St Andrews Society, Coisir Chiùil Lunnainn, and the London Aberdeenshire Association, and she is an active and enthusiastic member of the London Gaelic Society, having at one time occupied the position of Chief. This Society, which has its head-quarters at Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, has been the means of bringing happiness to many a lonely Highland lad or lass whom fate has taken from their homes to make their way in the great metropolis. Once a month the London Gaels meet together for lecture, song, or dance, and at several of these meetings Miss Farquharson has read papers on Celtic subjects—on "Ireland's Ideal," since published as one of its pamphlets by the Gaelic League of Ireland, on "The Book of the Dean of Lismore," and on "Legends of Braemar." As the Dundee Highland Society had the pleasure of hearing her last year on "The Future of the Gael in his Native Land" they will know how interesting she can make her subject.

Miss Farquharson was one of the first to think of giving a series of Gaelic and Scottish Concerts to the Highland soldiers last winter, when quartered at Bedford and other camps in England, during those long weary months of training before going to France. It delighted her to find at these happy meetings how the Celts' love of their own country and people and songs and language is as strong now as it ever was.

Miss Farquharson is about as well known in Ireland as in Scotland, having spent many years with her relatives, Lord and Lady Cadogan, during their vice-royalty in Dublin, and she has also visited many places in the West of Ireland, where she finds the same Celtic characteristics as in our own West Highlands. She has a striking knowledge of Irish history and literature, and found many friends in literary circles in that country. She represented Scotland at one Oireachtas in Dublin, and acted once in the same capacity at the Welsh Eisteddfod.

Her house in London is filled with books relating to history, poetry, and archæology, especially Scottish, Irish, and Gaelic; and early years spent in France opened to her other fields of history.

Miss Farquharson is a strong Liberal, as her father was, and it was in the days when living at Invercauld with him that she learnt to know and love the country. Every hill and view has an association, every cottage a friend, and the stalkers still have tales of the laird who was so honoured and loved by his people, and was the friend of the late Gracious Queen who endeared herself to all in the Highlands. It is like an echo of byegone days to hear accounts of the red-coated postillions and galloping horses of the laird of Invercauld returning home by the Spittal of Glenshee, and welcomed by his family, clan, and pipers before the old mansion-house with the Standard of Clan Finlay fluttering from its tower.

Miss Farquharson has travelled much. She was in South Africa during the war, has been to America, has yachted in Norwegian fiords and reached the North Cape; and also in the Mediterranean, visited Venice, Constantinople, and the Isles of Greece, Tunis, and Tangier, but to her none is equal to the beauty of Lochnagar, the haunt of the red deer, none to compare with the Braes of Mar or the Hebrides; and, like Sheriff Nicolson, she says:—

Air Imsean na Gréig is àill'
Tha luaidh nam bàrd nach gann;
B'e m'ulaidh-sa riamh na h-Eileanan-iar
Far an cluinnear cainnt nam beann.

Tha Itaca, Ciprus is Róds
Iomnhuinn le clann nam fonn ;
Ach I-Cholum-Chille, 's i gràdh gach filidh
Chaidh altrum an Alba nan sonn.

Descended from a race that was more occupied oftentimes with war than peace, it is not surprising that Miss Farquharson sees with pride that the men of Braemar have rallied as one man to the colours, from her only brother the laird, Major Farquharson of Invercauld, second in command of the 10th Gordons, Kitchener's Army, now in France, to the youngest lad who has joined the new draft of the 7th Gordon Territorials already at the Front.

Over her "Buth" at the great Highland "Feill" in Glasgow, 1907, Miss Farquharson was asked to inscribe a motto which has come to be regarded especially hers—"Cuimhnich air na daoine bho 'n d' thàinig thu," as suitable to one whose Clan Slogan calls for a perpetual remembering—"Carn-na-cuimhne."

E. Y. C.

MO DHACHAIDH FHEIN.

FONN:—
Hó 's i mo dhachaidh laghach
E 's i mo dhachaidh fhìn;
'S i mo dhachaidh bhoidheach laghach,
'S i mo roghainn-s' i le cinnt.

RANN:—
Ge b'e àit air bith an téid mi,
No cèarn fo 'n ghréin am bi mi
'S toilicht a thionndas mo chéumnan
Direach réidh gu m' dhachaidh fhìn.

Ged a shiubhlain-sa Roinn Eòrpa,
'S ged bu leam an t-òr tha innt,
'S mi gu 'n taghadh dhomh mar stòras,
Bhi ri m' bheò 'nam dhachaidh fhin.

Aig mo dhachaidh fhìn tha garadh,
Craobhan arda os mo chionn,
'S fluraichean is cubhraidh faile,
Tha toirt slàinte do mo chridh.

'S na 'n eoin bheag air bhàrr nan geug
A' seinn le ceilreadh gu grinn,
An ceòl is binne thug nadur,
Anns a' ghàradh agam fhìn.

Tha mo dhachaidh leam-sa baigheil;
'S iomadh là a tha mi innt;
'S a' crùnadh dhomh gach sonas làthail,
Tha mo theaghlach gràidh le cinnt.

Mór Nic Amhlaidh (Mrs Ball).
Toronto, Canada.

THE PEAT REEK.

LIKE a thin blue cloud of incense in the holy evening air,
It rises from the low-thatched roof of home,
Where the snow-white sands have drifted by the sea-green Morar shores,
And the sun sets behind the hills of Rhum.

It's a far cry and a vain cry to the peat reek by the shore,
And it's a' by wi' Morar and wi' me,
For the bloody wounds of battle raise strange mists before my eyes,
And it's ower dark to serve the guns or see.

Old days or new days—it was aye the Highland way
To buckle on the sword and take the road;
We aye went out to battle, and we aye fought hard
For the love of the heatherland and God.

But there's more than Flanders fighting in the heart of me,
For the "Last Post" is sounding in my ears,
And I smell the honey-heather and the brown sea wrack,
And I hear the sound of good Gaelic prayers

In the grey stone chapel by the side of Morar loch,
Where the pine trees are dark and still and tall,
And the peat reek's rising in the holy evening air,
Where the old folks are praying for my soul.

O the fine fighting's over and the cleanly blow is struck,
And it's a' by wi' Morar and wi' me;
But it's home for me surely in the gloaming where I go—
I smell the peat reek rising from the sea!

T. RATCLIFFE BARNETT.

Morar, August 1915.

Watt & Sons, *Dundee.*

Lord Provost Don,

Lord-Lieutenant of the County of the City of Dundee.

ALTRUMAS MHÌOSACHAIN.

U deimhinn cha robh a shaoghal buan—air a thomhas mar a bha e le mìos a mhain—ach ged nach robh, bu mhór am buaireas a thog 'athair is a mhathair rè cùrsa na mìosa sin an Caol Ghlinn-amain. B'e Miosachan ainm an leinibh. A réir beul-aithris fhuair e an t-ainm sin a chionn nach robh e ach mios a dh' aois aig àm a bhàis.

Cha 'n 'eil móran de ghlinn na Gàidhealtachd anns am bheil uaigh leanabh famhair. Gidheadh, tha e follaiseach gu leòir gu 'm bheil Uaigh Mhìosachain an Caol Ghlinn-amain, agus bu leanabh famhair Miosachan. Tha an uaigh mhór, fhada so fagus do cheann deas a' ghlinne, eadar an rathad mór is Abhainn Amain. Bha sceann daoine 'sa bheachd gu 'm b'iad na h-ùruisgean a thàinig do 'n dùthaich an déidh linn nam famhairean a chuir Miosachan is a' chreathall anns d' fhuair e bàs, mar chiste-mhairbh dha, fo thalamh an sin.

Is iomadh linn a tha air dol seachad bho linn nam famhairean; ach a nuas troimh gach linn dhiubh sin, air a h-iomchar air guth an t-sluaigh bho ghinealach gu ginealach, thàinig sgeulachd Mhìosachain.

Bha am famhair a b' athair do Mhìosachan, is a' chailleach mhór a bh' aige mar mhnaoi, a' gabhail còmhnuidh an uaimh mhóir a bha air taobh tuath na h-aibhne. Bha màthair Mhìosachain a cheart cho borb, agus gu h-inbhe bhig, cho mór làidir r'a fear. Borb 's mar bha an dithis, cha 'n 'eil iomradh gu 'n do thòisich iad air am pratan dò-bheirteach a chur an gnìomh gus an d' thàinig Miosachan chun an t-saoghail. Gu mi-fhortanach cha robh srad bainne aig a' chailleach mhóir d'a leanabh. B'i sin tubaist na bochdainn do luchd-na-dùthcha, oir, cha bu luaithe thuig a' chailleach nach robh i-féin comasach air Miosachan altrumachadh, na thuirt i ris an fhamhair—" Air falbh gu grad is goid bean-chìche."

Thog am famhair air, le caman 'na làimh dheis is crann-tabhaill 'na làimh chli. Ràinig e tigh sealgair. Chuir e dorus an tighe 'na spealgan le chaman, agus le raibheic oillteil thuirt e ris an t-sealgair:—

"Bò is bobh ort ogha do sheanair,
Thoir dhomh do bhean is cum do leanabh."

Gun tuilleadh a ràdh, thilg e bean an t-sealgair air a ghuaillibh, agus air ais a ghabh e chun na h-uamha.

Thòisich, an sin, a' bhanaltrachd nach robh soirbh. Mar bu dual do leanabh famhair, bha càil ro làidir aig Miosachan, agus cha robh e mar gu 'm biodh e idir sàsaichte. A chum sin a leasachadh, ghoid am famhair bean eile. Ach, mo chreach! Cha 'n fhoghnadh dithis no dusan do Mhìosachan. Air an aobhar sin, bha am famhair a' goid nam ban gun stad, gus an robh an uamh làn de mhnathan òga na dùthcha, agus do-bhròn 'sna glinn mu 'n cuairt air an son.

Thug sealgairean a' ghlinne oidhirp is oidhirp air an fhamhair a mharbhadh, ach ged bha iad 'nan cuspairean coimhlionta, bha craicionn an fhamhair cho tiugh 's nach robh na saighdean aca 'ga lotadh.

Ach thug nighean thapaidh, mhaiseach a bha 'm bràigh a' ghlinne oidhirp air stad a chur air gnìomharan neo-iochdmhor an fhamhair an dòigh eile. Thug i fainear nach robh famhairean am bitheantas ach maol-aigneach is baoghalta; agus smuainich i nach biodh e ro-dhuilich an car a thoirt as a' chàraid bhorb so. Rinn i suas a h-inntinn doigh a chur gu buil gun dàil. Fhuair i dà shearraigbéin. Lion i té dhiubh suas gu beul le sùgh luibhean puinseanta. Lion i an t-searrag eile le bainne ghabhar, a' cur beagan de shùgh nan luibhean 'na mheasg. Dhealbh i beul na searraig so an cumadh a bha freagarrach air son a' ghnothaich a bha 'na beachd. Chuir i na searragan 'na h-uchd, dhùin i a h-aodach tharta mar a b' fhèarr a dh' fhaodadh i, 's ghabh i an rathad gus an do ràinig i fa chomhair uamha an fhamhair

Bha am famhair 'na shineadh, balg-ri-gréin, aig beul na h-uamha, ach bha e cumail sùla mu 'n cuairt. Chunnaic e an nighean, agus 'na h-ionnsuidh bhuail e. Ann am priobadh na sùla bha i air a ghuaillibh, agus, le ceumrotaich is guda-leum nam famhairean, ghèarr e leatha chun na h-uamha.

"So agad" ars am famhair r'a chaillich, "bean-chìch' eile dhuit, agus mur bi i freagarrach, tha i mealladh a coslais."

Gun amharus 'sam bith, chum a' chailleach a gugarlach leinibh ri uchd na h-ighinn, ag ràdh:—

"Gun teagamh, gun teagamh,
Ni bliochd nam ban bheaga
Mo leanabh 'na fhamhair mór, treun;
'S beag deireas ged bhiodh
Gach isean ac' fhìn.
A dh' easbhuidh na cich, aig an Eug."

Cha robh Miosachan idir tormasach. Dheoghail e an t-searrag gu làidir; ach, mar bha an t-searrag a' traoghadh, bha sùilean Mhìosachain, uidh air 'n uidh, a' dùnadh.

"Tha 'n cadal air mo mhacan," ars a' chailleach, "cuiridh mi 'na chreathall e."

Sinte 'na chreathall, chaidh Miosachan an surram-suain as nach do dhùisg e; ach cha do thuig a' chailleach nach e cadal nàdurra a bh' ann

Am feadh 's a bha a' chailleach a' luasgadh na creathlach, fhuair an nighean cothrom air na bha 'san t-searraig eile a spùtadh am measg eanbhruich a bha an coire aig taobh an teine. Ghabh a' chàraid an eanbhruich g' an dinneir, ach ma ghabh, cha b' fhada gus an robh iad le chéile sinte air urlar na h-uamha gun deò.

Bhrùchd na mnathan uile mach as an uaimh le luathghairean is le ceòl. Bha an nighean air an ceann, a' canntaireachd na rainn:—

Cadal Dhi-Dòmhnaich is cadal Dhi-luain,
Cadal bhios trom is cadal bhios buan
Do leanabh an fhamhair,
Do leanabh an fhamhair;
Is cadal a mhaireas gu ceann na bliadhn',
'S o sin a mach gu cian nan cian
Do 'n chaillich 's do 'n fhamhair,
An Caol Ghlinn-amain.

PARA MAC-AN-EASGAIR.

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

The late Sir William Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart., LL.D., of Errol Park.

Painted by W. W. Ouless, R.A.

THE LATE SIR WM. OGILVY DALGLEISH, Bart.

SIR WILLIAM OGILVY DALGLEISH, Bart., was born in 1832, and died on 21st December 1913, in his 81st year. He was a typical Scotsman, and was proud of his descent from Mary Beaton of Creich, Fifeshire, one of the famous "Queen's Maries" renowned in song and history. His father was a Captain in the Royal Navy, and proprietor of the two Fifeshire estates of Woodburn and Baltilly. The mother of Sir William was Isabella Martin, granddaughter of the Rev. Dr Samuel Martin, minister of Monimail for many years, and daughter of Mr David Martin, a well-known Dundee merchant. Sir William was educated at Edinburgh University; but as he was destined for a mercantile career he entered the office of his grandfather, David Martin, and afterwards extended his experience in Liverpool. In 1854 he entered the firm of Baxter Brothers & Company as a partner, and after the death of Sir David Baxter in 1872 he became the head of the firm, and so remained until his retiral in 1904, a short time before his death.

Sir William in 1860 married the daughter of Mr Francis Molison of Errol Park, her mother being one of the Baxter family. She became heiress of Errol Park on her father's death; and for over 50 years the benefactions of Sir William and Lady Ogilvy Dalgleish to Errol and the surrounding district were carried out upon a lavishly generous scale. Their philanthropic work in Dundee far exceeded that of any of their contemporaries. Among the numerous Institutions towards which both contributed largely were the Royal Infirmary, the Mars Training Ship, University College, the Technical College, the Sailors' Home, and the Institution for the Blind; while Sir William took a special interest in the progress and development of the Albert Institute—alike in its libraries, its museums, and picture galleries. His latest benefactions in this way were his gift of £5000 to acquire the site for the Central Reading Rooms, Ward Road, and his generous donation of stained glass windows and a new electric installation in the Albert Hall. The Technical College could not have been completed without his monetary aid; and the establishment of the medical school in University College was largely due to Sir William's generosity. In recognition of his services he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from St Andrews University. He stood as Conservative candidate for Dundee at the General Election in 1892, and polled the largest number of votes ever given in the city to that party, but failed to gain the seat. Four years afterwards Queen Victoria conferred upon him the honour of a Baronetcy.

Sir William was the representative of the ancient Scottish family of Ogilvy of Boyne, his ancestress, Mary Beaton, having married Lord Ogilvy in the time of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was always deeply interested in Highland affairs, and latterly was laird of the extensive estate of Coulin, Ross-shire, which became his favourite residence. His landed possessions were of great extent, including 20,000 acres in Ross-shire; 3500 acres in Perthshire; and 300 acres in Fifeshire. He was an ideal Highland laird, always taking an active part in promoting the welfare of his dependents. He was a life member of the Dundee Highland Society, and contributed liberally to the prize fund for the Gaelic Mod when in Dundee. Sir William's portrait, painted by W. W. Ouless, R.A., was presented to him by the citizens of Dundee, and hangs in the Permanent Collection. Another portrait of him was given to Sir William and Lady Ogilvy Dalgleish by the tenants at Errol on the occasion of the golden wedding in 1910, and is in the Picture Gallery at Errol Park.

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

THE VOLTAIRE PICTURE.

Painted by Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., H.R.S.A., D.C.L.

VOLTAIRE AGUS AN DIÙC DE ROHAN.

Le A. M. E.

B'E Voltaire aon de sgrìobhadairean móra na Frainge. Bha e beò anns an ochdamh linn deug. Cha robh seòrsa litreachais ris nach do chuir e a làmh, agus bha e sònruichte seòlta, sgaiteach anns a' bhàrdachd ris an canar an t-aoireadh. Chaidh a chliù gu clis air feadh na Roinn Eòrpa gu léir; agus, ged a rugadh e an inmhe car ìosal, bha e air fhàilteachadh le furan leis gach dream a b' àirde an uaisle agus am mòrachd.

Bu leis an tomhas pailt càirdeas agus companas Fhrederic Mhóir Phruisia: agus, air dha tighinn air turus do Lunnainn, shealbhaich e deagh-ghean agus caidreamh gach Ministeir Crùin agus gach sgrìobhadair a b'ainmeala an Sasunn. Bha e 'na fhear-cuideachd cridheil, sunndach, geur-fhaclach, agus cha robh dorus nach robh fosgailte no bòrd nach robh sgaoilte dha.

Cha b' fhàidhe e a bha as eugmhais urraim 'na dhùthaich féin. Bha àrd uaislean agus maithean na Frainge déidheil air a chomunn, is bha iad gu tric 'ga chuireadh gu an cuirmean agus am féisdean. Is ann air so a dh' aithriseadh mo sgeul.

O cheann gu ceann de Pharis, baile an rìomhaidh, cha robh fàrdach a b'fhasanta agus a bu ghreadhnaiche na 'n lùchairt aig an Diùc de Sulli. Bha i air a tathaich a mhàin le muinntir a bha toirt bàrr air an coimpearan an inmhe, an tàlandan agus an cliù. B'e Voltaire aon dhiubhsan ris am b' ionmhuinn leis an Diùc a bhi conaltradh, agus b'ainneamh a bha e air dhì-chuimhneachadh an uair a bhiodh càirdean 'gan cruinneachadh. Bha an Diùc e féin àrd am foghlum agus am buadhan inntinn. Air an aobhar sin, bha dàimh dhlùth agus làidir eadar e agus an sgrìobhadair gleusda, comasach mu'm bheil mi a' labhairt.

Oidhche de na h-oidhchean, bha dinneir eireachdail air a toirt seachad le Sulli. B'i a' bhliadhna 1725; ach cha'n eil cunntas air a' mhìos no'n latha.* Bha flaithean a' bhaile 'nan suidhe mu'n bhòrd, agus, am broilleach 'na cuideachd, bha òganach na h-inntinn fhurachail agus nam briathran subhailceach. Bha a chuid spòrs agus feala-dhà a' drillseadh mar dhealanaich air feadh an t-seòmair agus a' cumail nan aoidhean a' lachanaich. A thaobh na cuid bu mhò de na bha 'n làthair, cha 'n fhàsadh iad sgìth idir de bhi ag éisdeachd ris. Cha do thachair so dhaibh uile. Bha 'n Diùc de Rohan cas, crosda, reasgach, uaibhreach, air bheag suairceis no fosaidh. Bha esan air a lìonadh le eud ri bhi faicinn na h-othail a bh' air a deanamh mu Voltaire, mac a' chumantaich, aig nach robh boinne de fhuil uasail 'na choluinn. Uidh air n-uidh, theirig faighidinn a' mhorair so. Cha b' urrainn dha cumail air féin na b' fhaide.

* Tha mi a' cleachdadh an ainm " Voltaire " o'n is ann air is eòlaiche an cumantas de leughadairean. B' ann goirid an déidh nan tachartas air am bheil mi a' toirt luaidh a leig am Frangach iomraiteach dheth an t-ainm Arouet agus a ghabh e " Voltaire " 'na àite.—A.M.E.

" *Quel est donc ce jeune homme qui parlé si haut?*" (Co e, ma-tà, an duine òg so a tha cho mòr-labhrach?) dh' fharraid e gu tàireil, beumnach.

" Monseigneur," fhreagair an t-òganach cho ealamh ri urchair gunna, " is fear e nach eil a' slaodadh ainm mhòir as a dhéidh, ach a tha cosnadh meas agus modh do 'n ainm a th' aige."

Thàinig na briathran so am mach an guth àrd, glan, fallain, a chaidh air feadh an t-seòmair chùirteil, fharsuing mar bhuillean de chlag airgid. Bha 'n ceòl air feadh na fidhle. Leum an Diùc de Rohan air a bhonn. Ar leis gu 'n d' fhuair e oilbheum agus tàmailte. Cha 'n fhuilingeadh e mì-mhodh o bheadagan balaich. Bha chridhe làn pronnuisg agus a ghnùis làn corruich. Thilg e air ais a chathair agus steòc e dh' ionnsuidh an doruis. Ghairm e a charbad agus dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh. Car tiotaidh bha sàmhchair mu'n bhòrd, ach, a réir coltais, cha robh duine diombach.

Chaidh seachdain seachad. Bha Voltaire a rithis aig dinneir an lùchairt an Diùc de Sulli. Bha a' chuideachd àluinn, eireachdail, mar a bha i roimhe. Bha geur-chainnt is bearradaireachd a' leum agus a' boillsgeadh mar bhiodagan faobharra, lìomharra. Thàinig seirbhiseach is chuir e cagar an cluais Voltaire gu'n robh cuideiginn toileach 'fhaicinn gu h-ìosal an staidhir.

" Cha 'n urrainn mi dol a sìos," fhreagair Voltaire; " ciamar a dh' fhaodas mi éirigh o'n bhòrd? Abair ris an neach a tha 'gam fheitheamh gu'm bheil e eu-comasach."

An ceann mionaid no dhà thill an seirbhiseach. " Maitheanas, Monsieur," deir esan; " tha e air iarraidh orm a ràdh gur ann air gnothuch éiginn agus tròcair a tha sibh air bhur n-iarraidh." Bu thagradh so nach gabhadh diùltadh. Leig e sìos a sgian agus a ghramaiche agus dh' fhalbh e a dh' fhaicinn dé an gnothuch "tròcair" gus an robh e air a shireadh. Bha carbad ceutach 'na sheasamh anns a' chùirt, agus, ceart làmh ris, carbad-réidh.

" Am bi Monsieur cho math agus tighinn gu dorus a' charbaid air sgàth cùis a tha 'g iarraidh cabhaige."

Gun sgàth, gun amharus chaidh Voltaire air aghaidh, agus ionghnadh air a thaobh a' ghnothuich. Aig dorus a' charbaid ghlac làmhan a choilear, 'ga ghleidheadh mar ann an spògan iaruinn. A staigh 'sa charbad bha ri fhaicinn aogasg ghamhlasach, mhì-aoidheil an Diùc de Rohan, agus dèarrsadh uilc 'na shùil. Thug Voltaire fainear, an uair a bha e tuillidh is anmoch, gu'n robh ciorram air choireiginn air bonn. Thionndaidh an Diùc aghaidh ris a' charbad-réidh agus ghlaodh e.

" Voila, a nis 'fheara!"

Bu ghann a bha 'm facal as a bheul na dh' fhosgail dorus a' charbaid-réidh agus am mach leum triùir shlaightirean làidir, colgarra, cuip eich an dòrn gach fir. Thuig Voltaire dé a bha feitheamh—a' ghiollachd bu shuaraiche agus a bu nàraiche a ghabhadh toirt do dhuine. Gun fhacal a ràdh no mionaid a chur seachad, theann na

h-umpaidhean ri 'n obair mhì-chneasda. Rug iad air an òganach agus sgiùrs iad e gus an robh e a' glaodhach leis a' phian. Cha robh aig gin de 'n triùir tuillidh ioc no fathamais ris na bhiodh aca ri posta daraich. Mu dheireadh labhair Rohan. "Ni sin an gnothuch," thuirt e; agus gu grad tharruing na carbaid air falbh cho luath 's a bheireadh casan nan each iad.

Faodar a thuigsinn an suidheachadh 'san robh an crionglach. Bha aodach air a shracadh, na baltan-fighte a bha mu dhùirn agus mu bhroilleach air an spìonadh dheth agus air an tilgeadh fo na casan, fhalt craobhach, cama-lùbach air amladh am measg a chéile mar nach deachaidh cìr riamh ann. A suas an staidhir ghabh e agus bhuail e a rithis a staigh do sheòmar na cuirm. Ma bha fhalluing air a cur tuathal, b' fhaoin sin seach am bruaidlean a bha 'na inntinn. Bha a h-uile neach duilich, làn mì-thlachd agus déistinn; ach cha robh aon a thairg cuideachadh gu aicheamhail a thoirt am mach.

"Monsieur de Sulli, nach eil a leithid so de mhasladh do aon do d' chuid aoidhean ionann ri tarcuis a dheanamh ort féin?" dh' fharraid Voltaire.

"Gun teagamh, tha an aon seadh; ach——"

Chuir Sulli car 'na ghuailne, agus an còrr cha d' thubhairt e.

Am mach ghabh Voltaire, cuthach feirge 'na chridhe, agus e a' bóideachadh, as a làimh féin, dìoghaltas a dheanamh air a nàmhaid. An déidh móran smaointeachaidh chuir e roimhe dà nì a dheanamh—Beurla Shasunnach agus cleasachd claidheimh 'ionnsachadh. Chaidh e a chòmhnuidh air an dùthaich ré shè mìosan, agus, anns an ùine sin, rinn e e féin coimhlionta 'san dà mheur sin. Thill e do 'n bhaile, agus chuir e cuireadh gus an Diùc de Rohan gu a choinneachadh an còmhraig, mar a thigeadh do dhà dhuin-uasal a rachadh thar a chéile. Bha 'n cuireadh an cainnt cho tàireil, spìdeil is a b'urrainn e a thaghadh a chum an Diùc a bhrosnachadh gu tighinn air aghaidh. Gheall Rohan seasamh aice, ged a bha 'n ceum sin an aghaidh a thoil. Gheall e tighinn air aghaidh, mar a thubhairt mi; ach, gun dàil dh' fhalbh e is dh' aidich e gach cùis d'a mhnaoi.

B'e deireadh a' ghnothuich nach deachaidh claidheamh a thomhas, agus fhuair Rohan as gun pheanas. Thuit e, gun teagamh, an cliù agus am mùirn; ach tha cuid de 'n bharail nach bu mhór a bh' aige ri chall anns na rathaidean sin. A thaobh Voltaire, fhuaireadh a chur as an rathad gu sàmhach, glan le *Lettre de Cachet,* agus do 'n Bhastille chaidh a chur—cha b'e sin a' cheud uair. Chaidh a ghleidheadh an gainntir ré shè mìosan—an neo-chiontach a' fulang an àite a' chiontaich—agus b'ann an uair a leigeadh ma sgaoil e a thàinig e air aoidheachd do Shasunn.

Chaidh an dealbh a tha sinn a' toirt seachad an cois an sgeòil so a tharruing le Sir Uilleam Q. Orchardson, a rugadh an Dun-éideann an 1835. Am measg luchd-tarruing na rìoghachd so, dhìrich e gu àrd inmhe, gu sònruichte a thaobh sgil agus teòmachd ann am measgadh agus ann an càradh dhaithean.

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"LOCHABER NO MORE."

Painted by J. B. MacDonald, R.S.A.

WAR ISSUES.

By LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

THE present great war is, of course, full of deepest interest for all—crowded with lessons and inspirations, and certain to leave a vast amount of questions for long and intricate discussion in the final settlement. All the nations of the world will have a share in these. But there are certain things which touch our own people very immediately, and are as full of vital importance to us as those which will affect the Balkans or Greece. They will be more apt to be overlooked, however, for they are close about our own feet.

The English people have got into a habit of thinking only of themselves, and they are inclined to become irritable when reminded of others. You have only to pick up popular histories of the war to read the record of the bravery of such " English " regiments as the Cameron Highlanders or the Dublin Fusiliers—the Royal Scots or the Connaught Rangers! *The Times* seldom makes the mistake of talking as though any but Englishmen were pouring out their blood for such " English " ideals as liberty, the love of home and the island shores inviolate; while more than one poet in its columns has written as though he believed that England was surrounded on all sides by the sea. The smaller fry among the daily journals follow suit. I read in one, the other day, of a visit paid to a camp of Canadians and Nova Scotians, and there the writer saw with joy the true sons of " the old Saxon breed "—the children of the English who in days long past leapt out of the creeks and struck hard blows for liberty! It is true that those of whom he spoke did strike hard blows, but it was for the liberty of taking liberties with other people to whom this isle of Britain was the dear land of home. And those on whom he looked, in that camp he spoke of, were the children, the large majority of them, of those who battled in the surges till they fell, or were driven back into the mountain passes, fighting against the grim invaders of their native soil. One has only to read the casualty lists of the devoted Canadians, New Zealanders, and Australians, whose glory can never fade, to see that they are crowded with names that never could have carried English blood within them in the days that are past.

In fact, this Anglo-Saxon business is effete, and those who rave about it to-day are only inebriated with the wine of Yesterday. Our people are not so keen to-day as they used to be about the Teutonic ancestor of our island folks. They see in Belgium and in Poland what he was like. For the heart of a people changes little. We are shocked by the devilish cruelties of lust and murder perpetrated by the Teuton in the lands which he has devastated and defiled. But his prototype was no cleaner and no more delicate in the far-off days than he is himself to-day. The Duke of Cumberland rejoiced in the perpetration of similar acts in the Highland glens after the " Forty-five." The German lust of murder and outrage on the weak, which flamed across Europe the other day, leapt with the same lurid balefulness into the same terrible orgies when the North lay helpless in its broken loyalty after Culloden's direful day. And the men out of the creeks, of whom our cheap historians never tire talking, rejoiced to do at Iona and similar sacred shrines what the modern war-brutes did at Louvain and Rheims. When they swept down upon the Hebrides they murdered everywhere, torturing women and children, tying thongs about their brows, and twisting them till the brains burst forth. It is time the historian recognised that the people of these lands had ancestors other than the men of the creeks—in fact, that a very great multitude of the people in Britain had ancestors at all. For this fact was wont to be entirely ignored. No greater or more ridiculous sight was ever seen than a teacher in the Highlands telling, from the book sanctioned by the School Board, yarns about their Saxon ancestors and the glories of their Anglo-Saxon race.

The Celt or the Gael had ancestors long before these men of the creeks swept down upon their shores. They were not without poetry, and art, and

ideals of liberty, honour, and nobility of conduct, any more than their enemy invaders. They also had chivalries, and the beauty and glamour of legendary lore, and the fairy poesies of Nature. But, because these were in a language which their enemy did not understand, they were deemed to be something like the chattering of forest animals, for the Saxon tendency always is to treat as ridiculous what he cannot comprehend. Yet the Gael has been patient. He has been the patient man of history. At the whim of Chiefs, at the beck of Kings, he fought like a hero and died like a god in quarrels of which he knew not the origin; and when the Chiefs had no need any longer for his sword he was flung out of the poor plot in the heather, down to the shores of the sea, or sent off in ships over the ocean, like a criminal or an unclean thing; and if he lingered before a factor's command the rooftree which was sacred to him was given to the flames. The clergy, whose voice was the only public opinion then, either, for the most part, feared the laird, or flunkeyed to his will, and the patient sufferers had to go. The stranger became the big tenant; the sheep drove the clansmen before them; and then every kind of alien who had cash succeeded as the tenant of the deer forest. He has been argued about and pleaded for with pathetic insistence. Think of the good he does! He gives work. He brings money. That is to say, he employs his keepers, he makes gillies of the cottars' sons; the minister changes the hour of the Gaelic service to suit the stranger's lunch-time, or leaves the native folk unserved to have a service at the Lodge. Oh, he is the patient man, the child of the Gael! But yet, he did not sit down and mourn and mope under it all. His children have borne their share of the world's burdens. In exploration, in politics, in law and in divinity, in authorship and art, he has brought glory on the land from which he came, and given *The Times* and the parrot press, and the gramophonic historians great and good material for exploiting the achievements of the " English " people, and the " English " Colonies, and all the " English " bunkum about the splendour of the " Anglo-Saxon " whom God never made!

Yet how his children have responded to the old call. Out of every land they have come, for the ideals of home that are always dear to their hearts. And in the glens and islands to-day young manhood is absent entirely. The old men and the women will gather the harvest, and hands that are weak and trembling tie the sail or pull at the oar. Proud of this great loyalty to native land and the liberty of the old shores are we all. Proud that in the hour of need we did not nurse our grievance or hug our gloom. Proud to bear and share with the children of the Saxon and the Dane and the Angle, and of any other, to whom the soil of our Britain is precious evermore. It is not for England, or for English ideals, we will die if need be, but for the sea-encircled islands of beauty and of storied achievement, the Britain truly great through the sacrifice and toil of the British nation, and for the freedom of the world.

But if our folk fight and die, they must one day really have a right to that for which they give their blood. We must have a resident yeomanry—a native gentry and free native peasantry, upon the land. Our Scotland must cease to be advertised on the Railway Companies' hoardings as " The playground of England." A man must be at liberty to take a fish from the loch or the river; and the road across the hill must cease to be barred against him by the servant of the German Baron or the American millionaire. We are fighting for these things, as well as for anything else, or we are not fighting for freedom at all. The right to live in our own country is as sacred as the right of the Belgian to his. And we believe that, after the war, these things will be looked to, for this great struggle will surely have taught our politicians the enormous importance of having people in the land, free, and conscious of their freedom, and terrible as the heroes of ancient time, when that freedom is threatened by a foe. That would be a thing worthy of the ancestry and history of the British folk, who are neither Saxon, nor Dane, nor Angle, but that composite residue of all which has moved the world—a people of wonder compact, of courage and devotion, with capacities for sacrifice, endurance, and victory unmasterable when the old ideals call.

DÌCHIOLL.

LE ALASDAIR CAMSHRON (Bàrd Thùrnaig, Poll-iubh).

AN an àm an fhògraidh, agus an fhòirneirt, nuair bha roinn mhór de Ghàidhealtachd na h-Albann air a cur fo chaoraich, agus an tuath-cheathairn air an greasadh gu taobh thall an t-saoghail agus cuid dhubh gu cladach fuar na mara is mór an anshocair agus an t-arraban troimh 'n tàinig cuid de mhuinntir.

Fhuair Donnachadh Gùinne ceud cur suas ann am Faidhir-an-ròin, agus ballannan de 'n talamh a thoirt a steach is àiteach mar a b'fhèarr a b'urrainn e. Bha 'n t-àite lom, fuar ri aghaidh a' chuain-a-tuath, agus glé mhì-fhreagarach mar ionad còmhnuidh. Bha triùir mhac aig a' Ghùinneach 'gan togail maille ri mnaoi anfhainn lag-chùisich. Bha na balaich cho tric 's a chladach 's a bha iad air fearann a' tional nam faochag 's a' mhaoraich a bha ann an tomhas mòr mar lon

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"A Highland Storm."

Painted by C. G. L. Phillips.

Bha aon teaghlach am measg na feadhainn a dh'fhan, air an toir mi beagan iomraidh agus air am beil mo sgeul bonntaichte.

an teaghlaich. Cha'n eil mi cinnteach an ann air sgàth iad a bhi fuireach ann an Faidhir-an-ròin no a chionn iad a bhi cho tric

'san tràigh, a theirteadh "Na Ròin" riutha. Ach is ni ciuntech gur iad "Na Ròin" a theireadh sluagh eile na tire ris na balaich aig a' Ghùinneach. A dh'aindeoin gach bochdainn is cruaidh-chàis cha robh eadar am Polla-gorm, agus Poll-an-tuairneir dithis bu sgaitiche, bu tréine, is bu ghrunndaile na'n dithis bu shine de mhic a Ghùinnich; ach bha Dòmhnall, am fear a b'òige, lag, agus a' fuireach glé bheag.

Thog an dithis orra gu muir, far an do dhearbh iad gaisge, is cruadal; ach, gu duilich, chailleadh iad féin 's an long air cùl nan Eileanan Sealtuinneach ri stoirm geamhraidh. Laigh bàs nan gillean cho trom air a Ghùinneach, 's air a mhnaoi, 's gur beag nach deach iad bho chosnadh; ach cha b'ann mar sin a thachair do Dhòmhnull beag. Thionail is thrus e maorach de gach seòrsa leis an do cheannaich e aodach is bròg an. Chunnaic e nach cumadh Faidhir-an-ròin an spàin 'nam beul agus thog e air gu Galldaehd. Rinn a mhàthair suas dha pasgan de gach goireas a shaoil i 'bhiodh feumail chum a thuruis. Thog e 'm pasgan air a ghualainn is ghabh e beannachd le pharantan agus ghuidh iad soirbheachadh dha, 's ghabh e gu asdar. Nuair a bha taigh athar a' dol á shealladh bha chridhe làn. Dh'earb e a stiùradh féin ri Athair neamhaidh. Bha e siubhal gu dian ré an latha, 's e cur seachad na h-oidhche mar a b'fhèarr a thigeadh dha 's a shùil a ghnàth air thoiseach air.

Có choinnich ri Dòmhnull ach Fear-an-achaidh-bhric. B'e Uilleam Tolmach ainm an duine so, agus bha e cho geur-chuiseach is gu'n leughadh e na h-aignidhean troimh na sùilean, is na buadhan troimh 'n ghuth. Thuirt an Tolmach ris "Tha thu dian-asdarach, a laochain."

"Tha 'n t-asdar mòr agam r'a dheanamh, a dhuin'-uasail."

"Am faod mi fhoighneachd dhiot c'ait am beil thu dol."

"Tha mi dol a dh'iarraidh m'fhortain."

"Ach c'àit am beil d'fhortan?"

"Aig an Ti tha stiùradh na cruinne. 's a' toirt air lòchrain nan speur dealradh, tha fios."

"Cha b'urrainn thu do chùis a chur ann an làmhan na b'fhèarr."

"Ciod a bhios tu 'g iarraidh agus fantuinn agam fhin 'na do bhuachaill?"

"Bithidh duais mhath is deagh chaidreamh."

"Am bi thu firinneach, onoireach aig gach àm mu ghabhas tu seirbhis agam-sa?"

"Bidh mise firinneach onoireach co-dhiùbh ghabhas sibhse mi no nach gabh."

"Bheir mi dhuit an t-suim so mu choinneamh a' chiad teirm, agus bho sin suas bidh do dhuais mar choisneas tu, is do chaidreamh mar a dhligheas tu."

"Mòran taing a dhuin'-uasail; ann an seasamh nam bonn is mise do ghille."

Chaidh iad gus an taigh, is thuirt an Tolmach ri Iseabal; "So agad buachaill ùr, is bi gu math dha."

"O, athair," ars Iseabal, "tha sibh gun ghille."

Fhreagair an gille beag "Ni mise mo dhichioll, 's cha dean am fear is treise ach sin."

Thuirt an Tolmach ann féin: "Tha cridhe mòr anns a' chèis bhig."

Mu'n do ghabh Dòmhnull gu tàmh lùb e 'ghiùn is dh' earb e e féin ri Athair neamhaidh, agus chuir e 'thaingealachd an céill gu treibhdhireach a thaobh e bhi air a threòrachadh gu dachaidh chaidreamhaich, agus leabaidh shocraich. Mar sin bha a bhruadar taitneach 's a chadal milis.

Bha nis gach ni gu math, Dòmhnull aig a dhichioll is Iseabal fior chaidreamhach. B'i Iseabal aon neach cloinne an Tolmaich. Dh' eug a màthair mu'n robh i dà bhliadhna iomlan de aois. Bha i 'na h-àilleagan aig a h-athair; fhuair i gach ionnsachadh is foghlum—na dh' fhoghnadh do nighinn diuc no iarla. Cha robh rionnag a' soillseachadh á speur, no feur a' fàs á grinneal no boglaich air nach robh ainm aig Iseabail. Bha i cho cliùiteach 's a bha i cho maiseach; is bha i cho maiseach 's a bha i cho buadhach. Cha robh tùrn a rachadh iarraidh air a' bhuachaille bheag nach canadh e. "Ni mise mo dhichioll," agus na 'n rachadh fhoighneachd ris cia mar a shoirbhich leis, theireadh e "rinn mise mo dhichioll," gus fa-dheòidh an d' thuirt Iseabal: "Tha mi fhin an dùil gur freagarach an t-ainm dhuit, "Dichioll." Nuair a chuala gillean eile a' bhaile so, dh' èigh gach fear am mach "Dichioll; Dichioll."

Bha Dòmhnull coma bho 'n 's i Iseabal thug dhà an t-ainm ùr; oir cha robh facal a thigeadh bho a beul nach robh mar an ceòl is binne 'sheinneadh riamh air piob no air clàrsaich ann an cluasan Dhichill. Bha i 'na smuaintean 'san latha 's 'na aisling 'san oidhche; agus cha robh fios aige ciod iad na spreadhan neo-thalmhaidh bha tàrmachadh na 'bhroilleach. Ach 's e bun na bh' ann gu'n robh Dichioli air tuiteam an trom ghaol air Iseabail Tholmaich gun fhios, gun iarraidh. Bha e cho freasdalach dhi 's a b'urrainn neach cruthaichte bhi; bheireadh e steach an t-uisge 's a' mhòine; ghearradh e 'n connadh; chaoinicheadh e 'n giuthas; chuireadh e gach ni 'na àite féin cho gasda 's a ghabhadh dèanamh. A dh'aon fhacal, cha robh tùrn no gnìomh a ghabhadh dèanamh nach coimhlionadh Dichioll. 'S e 'n taitneas bu mhotha bha e sealbhachadh, laighe air being taobh an teine a leigeadh a sgios ré na h-oidhche, 's e chuinntinn guth bhinn, shòlasaich Iseabail.

Fhuair Dichioll an ciad duais, agus fior mholadh bho 'mhaighstir an éiric a sheirbhis agus a ghiùlain. Thuirt Dichioll; "Bu mhath roinn de so aig m'athair 's mo màthair, na 'm biodh fios agam-sa có a sgriobhadh litir dhomh."

"Rach far am beil Iseabal; innis di na bheil air d' aire 's cha bhi i fada 'ga chur sios air paipear."

Thug Dichioll taing chridheil; oir cha bu ruith leis e ach leum dol far an robh annsachd a chridhe.

Thaisbean Dichioll e féin gu modhail, fearail am fianuis Iseabail. Chuir e 'n céil brigh a thuruis am briathraibh suasail.

"Dean suidhe, Dhichill" ars ise.

Thòisich i ri sgriobhadh. Bha esan le cridhe làn, is sùil luainich a' leantuinn mheur fìnealt Iseabail mar a bha iad gu siùbhlach a' ruith thairis air a' phaipear, agus e beachd-achadh air na cuspairean neònach a bha i a' fàgail 'na dèidhe. Thug i 'n aire dha, agus dh'fhoighnich i dheth: "Saoil thu 'm biodh tu féin fada ri ionnsachadh sgriobhadh a dheanamh?"

"Is mise bhiodh da-rìreadh dhichiollach," ars esan.

"Ma tà, ars ise," bho na tha thu féin cho freasdalach, dleasail dhòmh-sa, bheir mise dhuit leasan na h-uile oidhche gus am bi thu comasach air litir a dheanamh. Thug Dichioll an taing bu chridheala bh' aige do 'n mhaighdinn uasail an éiric a tairgse.

Cha deach sgoilear riamh air beulaibh feallsanaich no foghlaine fo mhaighstir cho faireil, toigheach, ealanta ri Dichioll. Cha robh car a chuireadh i d'a teanga, fuaim a

dheanadh a sgòrnan, no cumadh a chuireadh i air a beul nach deanadh Dichioll cho math rithe féin, gus an ùine ghèarr nach b'urrainn i bhi cinnteach an i féin a sgrìobh so, no an e ath-sgrìobhadh Dhichill a bhiodh ann. Nuair fhuair Dichioll am mach dòigh an fhoghluim cheannaich e leabraichean, is dh' fhoghluim e e féin gus nach robh e 'n eisimeil neach 'sam bith.

Bha bana-chompanach aig Iseabail d'am b'ainm Seònaid Siosal. Bhiodh na caileagan gu tric ri conaltradh, is Dichioll ri "cadal nan con 'sa mhuileann," a' cluinntinn na h-uile facal. Bha oidhche Shamhna dlùthachadh, is thàinig Seònaid air chéilidh, agus bha Dichioll 'na chadal cho trom ri cloich.

"Ach an saoil ciod a' chleasachd a nì sinn oidhche Shamhna" arsa Seònaid."

Fhreagair Iseabal: "Is iomadh sgeul a chuala mi mu thilgeadh na ceirsle do lagan na h-àthainn, ach tha mi làn shuidhichte air dearbhadh a chur orra; oir gun teagamh bu mhath leam féin ainm m'fhir-phosd a chluinntinn."

Am beagan ùine dh'iarr Dichioll cead air Fear-a'-bhaile dol a chur seachad oidhche Shamhna anns a' Bhad-chall, baile beag monaidh a bha asdar math air falbh. Fhuair e làn chead an éisdeachd Iseabail.

Thàinig oidhche Shamhna. Sgeadaich Dichioll e féin gu gasda, agus ghuidh e oidhche chridheil do na bha fuireach. Chaidh e 'm falach gus na dhubh an oidhche agus thug e 'n àth air. Chluinneadh a chluas gach buille bh'aig a chridhe 's e feitheamh a leannain. Cha robh 'n ùine fada gus an d'fhosgladh an dorus; thilgeadh a' cheirsle, agus thòisich an tachras. Rug Dichioll eadar a mheòir air an t-snàithean gu critheanach. Ars ise: "Co 'n so shuas air ceann mo ròpain gu daingean, cinnteach?"

"Mise Dòmhnull Gùinne le m'uile dhichioll."

Leum i 'mach le sraon eagalach. Bha Seònaid a' feitheamh.

"O, ciod a dh'fhairich nuair thàinig thu cho grad?"

"Cha d'fhairich mise biog, no diog. Cha 'n eil ann ach an amaideas is motha chualas le cluasan cinn."

Ach thuig Seònaid gu'n cual i barrachd 's na bu mhiann leatha innseadh.

Bha Dichioll tim gu leòr 's a Bhad-chall is thill e tràth math am màireach; ach bha Iseabal cho fiata ri broc an garaidh, 's cha toireadh i freagradh min idir do Dhichioll.

Ach ma bha Dichioll freasdalach dhi roimhe bha dùbailt a nis ann. Dh' fhàs Dichioll suas 'na ghille glan, tapaidh. Cha robh fear 'san Sgire 'thilgeadh a' chlach cho fada ris, no thionndaidheadh an cabar le cho beag spàirn ri Dichioll. Chuir e suas am féile-beag 's a' bhoineid ghorm. Sgeadaicheadh e e féin, is steòcadh e seachad air an uinneig a dh' fheuchainn an dùisgeadh e sradag bhlàth idir an cridhe Iseabail.

Cha b'urrainn i gun toirt fainear gu'm bu tlachdmhor am fleasgach e. Agus ars ise rithe féin latha de na làithean: "Nach mi 's amaidiche air thalamh, agus fios cinnteach agam gur e 'n aon fhear a th' air a chur air leth dhomh."

Thuig Dichioll gu'n robh e deanamh làraich 'na cridhe, agus gu'n robh a mhiann oirre gu'm briseadh e 'n eigh—nì nach robh e fada deanamh.

Thòisich an t-suiridhe cheart rìreadh. Bha cridhe nan leannan a' snàmh ann an cuan de shòlas; ach bha aon cheisd chudthromach daonnan ri aghaidh Dhichill, agus b'i sin ciod a theireadh an Tolmach muair a chluinneadh e mar bha cùiscan a' seasamh eadar e féin agus a nighean? Bha 'n ùine dol seachad 's an dithis a' gabhail fadail. Ach thàinig an t-àm aig am feumadh gnothaichean a bhi air an cur gu dearbhadh; agus thuirt Iseabal gu ciùin, ciallach: "Bi de dheaga mhi-nich. Tha fios agad chcana nach téid mise an aghaidh toil m' athar, eadhon ge do bhriseadh sin mo chridhe; ach tha thu cinnteach gu'n cleachd mi gach reusan is tàlann a th' air am buileachadh orm, is gu'm feuch mi ris gach ceap-tuislidh is cnap-starra 'chuireas e air thoiseach oirnn a thoirt as an rathad, 's an deanamh mar chaimean 'na shealladh. Ach cha 'n eil mis idir cinnteach gu'm beil sùil gheur m' athar gus an so gun an aire thoirt do na bheil eadarainn. Cha b'urrainn i cumail oirre féin na b' fhaide gun bhriseadh am mach ann an gal; oir bha 'cridhe anns an t-slige-thomhais eadar ùmhlachd d'a h-athair agus gaol d'a leannan, air chor is gu'n robh e 'n impis sgàinidh, agus fhuair i mach gu'm b'i slige na h-umhlachd a bu truime. Thiormaich Dichioll suas a deòir is ghabh e i 'na ghlacaibh le barrachd spéis—na'n robh sin comasach—air na rinn e riamh roimhe. Cha b'urrainn iad a bhi fada 'san t-suidheachadh so, agus ghabh Dòmhnull an ceud cothrom air cùisean a shocrachadh eadar e féin agus a mhaighstir.

Bha Dichioll riamh dichiollach, deasbhriathrach; ach a nis chaidh e 'na bhreislich. Na facail a dh'ullaich e chaidh iad air chall, is bha e a' stadaireachd 's a' gagaireachd mar nach robh e riamh roimhe. Dh'amhaire an Tolmach gu geur 'na aodainn, agus ars esan: "A Dhòmhnuill, tha mi 'tuigsinn gur ann ag iarraidh làmh Iseabail a tha thu. A nis, a lacich, tha a cridhe agad cheana, agus biodh a làmh, a maoin, is beannachd Freasdail, agus mo bheannachd fhìn agaibh maraon."

"Na'n labhradh am beul a reir fairichidhean a' chridhe, bheirinn dhuibh taing nach d'fhuair neach a leithid chuige so."

"Eisd rium" ars an Tolmach. "Bha thu daonnan dhomhsa mar bha Iacob do Làban. Shoirbhich gach ni ris an do chuir thu do làmh. Biodh Iseabal dhuit mar Rachel do Iacob, oir chomh-lion thu a seachduinean. 'S i cheisd shaoghalta is motha bha ri m' aghaidh-sa. Na'm biodh Iseabal a b'fhaide saoghal na mi fhin, có air am fàgainn a cùram? Bha thu bho chionn bliadhnachan ann an sùil m' inntinn. Dh'fhan mi gus an so A nis dh'abaich an raon. Gu'n deònaich an Ti tha shuas an toradh a bhi trom. Do réir cùrsa nàduir agus na beatha, tha mo réis-sa aig a ceann, ach cuimhnich thusa, tha saoghal buan air thoiseach oirnn agus ma bhios tus' air do bheannachadh le sliochd, dean an saoghal a tha làthair beag 'nan sealladh an coimeas ri Siorruidheachd. Sin agad comhairlean àiridh air an gleidheadh air chuimhne."

An ùine gun a bhi fada, rinneadh pòsadh is banais aoibhinn, aighearach a mhair tri làithean. A réir an àm shuidhichte bha oighre òg 'san Achadh-bhreac. Bha soirbheachadh leis a' chàraid òig anns gach bac is bruthach. Latha de na bh'ann ghairm Iseabal Seònaid Siosal an uaigneas, agus thuirt i rithe: "Gabh mo chomhairle agus thoir an àth ort air Oidhche Shamhna."

"Nach d'thuirt thu rium gur amaideas mòr a dhol idir air an t-slighe," arsa Seònaid.

"Ars Iseabal 's i togail suas an leinibh: "Seall air so. Sin agad toradh mo thuruis do 'n àth air an dearbh oidhch' ud. Oir gu firinneach cha do ghabh mise Dichioll—Dòmhnull, 's e bhios mi 'g ràdh—fathast mur

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"Sea-Gulls."

Painted by W. B. Lamond, R.B.A.

biodh gur e thug coinneamh dhomh anns an àth air an oidhche àraidh ud."

Arsa Seònaid: "Tha thu toirt orm a bhi air chrith le eagal."

"Cha ruig thu leas eagal 'sam bith a bhi ort. Cha'n eil cunnart air an t-saoghal ann. A ghalad, cha'n eil fios aig neach sam bith air na taitneasan a tha 'n lorg a phòsaidh gus an dean iad e."

"Tha sin fior gu leòr do thaobh cuid de mhuinntir: ach sealladh eile ag iarraidh sgaoileadh taigheadais mu'm bi iad leth-bhliadhna cuideachd."

"Cha robh còir aig an leithidibh sin dhol riamh cuideachd; agus cha robh gaol eadar iad: far nach eil gaol bidh an fhuarachd. Seall rium fhìn, bha fuath mo chridhe agam do Dhòmhnull ach nuair thuig mi gur e bha air a chur air leth dhomh, dh'atharraich mi m' inntinn agus ghabh mi a leithid de thlachd dheth is gu'n robh mi saoilsinn nach e 'n aon saoghal air am beil mi siubhal agus anns an robh mi roimhe sin."

"Gun teagamh tha Mr Gùinne airidh air gaol té air bith," arsa Seònaid.

"'S beag breithneachaidh th'agad air sin fathast; ach nuair a gheibh thu Uilleam Donn bidh tu na 's eòlaich," ars Iseabal.

"Gu dearbh tha eagal orm, fhìn nach tachair sin gu bràth; tha e cho simplidh deagh-nadurrach, ach cho saidealt ann an gaol 's nach cuir e làmh mu'n cuairt diom, ach 's e meud a mhùirn, agus a bheusachd is coireach ri sin. Am beil fios agad, ged nach bu mhath leam gu'n cluinneadh e so, gu'm beil mi fàs sgith a' feitheamh ris ,ged 's e s docha leam de fhir an Domhain."

Ars Iseabal, "'S ann bu chòir dha sin a chluinntinn gun dàil. Maoidh thusa Seòras a' Mhuilleir air, gille cliùiteach, deanadach, aig am beil cridhe caidreamhach, agus deagh dhachaidh do mhnaoi. Tha mis ag ràdh riut gu'n cuireadh sin cabhag ris."

"A! gu firinneach, cha bu chaomh leam fiaradh a chur ann an aon lide do Uilleam; tha e féin cho oroireach 'na dhòighean."

"Mur caomh, ma tà, thoir an àth ort air Oidhche Shamhna. Gun teagamh cha mhisd thu ainm d' fhir phòsd a chluinntinn."

"Agus cia mar a nì mi; o 'n chaidh thu féin troimh 'n chleas cheana.

"So agad mar ni thu: Thoir leat ceirsle de shnath làidir, toinnte nach bris le stad a chur air 'san tachras, is abair 'Có e tha 'n so shuas air ceann mo ròpain'; is gheibh thu freagradh."

"Ma chaomhnar mi nì mi na h-uile car dheth," arsa Seònaid.

Có bha ri far-chluais ach an Gùinneach, "Dichioll" bho shean, agus càm is direach, far an robh Uilleam Donn gu'n deach e, agus dh'innis e dha na h-uile facal mar bha eadar na boirionnaich, agus gu'n robh a leannan a' gabhail fadail nach robh e 'ga deanamh dha féin, "agus fios aig na coimhearsnaich," ars an Gùinneach, "gu'm beil sibh an dùil an sreim a chur; is c'ar son a tha thu leigeil leis a chailleig eireachdail a bhi seanachadh fa chomhair do shùla'? Tha eagal ormsa gu'm beil sùil aig Seòras a' Mhuilleir an taobh a tha i, agus tha fios agad féin gu'm beil sùil gle thlàth agus nead fior bhlàth aig Seòras."

"Mac-na-duibhe! Na'n gabhadh e nir a shùil, no dhùil, a thilgeadh rathad Seònaid bheirinn-sa air gun seinneadh e port Raghnaill Uidhir."

Ars an Gùinneach "thuirt mi riut cheana gu'm beil Seònaid a' dol do 'n àth a chluinntinn ainm a fir phòsda; bi thusa roimpe agus cuir stad air an t-snàithean."

"Agus," ars Uilleam; "ciod a their mi?"

"Nuair their ise 'Có e so shuas air ceann mo ròpain?' abair. 'Tha mise, Uilleam Donn. le fonn pòsaidh.' Na'm biodh fios agad air, cha tu an ciad fhear a chaidh troimh 'n chleas cheudna."

"Tha thu toirt air mo chridhe bhi plosgartaich le aoibhneas."

"Gu ma teinne, 's gu ma teotha," ars an Gùinneach. "Ach so agad mar ni thu: Abair ri Seònaid gu'm beil thu dol bho 'n bhaile air an latha àraidh so."

"Cha 'n abair," ars Uilleam, "cha dean mi breug idir."

"Mur dean, faodaidh tu dol air thurus, 's a bh' air ais gun fhios di."

"Tha thu aige a nis; tha sin gasd," ars Uilleam.

Thàinig Oidhche Shamhna. Cha do chleith a bhean air a' Ghùinneach gu'n robh Seònaid ri dol do'n àth. Bha bean a' Ghùinnich a' feitheamh gus an tigeadh Seònaid a dh' iarraidh na h-iuchrach.

Cha robh Seònaid gle fhada gun tighinn, is thug Iseabal dhi an iuchair gu bog, sàmhach. Dh' fhairich Uilleam, 's e ann an lagan na h-àthainn, a bhi fosgladh an doruis. Thàinig ceum eutrom, iollagach a steach. Shìn Uilleam amhaich dh' fheuch am faiceadh e cheirsle tighinn. Chaidh a' cheirsle thilgeadh le srann.

"Oich! oich!" ars Uilleam. "chuir thu 'n t-sùil asam, a Sheònaid."

Leig Seònaid sgriach aisde, 's am mach a ghabh i agus Uilleam ag éigheachd: "Stad, a Sheònaid; mi fhìn a th' ann, a Sheònaid; Uilleam a th 'ann."

Mar bu chruaidh éigheachd Uilleim, 's ann bu luaithe ruitheadh Seònaid, is tàsg Uilleim Dhuinn a' sluideil 'na déidhe, 's a làmh r'a stùil.

Bhuannaich Seònaid taigh a' Ghùinnich.

"Oich is obha!" ars ise, "tàsg Uilleim Dhuinn 'ga mo ruith," is thuit i 'na paiseanadh an uchd Iseabail.

Leam an Gùinneachd am mach an coinneamh an rud a bha tighinn. Cho luath 's a chual Uilleam taillmrich a chas, dh'éigh e: "Có tha 'n sin? Am faca sibh Seònaid?"

"Dùin do bhial, a chlabaire mhosaich"; ciod a tha cur romhad a dheanamh?"

"O, 's ann a chuir mi eagal air Seònaid. Oich, Oich! mo shùil."

"Innis dhomh cia mar a chaidh dhuit? Tha Seònaid ceart gu leòr còmhla ri Iseabail. Is beag nach do mhill thu 'n cleas, a dhuine."

"O mo ghaol oirre; 's i ghabh an t-eagal."

"Islich do ghuth, no cluinnidh am bail' thu."

"Och, 's ann a tha mi duilich a thaobh Seònaid. Ach so agad mar bha. Bha mi feitheamh gus an tigeadh i. Nuair dh' fhairich mi gu'n tainig i staigh chuir mi splaic orm a dh' fheuchainn am faicinn a' cheirsle tighinn ach 's ann a fhuair mi 'm peilear ud anns an t-sùil, 's e cho cruaidh ri sneìp."

Bha gu leòr aig a' Ghùinneach r'a dheanamh cumail air a ghàire

"Thoir an taigh ort is rach a laighe."

"Ma theid," ars Uilleam, "cha 'n ann gu cadal."

"Ma bhios do shùil goirt cuir gealagan uighe rithe ann an luideig chotain, is bidh i math gu leòr 's a mhaduinn."

Nuair chaidh Iseabal fhàgail le Seònaid 'sa phaiseanadh, thug i dhi cungaidh bheothachaidh, is chaidh i gu h-aithghearr am feabhas, agus chuir Iseabal a beul r'a cluais is thuirt i rithe: "Nach tu tha amaideach. Co ris an robh dùil agad coinneachadh?"

"'S e bh' ann," arsa Seònaid, "tàsg Uilleim; is bha e 'ga mo ruith, agus mi fhìn cinnteach gu leòr gu'n robh Uilleam ann am Bad-a'-mhanaich aig an àm ud."

"Oinseach, car son a ghabh thu eagal, agus

an dearbh rud, a bha thu dol a dh' iarraidh tachairt riut?"

"Cha robh mi 'g iarraidh tàsg a bhi ruith as mo dhéidhe."

Mu'n do thàr iad an còrr a ràdh thàinig an Gùinneach a steach.

"Ciod e so, a Sheònaid? Ciod a thàinig riut?"

"Am faca sibh e?" arsa Seònaid.

"Ciod a chithinn?" ars an Gùinneach.

"Tàsg Uilleim Dhuinn," ars ise

"Tha thu air bhoile, soilleirich cùisean dhomh."

Cha do cheil Seònaid facal. Dh' innis i dha gach car is cleas mar tha fios agaibh mar tha. Shuidh an Gùinneach dluth dhi. "Thoir dhomh do làmh," ars esan. "Cho cinnteach 'sa tha do làmh 'na mo thé-sa bidh i 'n làmh Uilleim Dhuinn mar a mhnaoi phòsda mu 'n ruith sia seachduinean bho 'n dhugh. Agus cha 'n fhaca tu tàsg no samhladh, ach dùrachd Uilleim."

Ge do chaidh Seònaid dhachaidh 's do 'n leabaidh, cha b'ann gu fois. Na'n dùineadh i suil bha tàsg Uilleim 's a làmh r'a shùil ag eigheachd: "Mi thin a th'ann," 's e 'na dheann ruith as a déidhe.

Cho luath 's a shoilleirich an latha chaidh Seònaid gus an dorus. Bha Uilleam aig ceann a thaighe fein, 's e spleuchdadh rithe, agus stiom gheal tarsuing air a shùil.

"'S e th' ann," arsa Seònaid, "ach cuin a thàinig e? Ciod a tha cur air a shùil?"

Cho luath 's a chunnaic e i, an àirde bha e far an robh i.

"C'àit'" ars ise, "an robh thu 'n raoir?"

"Thoir dhomh crathadh de do làimh bhig, bhòidhich an toiseach; 's an còrr an déidhe sin."

"Théid mi 'n steach leat gus am faigh mi do naidheachd mu oidhche Shamhna."

Bha e cho moch 's nach do ghluais neach 'san taigh.

"Ach," ars ise, "c'àit' an robh thu mu ochd uairean an raoir? Is ciod a tha cur ri do shùil?"

Bha mi aig an àm sin, a Sheònaid, far an robh thusa, anns an àth. Ach car son a theab thus' an t-sùil a chur asam le ceirsle chruaidh shnàth?"

"Tha dìomhaireachd ann an so nach eil mi idir a' tuigsinn" arsa Seònaid.

"Ma tà, ma'n do thachair Seòras a' Mhuilleir riut, mar bha dùil agad, thuigeadh tu cùisean math gu leòr."

"Cha robh mis' an dùil, no ag iarraidh sin" ars ise "

"Mineag a Sheònaid, tha fhios agam gur e mi fhin is docha leat. 'S ann tha mi ri àbhachd."

"Na bi 'ga mo chumail 'san teanndach so. Minich dhomh an gnothuch," ars ise.

B'e 'n ciad uair a rinn e a leithid; ach chuir e a làmhan mòra timchioll oirre.

"Leig leam do thoirt faisg air mo chridhe, m'fheudail de 'n chlann-nighean," agus thug e tlàth-dhùineadh oirre r'a bhroilleach; chuir e aghaidh réidh air is thubhairt e—oir cealg cha robh an cridhe Uilleim—"Dh' innseadh dhomh gu'n robh thu dol do 'n àth; chombairlicheadh dhomh a bhi romhad."

"Ma's fior, gur ann am Bad-a'-mhanaich a bha thu."

"Bha mi 'm Bad-a'-mhanaich gun amharus; ach thug mi deagh aire gu'm bithinn tim na's leòr 'san àth gu beirsinn air an t-snàithean agad-sa. Ach 's ann a theab thu 'n t-sùil a chur asam le ceirsle chruaidh de shnath toinnte."

"Ha—ha; ho—ho—ho," ars ise.

"An ann ri gàire 'n déidhe mo leònaidh tha thu?"

"O, ma tà, leighisidh mi fhìn thu le ubaig."

Choimhead i 'na shùil, is thug i mach plucan de chloimh dhaithte le ploc prine. Thilg i 'n stiom air falbh, is bha sùil Uilleim aig fois agus bha inntinn faisg air a bhi aig fois mar an ceudna.

"So agad" ars ise, "toradh cleasadh Oidhche Shamhna."

"Tha mise 'g carbsa gu'm bi toradh is motha na sin fathast air," ars Uilleam.

Cha ruig mi leas gach ceist is freagradh tairis, min, milis a bha eadar an dithis, a chur sios an so, oir 's eagal leam gu'm beil mo sgeul ro fhada cheana. Foghnaidh dhomh innseadh so: mu 'n deach Uilleam am mach as an taigh gu'n robh latha 'm pòsaidh air a shuidheachadh.

Chaidh beagan de dhaoine taghte chuireadh. Chuir an Gùinneach air làmhan a chéile iad air beulaibh a' mhinisteir. Chaidh an t-snaim a chur nach fuasgail sgian, fiacaill, no meòirean.

Ghabh Uilleam air ghàirdean a mhnatha phòsda. Dol am mach dorus na-h-eaglais chuir e cagar 'na cluais: "Neo-air thaing do Sheòras a' Mhuilleir a nis."

Ràinig iad an taigh; bha biadh an àite caitheamh; deoch an àit' òil; ceòl an àit' éisdeachd; céir an aite losgaidh. Chumadh banais chridheil, shunndach. Dh'fhalbh gach neach gu taingeil, toilichte. Ghuidh iad saoghal fada, piseach agus sonas do 'n chàraid òig. Fhrasadh tiodhlacan is gibhtean orra: na dh' fhoghainn daibh fad am beatha.

Fhuair an Tolmach, Fear an Achaidh-bhric, bàs; rinneadh caoidh mhòr as a dhéidhe; oir cha bu bheag an ionndrainn as an tìr e.

Thug Dòmhnull Gùinne leis athair 's a mhàthair. Cha robh Iseabal na b'fhaide gun mhàthair, no bean an t-sean Ghùinnich gun nighean. Nuair theireadh an dara té "mo mhàthair," theireadh an té eile "mo nighean."

B'i 'n toil-inntinn bu mhotha bh'aig an t-sean chàraid, foghlum an oghaichean agus feuchainn r'an deanamh glic do thaobh an t-saoghail tha làthair, ach gu h-àraidh e sin a tha ri tighinn, is air nach tig crioch.

THE DROWNED LOVER.

O WHITE bird of the ocean,
With love-lorn emotion,
I follow thy flight o'er
The grey silver sea;
For the soul of me sighing
Would, like thee, be flying
To where in the sea fold
My love calls for me.

O Angus, mine own love,
My lost love, my lone love,
No rest can'st thou find
In thy grave in the deep.
My grief! when I hear thee—
Ah! would I were near thee,
Then soft would thy dreams be
And gentle thy sleep.

The dew-mists that creep o'er
Yon tide-ways and wan shore
Seem wraiths from the death-cold
Doom-deeps of the sea.
Or asleep, or awaken,
I mourn thee forsaken—
A wraith from the sea-fold
Who calleth for me.

O Angus, &c.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

HIGHLAND CHAPLAINS for HIGHLAND REGIMENTS

By MALCOLM C. MACLEOD.

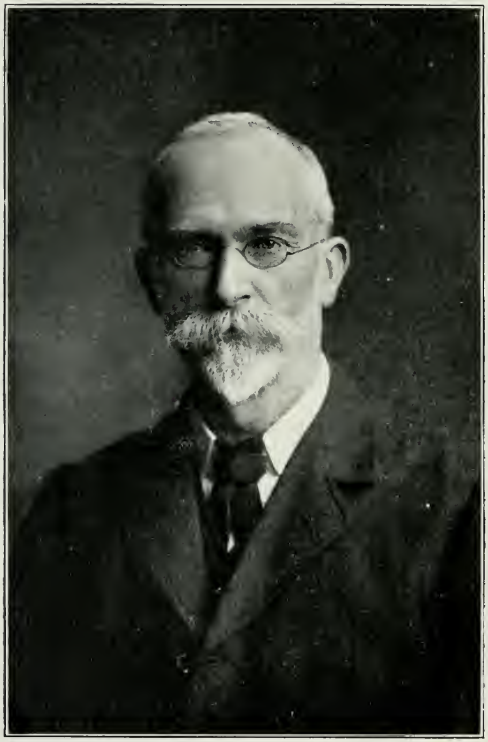
A COMMITTEE composed of representatives of the great Presbyterian Churches has been entrusted by the War Office with the appointment of Chaplains in Scotland. These Chaplains have an opportunity of rendering valuable service to our men in many ways. They can stimulate them to greater zeal in a righteous cause, they can comfort and cheer them in the midst of sufferings in hospital and elsewhere, they can write letters of consolation and help to parents and friends in the hour of anxiety and bereavement. It is of importance that these Chaplains should be able, in Highland Regiments at least, to understand and sympathise with the needs of Gaelic-speaking men who form so important a part of our Scottish Regiments. Even if the great preponderance of men in certain regiments be non-Gaelic speaking, some slight effort might be made to secure the services of Chaplains who to other qualifications add a knowledge of Gaelic. Instead of considering the reasonableness of this need the Churches influenced by narrow-minded territorial associations again and again pass over suitable Gaelic-speaking men and select for work in Highland Regiments men who though possessed of many excellent gifts do not pretend to possess that which in a special manner enables the Chaplain to be helpful to the Highland soldier. It is no justification to say that a few Gaelic-speaking men have been appointed. To remove a just grievance no increase of Chaplains should be needed.

In the Navy matters are still worse. There is no Gaelic-speaking Chaplain, although many thousands of naval men have been recruited from the Western Isles, most of them from purely Gaelic-speaking homes. In a correspondence with the late First Lord of the Admiralty on this subject, an appeal was made for the appointment of one or two Gaelic-speaking Chaplains to the Royal Navy as some slight recognition of the fact that many thousands of naval men came from purely Gaelic-speaking homes in the North and West of Scotland. The First Lord's reply was that, after investigation it was found that all the men could speak English! (Not a profound discovery after forty years of compulsory education in English). English is to many of these a foreign tongue. Gaelic is the home language, and to ignore the language of these men and especially of their homes is not the best way to deepen the spirit of patriotism or to encourage parents to send their sons to the service.

Recently the Churches issued an appeal for funds in order to provide religious literature in Gaelic for men at the Front. The object is a laudable one, but that is not what the men want in the first place. Many of our Gaelic speakers are not Gaelic readers. In their schools, with very few exceptions, they are taught to read English and English only. The Churches might well have shewn their zeal earlier if they wished to encourage the use of Gaelic literature. Unfortunately, Gaelic literature at present can only be appreciated by very few, and, even if it were otherwise, it is a poor thing to offer only a tract to a man who is yearning for the sound of the living voice.

The British Empire has always been proud of its Highland Regiments, and never has it had greater reason to be proud of them than in the present crisis, not only for prowess on many a stricken field but also for the enthusiasm with which our Highlanders responded without any delay to the Country's call in its hour of need. In many a northern village there is not a single family that does not have one or more of its members wearing the King's uniform. The Island of Lewis alone sent 5000 men at the very commencement of the war to join the Colours. Yet this matter so dear to the heart of every Highlander is treated lightly, and the spiritual needs of the Highland soldier are frequently ignored because the man who is ever ready to fight and to suffer for others is always slow to complain and refuses to press his own claims when he sees the welfare of others at stake.

Our contention is that wherever it is possible the Chaplain of a Highland Regiment ought to be a Highlander.



Crowe & Rodgers, *Stirling.*

Calum Mac Phàrlain.

CALUM MAC PHÀRLAIN.

R MALCOLM MACFARLANE, whose most recent portrait we give in this issue of "The Annual," needs no introduction to Gaelic readers. He has been doing work of some sort or other for the maintenance and furtherance of his mother tongue during the last forty years. By reason of his having been bred from childhood in a non-Gaelic environment, he has had an enormous leeway to make up before attaining the footing which those who have been reared to manhood where Gaelic is spoken inherit without expenditure of effort. In spite of this drawback Mr MacFarlane has not only equipped himself with a good working knowledge of the Gaelic language and much that pertains thereto, but has made progress enough to enable him to be of service to those who have had the advantage of him in opportunity. Naturally, his later output is the more effective; and, as it is hardly yet known, we confine our attention to it, and reveal what is of main interest in it as brought out in converse with the subject of our notice.

The Fernaig MS.

This MS. has been revised in respect of the transcription, and the correction of errors marked on a copy of Reliquæ Celticæ; the transliteration has been clearly written on strong paper with lasting ink; as also an appendix amounting to one-sixth of the whole, revealing the peculiar alphabet in its relations to the sounds which the letters represent, the dialect, the meanings of numerous unusual words, and information regarding such pieces as lend themselves to remark. The whole matter will make a book almost exactly similar to the late Professor Mackinnon's work on "The Gaelic MSS. of Scotland."

The MS. is one mass of conundrums owing to the very peculiar orthography; and the unsolved ones have been reduced to a very low percentage. In comparison to the number left by Mr MacFarlane's predecessors in the work of solution, they do not reach a tithe. The solutions came of themselves in the course of repeated readings, and all the more readily because of Mr MacFarlane's familiarity with the northern style of poetry, which he acquired while assisting in the editing of "Dain agus Orain le Rob Donn."

Mr MacFarlane does not think that the work of his predecessors saved him more than ten days' labour, and the greater part of that covers the time which would have been required for writing the transcription in his own hand instead of using the printed pages of Reliquæ Celticæ.

The printer's copy awaits a more propitious time to be transformed into a book, and is in such a condition that any person having experience in seeing Gaelic literary matter through the press need have no difficulty in editing it.

Am Mosgladh Mór.

This is the title of a musical play for children—an entire novelty in the Gaelic field. It was preceded by Mrs Grant's "Dusgadh na Feinne," which differs from Mr MacFarlane's in not being original in regard to the music—Mr MacFarlane's play contains twenty-two melodies made by himself. The plot is allegorical of the Gaelic Renaissance, and is propagandist in its nature. The play is divided into two parts, the first of which is complete in itself. It can be staged in any manner, according to the resources of the players, from a platform with a simple curtain across it, to the completest equipment of any theatre. It has been produced by Morvern School Children, and its adaptability and other merits proved beyond a doubt, under Miss Stewart, Schoolmistress, at Drimnin.

The name, "Ballad Operetta," best reveals the character of the work. The songs are part of the plot, and each has its appropriate melody. Mr MacFarlane never had any qualms as to the merits of the music, but to impress doubting Thomases—of whom the percentage is extraordinary among Gaelic folks when the object of their doubts is one of their own race—he has obtained an authoritative judgment, which we have pleasure in quoting. It is from Mr W. H. Murray, well known as a frequent Mod judge, one of the few men who know Scots music as it ought to be known, and who has had a large and long experience among children and grown-ups.

"I have looked over your children's play with much interest. Without the words I am, of course, at a disadvantage; but there is no question about your gift of melody in song writing. Everything is so easy and natural. You use such a variety of measures and of rhythmic forms that the freshness of novelty is never wanting. Then you easily fall into the tonality natural to Gaelic music; and I have no doubt whatever that, with proper setting and per-

formance, the play would be most attractive. I like particularly 'The Ship in the Loch' work song, 'The Fairy's Lullaby,' 'The Song to the Wind;' and the 'Coronach,' your imitation of the Irish melody, with its repeated notes in cadence, is excellent.

"I hope that some time or other I may have the pleasure of being present at a performance."

English-Gaelic Dictionary.

Mr MacFarlane has been engaged, off and on, for some years in laying the basis of that much-needed book—an English-Gaelic Dictionary. If properly gone about, this should be the work of several men acting together. But as there are no hopes of the like, Mr MacFarlane is acting alone with an eye to, some day, publishing the work in summary if not in extended form. Meantime, there are fifteen hundred and twenty pages of post paper covered with English words and phrases with their Gaelic equivalents, while many thousands have still blanks opposite them. Mr MacFarlane has just completed the writing out of these in alphabetical order. There is an estimated year's work to do ere the selection commences; and the selection will then depend on the size and character of the book to be issued.

Translation.

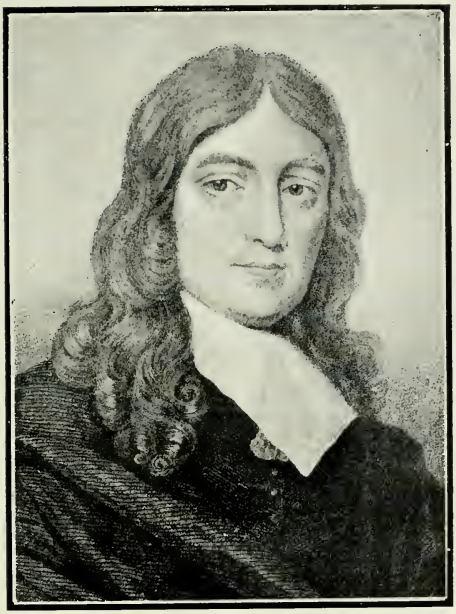
The translation from Milton's "Paradise Lost" which accompanies this notice is given to exemplify in a small measure Mr MacFarlane's versatility. It was an unsuccessful Mod competition paper. Mr MacFarlane, on being asked how it compared with the prize-winning translation, spoke as follows:—"My work is as like Milton's in style as the other is unlike it. The original is an epic in blank verse; yet the prize poem is rhymed in the style of lyric Gaelic poetry, the author having taken great pains to do the wrong thing. But, as I prefer being unsuccessful in a right course to being successful in a wrong one, I am quite indifferent to the decision of the judges, whose literary taste has been, on this occasion, at any rate, at fault. I would not throw the blame on all the judges; for one bad judge can spoil the markings of two good ones—and that occurred, to my perfect knowledge, in more than one literary competition at the 1913 Mod."

Technical Terms.

Another important piece of work with which our friend is at present occupied is that of devising terms which will enable Gaelic speakers and writers to treat of technical and other subjects without being forced to fall back on English. This task he has taken up at the special request of the Scottish Gaelic Academy, which has been giving some attention to the limitations of the old language as regards vocabulary. The primary and immediate intention is to provide words and phrases which will make it possible for teachers to impart instruction in reading, writing, and dictation through the medium of the native tongue. It is rather a formidable commission, and one for the execution of which Mr MacFarlane is singularly well fitted owing to his extensive experience in preparing Gaelic text books, and compiling Gaelic dictionaries. When the project is completed, as far as concerns word-coining, it will not be considered safe to finally adopt the abstract terms until they have been put to a fair amount of practical use. This may be done in more ways than one; but possibly the most approved plan will be to make simple text-books of the various subjects involved. It is interesting to note that particular attention is to be given to words relating to elementary drawing, both free-hand and geometrical, and also to arithmetic. It is considered risky to provide school terms that do not include words necessary for dealing with the elements of these subjects. These are Mr MacFarlane's ideas and proposals; and we may safely assume that he will carry them out with his customary thoroughness and devotion. The Academy has appointed a small Committee to aid him in his task; but the gentlemen composing this body would, themselves, be the first to avow that their part of the labour is likely to be small—that by far the greater portion must fall to their gifted, scholarly, and versatile Convener.

PARADISE LOST.

(MAR CHAILLEADH SEALBH AIR PARRAS.)



John Milton.

Air ceud cheannaire an duine agus air
meas toirmisgte na craoibhe, a thug le a
shùgh marbhtach bàs anns an t-saoghal
agus ar n-uil' an-aoibhneas oirnn, mar ri
call Edein—gus am bujdhinn Duine na 's
mò na sinn féin slàinte dhuinn a rìs,
agus ath-shealbh air an t-suidheachadh
bheannaichte a bh' ann—seinn thusa, a
cheòlair nèamhaidh, a ghluais air
mullach uaigneach Oreb no Shinai, aigne
an aodhaire sin a theagaisg air tùs do 'n
dream thaghte mar dh' éirich 'san
toiseach na nèamhan agus an talamh á
Càos; no ma 's tlachdmhoire leat Beinn
Shioin agus Allt Shilóa a shruth air àm
am fochair pàilliun Dhé, thig as t' àite,
ta mi a' guidheadh ort, agus thoir
còmhnadh do mo dhàn a tha togairt falbh
air sgéith fad os cionn A' Mhonaidh
Aónaich an tòir air nithean air nach
d' thugadh oidhirp riamh an rosg no 'n
réim.

Agus, gu sònruichte thusa, a Spioraid
leis an àille roimh na tha de theampuill
ann an cridhe glan is ionraic, teagaisg
mi, oir is aithne dhuit—thusa a bh' ann
bho thùs, agus, le do sgiathan an-mhóra
sgaoilte gu farsuing, a shuidh gu

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first

calmanail a' gur air uachdar na h-aibhis
ana-cuimsich gus an d'rinn thu torach i
—an ni a ta dorcha annam soillsich; an
ni a ta shìos tog suas agus cuir do thaice
ris, a chum is gu'n téid agam, gus an
uidhe is àirde a ghabhas an seanchas
mór so a thabhairt, air an Fhreasdal
shìorruidh a chur an céill, agus air
gnàths an Dé mhóir 'na bheantainn ris
an duine, fhìreanachadh.

Innis air tùs—oir cha 'n eil nèamh a'
cleith dad bho do shùil, is cha mhò a
ta 'n t-aigeann ifrinneach—innis air tùs
cìod e a thug air ar ceud shinnsear, is
iad air bhi cho sona, agus cho fada stigh
an coibhneas nèimh, an Cruithfhear
féin a thréigsinn, agus a thoil a chur an
suarachas air cheann aon àithne bhi 'gan
amalladh—Righrean na talmhainn, mar
bha iad, cuideachd! Có a dh' aom gu
taobh air tùs iad gus a' cheannairc
bhreun ud a chur an gnìomh?

Có ach an nathair ifrinneach! B'esan,
le cheilg air a fadadh le farmad agus
dioghaltas, a mheall màthair a' chinnidh
dhaonnda, agus e air bhi, air tàilleamh
na h-uaill a bb' ann, air a thilgeil am
mach á nèamh le fheachd de ainglean
ceannairceach uile, agus e 'san àm an
geall air e féin a chur, le 'n còmhnadh-
san, an inmhe ghlòrmhoir os cionn a
choimpirean, agus an dùil e féin a
dheanamh fa-dheòidh ionann 's an Tì
is àirde, na 'n cuireadh e 'na aghaidh;
agus le sùil mhòrchuisich air rìgh-
chathair agus flaitheas Dhé, a chuir air
bonn air nèamh cogadh aingidh agus
lastanach—ach gu neo-bhuil. Esan
thilg an t-Uile-chumhachdach an
comhair a chinn, 's e 'na chaoir lasraich,
am mach as an speur ghormghlan, le
sgrios is losgadh oillteil, a sìos gus an
aigeann anns nach eil ìochdar, an sin a
ghabhail còmhnuidh an geimhlichean
adamaint 's an teintean peanasach; esan
aig an robh de ladarnas dùbhlan cogaidh
a thoirt do 'n Uile-chumhachdach.

Fad naoi làithean agus naoi
oidhcheannan laigh e féin 's a luchd-
leanmhuinn ceannsaichte, gruamach,
'nam breislich, ach saor o 'n bhàs, 'gan
aoirneagan féin 's an t-sloc theinteach.
Ach chaomhain a bhinn gu feirg is mò
na sin e; a chionn, a nis, ta a bhreith-
neachadh an dà chuid air sonas a bhi
caillte agus air cràdh a bhi sìor, 'ga
chlaoidh. Tionndaidhear a ghon-
shùilean mu'n cuairt—na sùilean sin a
dhearc air àmhghar agus uamhunn ana-
cuimseach, air an coimheasgadh le uaill
rag-bheartaich agus fuath neo-chaisgte.
Ghrad-thugadh fainear leis, cho fad 's a
théid aire nan aingeal, an suidheachadh
aogaidh, fiadhaich, fàsachail, a bh'
ann: daingneach oillteil ceithir-
thimcheall air, 's i 'na h-aon
àmhuinn lasraich, mhóir; ach fòs
bho na lasraichean ud cha d' thàinig
solus, ach dorchadas so-léirsinneach, a
dh' fhoghainn na's fèarr gu scallaidhean
brònach, ionadan muladach agus dubh-
chùiltean tiamhaidh a leigeil ris;
ionadan anns nach fhan sìth no fois,
anns nach tig dòchas am feasd—an dòchas

Wast present, and with mighty wings out-
spread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from
thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first, what
cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind; what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his
host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven and battle
proud
With vain attempt. Him, the Almighty
Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and
night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the
thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful
eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast
hate.
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those
flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end

sin a thig air àm do gach neach—ach cràdh gun chrìch a' buadhachadh 's e air a bhrosnuchadh le tuil theintich de phronnasg sìor-losgach, bith-bhuan.

B'e sin an t-ionad a roimh-ullamhaich ceartas sìorruidh do na ceannaircich ud; an sin 'san tur-dhorchadas dh'òrduicheadh dhaibh an gainntir; an sin chaidh an cuid a chur air leth dhaibh tri uairean na's faide bho Dhia agus bho sholus nèimh na tha teis-meadhon a' chruinne-ché bho a mhul féin. Mo nuar; mo nuar! Nach e a ghabh fada bho 'n ionad as an do thuit iad.

Ghrad-thug e fainear a chompanaich a thuit maille ris, agus tuiltean is cuairt-ghaoithean de theintean gailbheach a' dol tharta; agus, 'ga aoirneagan féin dlùth ri làimh an tì a b' fhaisge an cumhachd dha, agus a b' fhaisge an cìont dha—fada 'na dhéidh sin bu mhaith a b' aithne do mhuinntir Phalestin e fo'n ainm "Beelzebub." Ris-san thòisich an t-Abharsair—b' ann air cheann an ainm sin a thugadh "Satan" air air nèamh—le briathran dàna a thug clisgeadh air an trom-thosd thiamhaidh, air inntinn a chur an céill.

"Ma's tusa th' ann, 's ann ort a thàinig! Is mór a ta thu air caochladh bhuaidhe-san a bha an rioghachdan sona na soillse air a sgeadachadh le lainnir bhàrrmhaisich a chuir mi-dhreach air sluaghan gun àireamh a bha iad féin ro dhealrach—ma's tusa th'ann a chaidh am bann leam féin 'san aon rùn, 'san aon chomhairle, 'san aon dòchas, agus leis an aon shùil ris a' chumnart a bh' anns an oidhirp ghlòrmhoir ud; nis 'nar n-aon anns an aon truaighe so; feuch an sloc anns an do thuit sinn bho'n aon àirde! Air a' mheud sin dhearbh esan le thàirneanach barrachd a threise. Gus an àm ud, co aig a bha fios air lànachd an neirt a bha 'sna h-airm uamhasach ud?

"Ach cha 'n ann rompa sud, no roimh na tha an comas a' bhuadhair chumhachdaich ud 'na fheirg a dheanamh orm, a ghabhainn aithreachas no dh' atharraichinn rùn—ged is fìor gu'm bheil an inntinn sheasmhach agus an uaill uaibhreach a ta 'g éirigh á mothachadh air toilltinneas 'ga chur an suarachas, air an atharrachadh a thaobh coslas soillseach an leth am muigh. B' iad sin a thug fodham féin strì a dhèanamh ris an tì is cumhachdaiche, agus a thug air an aghaidh do 'n chòmhraig ghairg feachd do-àireamhaichte de sploradan armaichte anns an robh de mhìsneach a riaghladh fhuathachadh; agus leis am b'fhèarr mise a leantainn, 's an cumhachd féin a chur an aghaidh a làn-chumhachd-san, an gleac neo-chinnteach air machraichean nèimh, a thug criothnachadh air a rìgh-chathair àird.

"Ged chailleadh am blàr, mo thogair! Cha 'n eil a h-uile ni caillte! Cha 'n eil an toil nach gabh ceannsachadh caillte; cha 'n eil am fuath neo-bhàsmhor caillte; agus a' mhisneach nach leig sriocadh no géilleadh 'na còir, agus nach aidich air chor air bith ceannas buileach, cha 'n eil

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:

Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness; and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub: to whom the arch enemy,
And thence in heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—

"If thou beest he—But, O, how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest,
From what height fallen: so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign; and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost,

All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome:
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me: to bow and sue for grace

ise caillte. A' ghlòir sin cha 'n fhaod fhearg-san no a chumhachd-san a spionadh bhuam. An e gu'n lùbainn glùn ris-san, 's gu'n iarrainn majstheanas air-san, 's gu'n àrdaichinn e mar dhia—esan, aig meud eagail roimh threise a' ghàirdein so, a bha neo-chinnteach air feadh tamuill á seasmhachd a fhlaitheis! Bu tàireil da-rìreadh sin; bu mhasladh e; b' aobhar nàire a b' isle na an leagail so féin e; agus sin gu h-àraidh bho nach eil e 'san dàn treise nan dia agus an susbainn fhìorghlan, bhith-bheò a dhol a dhìth; agus bho na dh' fhaodas sinn leis an fhiosrachadh air iomairt arm a thug sinn as an dèanadas mhór ud agus leis na chuireadh ri ar buadhan roimh-amharcach, cogadh sìor gun mhiann air réite, a chur, le dùil na's déine, le neart, 's le ceilg mar aon, an aghaidh an nàmhaid mhóir a ta an ceartair a' deanamh gàirdeachais, agus, an anbharr éibhnis, a' riaghladh 'na aonar le smachd nan nèamhan 'na shealbh."

Mar sin, gu h-àrd ladarna, labhair an t-aingeal mì-dhìleas dh' aindeoin a chor chràitich agus gu'n robh e air a chlaoidh le an-dòchas domhain, dorcha; agus so mar a thug a choimpire dàna freagradh d'a bhriathran.

" A phrionnsa, 's a thréith air cumhachdan aig am bu lìonmhor righ-chathraichean, a threòraich na seraphim uigheamaichte gu blàr, agus gu neo-sgàthach, le euchdan fuathasach, a chuir an cunnart righ siorruidh nèimh, agus a chuir gu dearbhadh 'àrd-smachd-san; co-dhiùbh b' ann le tréise a chaidh a chumail suas, no le tuiteamas, no le roimh-òrduchadh, cha'n aithne dhòmhsa; ach is ro-mhaith is léir dhomh agus is mòr is aithreach leam an tachartas an-aoibhinn ud, a chaill nèamh oirnn, troimh'n bhriseadh mhuladach 's a bhreun ruaig so; agus a dh' fhàg gu h-iosal am feachd an-mhòr so fo dhìth-mhilleadh uamhasach—a mheud 's a ghabhas na déathan agus dùilean de 'n bhrìgh nèamhaidh milleadh; oir mairidh an inntinn agus an anam do-cheann-saichte, agus tillidh an spionnadh gu luath ged bhitheas an glòir uile air dol as, agus an cor sona air a mhùchadh fo thruaighe neo-chrìochnaich.

" Ach, ciod e ma dh' fhàg am buadhair cumhachdach so—is fheudar aideachadh a nis gu'm bheil e uile-chumhachdach, a chionn cha bu chomasach do thì na's lugha na sin a leithid de fheachd 's a bha annainne a cheannsachadh—ciod e ma dh' fhàg e ar spiorad 's ar treise iomlan againn a chum ar n-àmhghar a dh' fhulang 's a ghiùlan gu cruadalach, gus a' chrìch so; gu'm foghnamaid d' a fheirg dhìoghaltaich, no gu seirbhìs is mò a dhèanamh dha mar thràillean a bhuidhinn e le còir buaidh anns a' chath, ge b'e air bith an gnothuch a th' aige 'na rùn; an so am builsgean ifrinn a dh' obair le teine, no air feadh na h-aibhis ghruamaich a dhol air theachdaireachd dha; ciod e an stàth dhuinne, ged mhothaicheamaid fathast ar neart gun fhannachadh no ar beatha gun traoghadh, ma's fheudar peanas gun chrìch fhulang an so?"

With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven."

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:

O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led the imbattel'd seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King;
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate:
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low;
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns;
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

But what if he our Conqueror, whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains?
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire;
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep:
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?

Ris an so, le spraic, ghrad-fhreagair an t-Ard-dheamhan:—" A cherubh thilgte, is mairg do 'n anfhann, an gniomhachas no am fulangas. Ach as an so bi cinnteach nach bi am feasd 'na ghnothuch againne maith a dheanamh. Ach 's e olc a shior chur ri olc a bhitheas 'na aon thoil-inntinn duinn, a chionn gur an aghaidh àrd-thoil an tì ris am bheil sinn a' strì a tha e. Ma's e 's gu'n togair a fhreasdal-san maith a thoirt as ar n-olc-ne, feumaidh e bhi 'na ghnothuch againne an togradh sin a thoirt gu mi-bhuil, agus a maith a bhi sìor sholar sheòlan ùra air olc a dhèanamh—obair a dh' fhaodas gu tric dol leinn cho fad agus diomb a chur air-san—mur a meath mise; agus a chomhairlean diomhair a thionndadh as an gabhail."

" Ach feuch! Tha am buadhair feargach air a luchd-frithealaidh d'a dhìoghaltas agus a luchd-tòrachd a ghairm air an ais gu geatachan nèimh; tha an fhras ghailbheach de phronnasg a chaith e 'nar déidh, air an lunn theinteach a ghabh sinn as ar tuiteam o bhearradh nèimh, a chiùineachadh; agus, maith dh'fhaoidteadh gu'm bheil an tàirneanach, d'an sgiathan an dealan dearg agus an dian chorruich, air a ghaithean uile a chaitheadh, agus a nis air sgur de bhi beucaich air feadh na h-aibhis dhomhain, neo-chriochnaich. Na leigeamaid seachad an cothrom; na cuireadh e mi-thoil oirnn ged is e tàir ar nàmhaid, no fhearg air a riarachadh, a thug ann e."

" Am faic thu an dithreabh fhiadhaich, fhàsachail ud gun leus soluis dith ach na thilgeas fann-shnuadh nan lasraichean aogaidh, uamhasach so oirre? Triallamaid chuice a bhàrr nan tonn luasgach, teinteach so, agus gabhamaid fois innte, ma's e 's gu'm bheil fois innte dhuinn; ath-thionaileamaid ar cumhachdan sàraichte, agus cuireamaid ar comhairle ri chéile a dh' fhiosrachadh ciamar is comas duinn, bho'n àm so am mach, ar nàmhaid a chlaoidh, ar call féin a chomh-leasachadh, an tachartas muladach so a thoirt gu neoini; cia meud ath-neartachaidh a tha r'a thoirt á dòchas, no, a dhìth sin, cia meud danarrachd a tha r'a fhaotainn anns an ao-dòchas."

Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:—

" Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable.
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight;
As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil:
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity:
What reinforcements we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair."

From a Photograph taken at Monzie Camp, July 1914.

OFFICERS OF THE DUNDEE 4th (SERVICE) BLACK WATCH.

From left to right their names are as follows:—

BACK ROW—Lieutenant A. J. Stewart, Captain P. F. Duncan (now of the Reserve Battalion), Lieutenant J. W. H. Robertson, Lieutenant W. B. Gray, Lieutenant W. L. Robertson, Captain Moodie, Captain Couper, Lieutenant Gladstone, Lieutenant Miller, Captain Gowans, and Lieutenant Shepherd.

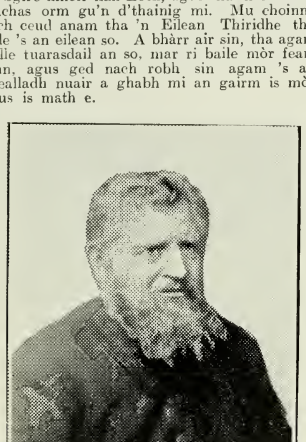
SECOND ROW—Quartermaster and Hon. Lieutenant M'Lauchlan, Captain Boase, Major Muir, Surgeon-Major Rogers, Major Tosh, Brigadier-General A. de S. M'Kerrell, C.B., Colonel Walker, T.D. (Officer Commanding), Captain F. R. Tarleton (Adjutant), Captain N. C. Walker, Captain Moon, and Captain Campbell.

FRONT ROW—Second-Lieutenant C. B. Sherriff, Captain Rettie, and Lieutenant S. H. Steven.

CREAG CATRIONA IÙRAICH.

(A tha 'na seasamh 's a Mhòintich ann an Eilean Thiridhe.)

THA e 'toirt toileachaidh mhóir dhomh gu'n d'fhuair mi beagan bhliadhnachan de m' bheatha 'chaitheadh ann an Eilean Thiridhe. Tha cuimhne grinneas a shlòigh agus àilleachd a dhreach mar oighreachd bheartaich agam a ghnàth. Air mo shon-sa dheth, cha robh air ach aon choire, is e sin cho beag 's a bh'ann dheth, dìth farsuinneachd. Coltach ri Alasdair Mòr, Righ Mhacedonia, bha miann agam air tuille rioghachdan a chuingeachadh, agus, air an aobhar sin, ghabh mi gu toilichte an gairm a thug na Leòdhsaich dhomh tighinn gu Sgire mhòir nan Loch, agus cha 'n eil aithreachas orm gu'n d'thainig mi. Mu choinne gach ceud anam tha 'n Eilean Thiridhe tha mile 's an eilean so. A bhàrr air sin, tha agam tuille tuarasdail an so, mar ri baile mòr fearainn, agus ged nach robh sin agam 's an t-sealladh nuair a ghabh mi an gairm is mòr agus is math e.



'Na mhòr àilleachd bha e 'na nì nèamhaidh leam a bhi dol troimh mheadhon Eilean Thiridhe, anns am bheil gach seòrsa fearainn is grinne chunnaic thu riamh, anns an staid nadurra, agus mar an ceudna anns an tomhas is lugha chunnaic thu riamh, ach fo ghloine ann an tigh-dhealbh. A' toirt srian ach gu beag do d' mhac-meanmna, faodaidh thu chur am fiachadh ort fèin gu'm bheil agad fo d' chomhair dùthaich mhòr ann am meadhon an eilein. Ni na stucan munaidhean, na sruthain aibhnichean, na leugan lochan, na lusan coilltichean. Ris na h-oirean, 's an iarmailt, chi thu beanntannan, 'tha seallturinn mòr, darireadh, air tìr-mor ged nach biodh annt' ach cnuic bheaga, Beinn Hogh, Beinn Chinn-a-mhara, Beinn Hianais, Beinn Bhaile-phétruis, agus iad air an còmhdachadh mar le brat sioda, a' dealradh anns na h-uile fiamh is àille na chéile.

Bha mi là Samhraidh bha sin ann am shineadh ri taobh sruthain, ann aro meadhon an eilein, agus mi a' sgriobhadh na searmoin 'bhiodh agam air an t-Sabaid an Eaglais na Mòintich, nuair a thainig aon de bhuachaillean an eilein orm. Shuidh e, aig m' iarrtas, ri m' thaobh agus mar so bha cuid de'r comhradh:—

"'S mòr an làn a th'ann an diugh," thuirt mise, "agus cha bu mhath gu'n tigeadh e mòran na bu mhotha no bhiodh neart de'n eilein so fo'n mhuir."

"Ma tà, a mhinisteir, ma's e Fàidhe Bhaternais a theireadh iad ribh mu'n d'thàinig sibh do'n dùthaich so tha coltach nach robh iad fada ceàrr."

"Cha ruiginn leas, a nàbaidh, comas faidheadaireachd a bhi agam air son sealladh mo shùl. Nach eil thu a' faicinn mar tha'n sruthan beag sin an àite bhi ruith mu thuath, mar bha e bho cheann mionaid, a ruith mu dheas, agus nach eil fhios agad gur e làn na tuara is aobhar dha sin? Nach beag an t-asdar a tha sinn os ceann àirde làin! Nach beag an àirde dh' éireadh tonn thar a chòrr nuair a chuireadh i na lòintean so foidhpe!"

"Cha 'n eil eagal 'sam bith oirnne," thuirt am buachaille, "gu'n tig an tonn sin gu bràth; oir an Tì tha cumail an eilein so 'na thalamh tioram ann an glaic a' chuain, cumaidh Esan air ais i."

"Ann an glaic a' chuain!"

"Direach ann an glaic a' chuain! Nach eil fhios agaibh mar bha na beanntan timchioll Ierusalem gu bheil na tonnan mora mu thimchioll Thiridhe? Ach," thuirt esan, le guth a chuir brigh shònraichte 'na bhriathraibh, bha là anu anns nach robh an t-ionad so cho iosal 's a tha e 'n diugh."

"Innis dhomh, ma's e do thoil e," thuirt mise, "mu thimchioll sin."

"Seallaibh," thuirt esan, "air a' chreig mhòir sin 'tha 'g èirigh suas cho àrd os ar ceann. Sin creag ris an abair sinn 'Creag Catriona Iùraich.' Bha 'chreag sin uair ann am meadhon beinne mòire mòintich, a bha 'g éirigh 'suas, cha'n eil fhios gu de cho àrd os a ceann. Anns na linntean céin, air nach eil eachdraidh sgriobhte, bha na Tiristich a' buain an cuid mòna anns a' bheinn so, gun smuain aca gu'n tigeadh là anns an teirigidh i, cha'n eil fhios gu dé cho fada. Ach gun chur 'na cheann teirigidh Cruachan Beann. Mu dheireadh thall thàinig là anns an d'fhuair iad sanas gu'n tigeadh linn a chitheadh crioch air a' mhòine 's an eilean. Bha boirionnach ris an abradh iad Catriona Iùraich là a' buain mòna 'sa bheinn so, agus thàinig i air bàrr na creige sin tha nis a' giùlan a h-ainm. Bha daoin' eile 'buain mòna mu'n cuairt aig an àm, agus ghlaodh Catriona orra dh' fhaicinn an ionghnaidh—' Thigibh, a dh' fhaicinn ni nach fhaca sibh riamh roimhe; clach 's a mhòine.' Chaidh iomradh air a' chloich so feadh an eilean uile, agus as gach cèarna thàinig an sluagh g'a faicinn. Bhadhn' an déidh bliadhna bha tuille agus tuille de'n chloich a' tighinn ris, gus mu dheireadh an d' fhuair iad a mach nach i clach a bh' ac' idir ach creag. An ceann mòran bhliadhnachan stad sluagh bhi gabhail ionghnaidh de Chreig Chatriona Iùraich, oir thòisich bàrr creige an siod agus an so air e féin a nochdadh gus an robh iad coitcheann gu leòir. An ceann linn no dhà an déidh sin ràinig an sluagh a' chiadh 's a' ghaineamh 's a' charraig agus theirig a' mhòine. Fad ioma bliadhna na dhéidh sin bha na Tiristich a' buain mòna 's an Ros Mhuileach. Stad iad dheth sin, agus a nis, mar is aithne dhuibh, tha sinn an urradh ris a' ghual."

Thug mi taing do'n bhuachaille air son a chòmhraidh ghrinn; agus, a' fagail latha math aig a cheile, ghabh sinn, gach fear, a rathad féin.

Dòmhnull Mac Calum.

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"A Home Squadron."

Painted by John R. Reid, R.I.

TRI SGEOIL GHOIRID.

LE IAIN MAC CORMAIG.

I.

Fainn' A' Mhiofhortain.

BU Sheanalair ainmeil Seumas Stiùbhard a bha 'n Gleann Sgàlain a thàinig troimh iomadh cruaidh-chas 'na latha, eadar na h-Innsean-an-ear 's an Spàinnt. An déidh blàir fhuiltich 'sna h-Innsean fhuair e seilbh air fàinne anabarrach ris an abairteadh Fàinn a' mhiofhortain. Fhuair e an t-ainm a chionn nach do chuir duine riamh air a chorraig e nach d'éirich drideart air choireiginn da a thug air doigh eiginn mu'n cuairt a bhàs. Bha fios aig an Stiùbhardach air eachdraidh an fhàinne; ach bha leithid de leann-tàlaidh anns an t-seud 's nach b'urrainn da cùl a chur ris.

Dh' fhàg an Stiùbhardach an t-arm agus bha e glé thoinchte faotainn dachaidh sàbhailte gu Gleann Sgàlain far nach tachradh aon duine dubh air a chuireadh a bheatha an cunnart; oir bha e air a ràdh gu'n robh clach anns an fhàinne a bhuineadh do dh' iodhal air an robh a leithid de mheas aig na h-Innseanaich 's gu'n leanadh iad gu iomall an domhain neach a bhiodh ni a bhuineadh dhith air a ghiùlan. Bha leis an sin an Seanalair ainmeil so socrach 'na aigne nuair fhuair se e féin am measg bheann is ghleann na Gaidhealtachd.

Beagan mhiltean bho Ghleann Sgàlain bha fear-airm eile air ùr-thighinn dachaidh; ach bliadhnachan an déidh do 'n Stiùbhardach suidheachadh aig baile. Mar bu nàdurra bhiodh iad a' taghal air a chéile, agus mar bu trice, bhiodh móran eile de luchd-airm 'nan cuideachd aig àman. Aon oidhche Nollaige, bha fleadhachas mór an tigh Fear-a-Choire. Bha àrmuinn na dùthcha an làthair, cho math ri annathan uasal eireachdail. Cha b'e Fear Ghlinne Sgàlain a' b'isle guth 'sa chuideachd; ach ge b'e có bheireadh an aire dha chaidh e an craiceann eile nuair chunnaic e seirbhiseach sleamhuinn dubh a' frithealadh aig a' bhòrd. Chaidh crith air Fear a' Ghlinne is thug e sùil fhiar gun fhios da féin air a chorraig air an robh Fàinn' a' mhiofhortain.

Mu dheireadh na h-oidhche dh' ionndrainneadh Fear a' Ghlinne; ach shaoilteadh nach d' rinn e ach dol turus beag am mach. Sgaoil a' chuideachd gun an còrr seallaidh, air, agus, an ceann latha no dhà, chualas nach do ràinig e riamh a thigh féin. Shiubhailear shìos, shiubhailear shuas 'ga rùrach; ach a bheò no a mharbh, a dhath no a aogasg cha 'n fhacas riamh tuilleadh.

Lethcheud bliadhna 'na dhéidh sud bha ogha an t-Seanalair Stiùbhardaich 'na thuathanach anns a' Choire. Aon latha an sin bha na gillean a' spionadh sean chraobhan as am bun anns a' ghàradh mhór an àm a bhi deanamh atharraichean air choireiginn. Nuair bha iad a' spionadh craoibhe shònruichte an sin chuimhnicheadh gu'n robh seann sgeul air duine a bhi air a thiodhlacadh foidhpe. Nuair fhuaradh a' chraobh as an rathad thòisich fear le fìor amhairceachd air cladhach le spàd, agus, ciod e ach gu'n d'thàinig cnàmhan duine ris, agus 'nan sineadh an sud bha gach ni nach do chnàmh de Fhear Ghlinne Sgàlainn. Bha eadhon na putain a bha 'na aodach ann, agus a chlaidheamh mòr sinte r'a chliathaich. Bha 'ainm air a ghràbhaladh an dòrn a' chlaidhimh, agus b'ann air an sin a dh' aithnich an t-ogha gu'm b'iad cnàmhan an t-seanair a bh'ann

Bha fàinne òir air té de 'chorragan; ach Fainn' a' mhiofhortain cha robh r'a fhaotainn. Cha robh teagamh nach b'iad na seirbhisich dhubha bh'aig Fear a' Choire a thàinig ris a dh'fhaotainn fàinne a bha cho fiachail 'nan dùthaich

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II.

Mar fhuair Fear Ghlinn Aoig a chuid fearainn.

BHA feasgar fuar greannach ann, agus grian thioram bhuidhe an deireadh fhoghair a' dol siar, 's an latha goirid air teannadh dh' ionnsuidh an anmoich nuair a theirinn loircean de dhuine beag giobach a nunn ri Beinn Aora far an robh darach a chaidh an caonnaig ri dà cheud geamhradh, a' sgaoileadh a fhreumhaichean am measg nan creag, agus far an robh craobhan uaine giuthais 'nan dearbhadh air a liuthad linn de Chloinn Siri a thog smuid an Caisteal Strath-Aora nam buadh. B'e 'n loircean duine so Fear Ghlinn Aoig. Thàinig e air turus fada a dh' fhaicinn Fir an t-Srath air gnothuch diomhair; agus cha bu luaithe dh' iarr na fhuair e bruidhinn deth.

"Ciod e, laochain, fàth do thuruis?" arsa Fear Strath-Aora, is e a' cur uchd is maothain air agus a' ghaoth fhuar a' toirt fead troimh fheusaig roibeanaich, is a' toirt air fhalt buidhe cléiteach a bhi cleasachd m'a chluasan.

"Cha mhór sin; ach 's beag," arsa Fear a' Ghlinne, 's e sgioblachadh uime breacan dearg Chloinn Siri. "Tha a dhith orm na chuairticheas mi le seiche mairt de 'n t-Strath; agus tha mi 'n dòchas gu'm faigh mi e gun diùlt no doicheall."

"Gheibh thu sin, a dhuine bhig bhochd, agus air do cheud iarrtas. Sgaoil do sheiche far am maith leat, agus bithidh mise cho math ri m' fhacal," arsa Fear fialaidh an t-Srath.

"Agus ciod e nis an aonta gheibh mi air?" arsa Fear a Ghlinne.

"Gheibh cho fad 's a bhuaileas tonn air an tràigh ud shìos, no ruitheas uisge leis a' bhearradh ud shuas," arsa Fear an t-Srath.

Leis an so a ràdh dhealaich na fir. Dh'fhalbh Fear a' Ghlinne do dh' àite uaigneach far an d'fhàg e seiche mairt air a thighinn. Thug e mach a sgian-dubh leis an do ghreallaich e iomadh fiadh cròcach, agus ghèarr e sìos an t-seiche 'na h-aon éill fhada. Air dha sin a dheanamh thill e gu Caisteal an t-Srath agus chuartaich se e leis an éill. Dh'iarr e 'n sin Fear an t-Srath a rithis. Nuair thàinig an duin'-uasal am mach thubhairt Fear a' Ghlinne ris: "A nis, a charaid, am bheil thu dol a bhi cho math ri d' fhacal?"

"Tha mi sin, a dhuineachain leibidich, ged bhiodh m' fhacal fhad eile. An cual thu riamh a h-aon de na daoine bho 'n d'thàinig mi a dhol an cois fhacail? Ma shònruich thusa de m'fhearann-sa na thèid do sheiche uime, 's e do chuid e mar a thubhairt mise riut."

"Glé mhath, ma tà," arsa Fear a' Ghlinne, "a réir lagha is riaghailt is cleachdadh na Gaidhealtachd 's e mo chuid-sa Srath-Aora 's na bheil fodha is os a chionn, cho fad 's a bhuaileas tonn air an tràigh ud shìos, no ruitheas uisge leis a' bhearradh ud shuas, mar a thubhairt Mac Dhòmhnuill Mòr nach deach duine de dhaoine riamh an cois fhacail. Am

faic thu sin? Tha seiche té de 'n chrodh dhubh agam 'na h-aon éill mu 'n cuairt bunaitean do Chaisteil; agus an neach leis an leis an Caisteal, is leis an oighreachd," arsa Fear a' Ghlinne nan tratan 's nan guadan.

Chunnaic Fear còir fialaidh Srath-Aora gu'n deach an car a thoirt as; ach mar bu Ghaidheal e cha rachadh e an cois fhacail air cho goirt 's gu 'm biodh a challdachd.

Sin mar a fhuair Clann Sìri Srath-Aora o shean. Fhuair iad an latha dheth is tha e an diugh aig càch.

III.

Na leig am mach an t-Ord Beag gus an ruig an t-Ord Mor.

bHA Murchadh Bàn an Siorramachd Chataibh 'na chlachairtogail cho ainmeil 's gu'n deach iomradh loinneileachd a làmh air feadh nan trì rioghachdan. Bhiodh uaislean móra a' cur fios air as gach cèarn nuair bhiodh rùn orra lùchairtean ùra thogail a chuireadh meas orra féin am measg an sil, linntean an déidh dhaibh falbh.

Am measg nan uaislean so a chuir teachdaireachd gu Murchadh, bha duin'-uasal mór beartach a bha 'n Eirinn. Gun dàil 'sam bith ràinig Murchadh agus balachan beag mic da, an t-Eilean Uaine ainmeil. Bha lùchairt mhór ùr aig an duin'-uasal r'a togail, agus cha b'fhada gus an deach an clachair ainmeil Gaidhealach an ceann a ghnothuich.

Nuair bha 'n togail gu bhi ullamh chuir caraid air choireiginn an ceann Mhurchaidh e bhi 'na caralas air an duin'-uasal, a chionn nach robh neach ag obair riamh aige nach do chuir e as da nuair a bhiodh crioch air an obair, agus gu'n robh an dòigh bhorb sin a' caomhnadh dha an t-airgid a bu chòir dha bhi pàigheadh mu choinnimh a sheirbhis. An déidh an t-sanais so chum Murchadh a shùilean 's a chluasan fosgailte; ach cha do ghabh e dad air.

Nuair a bha 'n lùchairt ullamh agus cadhon an gràinne mullaich oirre, thuirt Murchadh ris an duin'-uasal: Nis, tha 'n luchairt reidh, ach aon rud beag, agus cha'n urrainn mi an rud beag sin a dheanamh gun òrd sònruichte a dh' fhàg mi aig an tigh an diochuimhne. Cuiridh mi am balach dhachaidh g'a iarraidh agus mar chomharradh gu'n till e thèid do mhac féin leis do dh' Albainn.

Dh' aontaich an duin'-uasal 'sa mhionaid. Dh' fhalbh an dà òganach air an t-slighe, agus chuir Murchadh litir an cois a mhic gu mhnaoi, anns an dubhairt e: "Na leig am mach an t-òrd beag gus an ruig an t-òrd mór."

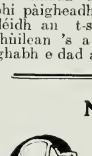
Nuair a shaoil Murchadh gu'n robh na h-oganaich gu sàbhailte an Cataibh dh' iarr e bruidhinn de 'n duin'-uasal. Fhuair e sin, agus arsa Murchadh ris: "A nis, a dhuine chòir, tha crioch urramach air m' obair-sa, agus pàigh an ceartair dhomh a h-uile sgillinn a th' agam ort. Tho do mhac-sa, an dràsd gu sàbhailte air mo theintean-sa, agus cuimhnich gus an ruig mise an tigh gu sàbhailte nach till esan do dh' Eirinn gu bràth."

Dh' uamhasaich an duin'-uasal nuair chual e so. Chunnaic e nach robh dol as aige air Murchadh Mòr á Albainn: agus phàigh e sios dha air a bhois a h-uile sgillinn a bha aige air.

Tha e coltach gu'm b'e Murchadh féin aon duine a thug am mach riamh pàigheadh bho 'n Eireannach. Uair air bith a bhiodh fear-ceàrd ag obair aige, bheireadh e steach do sheòmar dìomhair e, gu phàigheadh, ma b'fhior, nuair bhiodh an obair réidh. An sin chuireadh e as da, agus cha'n fhaicteadh 's cha chluinnteadh an còrr uime gu bràth. Cha b' iongh nadh Murchadh còir a bhi 'n comain an fhir a thug rabhadh dha anns an àm. Mur bhi e cha 'n eil e eu-coltach gu'm fàgadh e féin no 'm balach Eirinn gu bràth.

Bha Murchadh cho math ri fhocal do 'n Eireannach bhradach. Thug e h-uile aire da mhac agus thill e air ais do dh' Eirinn gu beò slàn. Cha'n eil teagamh nach robh losgadh a chorraig an cuimhne an Eireannach riamh tuilleadh.

NA GAIDHEIL A CHAIDH DO 'N CHOGADH.



HA 'n fhaighear fear calma no sunndach
Bho sgire Chonntainn an Gearrloch,
Nach eil, 's a ghunn air a ghualainn,
Dol thar chuantan an dràsda.

'S ged shiùbhladh tu gach sgire,
Agus miltean a bhàrr sin,
A shireadh gach strath le mòr dhìcheall
Eadar Loch Shine 's Cinn-t-sàile.

'S bho cheann Loch-iù gu Sioldaig,
Maol-chinn-tire gu Raarsair,
Cha 'n fhaigh thu ach caillèach is nìonag
A' cumhadh gach ribhinn a dh' fhàg iad.
Oir dh'fhalbh na fir a bha priseil
A chuideach an Righ anns gach aite;
Tha 'n fhuil a chuir spionnadh 'nan sinnsear
Cho làidir 'sa chloinn ris a' phàrant.

An còta dearg a bhios uallach.
Am féileadh ta uasal neo-chearbach,
Sud deise nan seòd a bha rioghail,
'S am bi 'n Righ a' cur earbsa;
Biodag is claidheamh de 'n chruadhach:
Le sud bheir iad buaidh air a' Ghearmailt;
An gunna chuireas teine bho ghualainn
'S a sgiotas mar luaidh an cuid armachd.

Ach tha naimhdean eile mu'n cuairt dinn,
A bheireadh bhuainn am féileadh a b'aill leinn,
A choisinn an t-ainm a bhios buan duinn,
'S iomadach buaidh anns na blàraibh;
An fhaluing a chòmhdaich ar sinnsear—
Bidh againn suim gu bràth dhi—
'S math thig am féileadh-beag grinn duinn,
'S cha toirear de 'r druim an dràsd e.

Ged bhios ar cadal gun bhruaillean
Bidh ar smuaintean a ghnàth orra;
Am poll 's an uisge gu cruachainn
A' fulang mòr-chruadail is àmhghair;
'S mur téid ar ceann air a' chluasaig
Bidh ar guidhe dol suas air an sgàth-san
Gu 'n cumadh Am Freasdal gach uair iad,
'S gu 'n toireadh E buaidh air an nàmhaid.

Nuair a thig na fleasgaich a dh' fhàg sinn
Dachaidh gu blàths as bualadh,
Bidh urram bho 'n chathair a bhàn daibh,
Cha bhi geana gu bràth mu 'n cuairt daibh;
Oir chaidh iad troimh chunnart air ar sgàth-ne,
'S bidh beannachd is gràdh an t-sluaigh dhaibh:
'S na fir nach gabh earrainn 'sa bhlàr so
Gu maireann bidh nàir 'na ghruaidh-sa.

RUARAIDH MAC-AN-ROTHAICH.

Valentine & Co. *Dundee.*

Councillor J. C. Robertson, C.A.,
Chieftain, Dundee Highland Society.

HIGHLAND DYES.

THE failure this year of the supply of imported dyes has revived interest in the ancient dyeing and dye-making industries of the Highlands, and it is matter of astonishment to many persons to learn how well in former days our fathers were supplied with the means of colouring the fabrics they wore. It is true the natural dyes were incomparably less numerous than those, numbering thousands, that are now extracted by the chemist from coal tar. But they were numerous and varied enough to satisfy a very exacting taste, and far more numerous than the colours that any artist ever placed upon his palette. To find them the Celts must have experimented with every plant that grows on their native hills and in their valleys, and their quest extended to every part of every plant thus examined for its properties. In the accompanying list are given particulars of over eighty native Highland dyes and their sources, and not improbably it could be further extended. It will be noted as significant of the appreciativeness of the Highland colour taste that every procurable shade of the dominant colours was used and valued. Thus there were in use no fewer than fourteen different yellows, ten reds, seven purples, nine browns and as many greens, and of every colour there is a certain range of choice. A glance over the list will show how very little obviousness there was about most of the colour sources, how much, therefore, their discovery must have been a matter of deliberate research. Nothing, for example, will be more surprising to one wholly unacquainted with the subject than the extent to which the lichens are brought into use, plants which certainly do not, as a rule, proclaim their possession of colouring properties, and which in fact yield colours rarely suggested by their natural aspect. Thus the common yellow wall lichen (Parmelia parietina) produces a brown, Lecanora tartarea and Lecanora pallesceus each a crimson, the cup lichen, Cenomyce pyxidata, a purple, and Ramalina scopuloram a red. The weak point in the Highland colour production is in respect to blues of which there were but two sources, the blae and elder berries both requiring the addition of alum as a mordant. Doubtless to this relative poverty is to be attributed the fact that even in comparatively remote times, when the country supplied almost all its own dyeing requisites, indigo was an appreciated import.

The question has been raised whether the present is not a favourable time for the revival of the native dye industry, but it is questionable if the revival could be attempted with any prospects of commercial success. To no little extent the old industry was the attendant of tartan production then itself a home industry. The people supplied the spun and dyed wool yarns to the weavers along with the most precise particulars of the *setts* or patterns to be produced by them. To-day tartan is wholly produced under commercial and industrial conditions, and though it would doubtless add to its value in the estimation of all wearers to know that kilt and plaid derived their colours from dyes extracted by Highland people from Highland vegetation, it is questionable if place could be made for them in the commercial system. For even the commercial makers of tartan are dependent for their dyed yarns upon the commercial dyers. But if all home-spuns could be guaranteed as dyed with native vegetable dyes of home production it would undoubtedly add to the attractiveness of the cloth, and there is no reason why, to that extent at any rate, the native industry of dye-making should not be revived.

NATIVE DYES.

PREPARED AND USED IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Dye.	Plant, &c.	Gaelic Name of Plant.	Botanical Name of Plant.
Black	Iris root (Yellow Water Flag)	Seilisdear	*Iris Pseudacorus*
,, ...	Alder tree bark	Fèarna	*Alnus glutinosa*
,, ...	†Oak bark and acorns ..	Darag	*Quercus robur*
Bluish Black (Ash colour)	Red Bearberry	Grainnseag	*Arctostaphylos Uva ursi*
,, ...	Common Sloe (Blackthorn)	Preas nan àirneag	*Prunus spinosa*
Finest Black ..	Root of Common Dock ..	Copag	*Rumex obtusifolius* / ,, *crispus* / ,, *conglomeratus*
Blue	Blaeberry (Whortleberry, Bilberry) with Alum or with Copperas	Braoileag (Dearcan-Fraoich, Dearcag-mhonaidh, Lus nan dearc)	*Vaccinium myrtillus*
,, ...	Elder with Alum	Droman	*Sambucus nigra*
Brown	Common Yellow Wall Lichen (stone-lichen)	Crotal	*Parmelia parietina*
,, . ..	Dark Crottle Lichen ..	,, ...	*Parmelia ceratophylla*
,, .. .	Dulse (a seaweed)	Duileasg	*Rhodymenia palmata*
,, ...	Currant, common burning bush, with Alum		
,, ...	Black Currant	Preas nan dearc	*Ribes nigrum*
,, ...	Walnut root, before rising of sap	Craobh ghall-chnò	*Juglans regia*
,, ...	Root of Water Lily ..	Duileag-bhàite . ..	*Nymphaea*
Dark Brown ..	Blaeberry with gall nuts ..	(See under BLUE)	
Yellowish Brown	Crottle Lichen	Crotal	*Parmelia saxatilis*
Crimson	Crottle Cortzir or Corkir (Cudbear)	Corcur	*Lecanora tartarea*
,, ...	White Crottle (Crab's Eye	Crotal geal	*Lecanora pallescens*
Dark Crimson ..	Dark Lichen .. (Lichen)	Crotal dubh	
Drab or **Fawn** ..	Birch bark	Beithe	*Betula alba*
Flesh Colour ..	†Willow bark	Seileach	*Salix*
Green	Whin bark (Furze, Gorse)	Conasg	*Ulex Europaeus*
,, ...	Privet	Ras-chrann-sìor-uaine (Priobaid) ..	*Ligustrum vulgare*
,, ...	Wild Mignonette (Base Dyer's rocket)		*Reseda lutea*
,, ...	Wild Mignonette with Indigo		,,
,, ...	Iris leaf	Seilisdear	*Iris Pseudacorus*
,, . ..	Buckthorn bark	Ramh-dhroighionn .	*Rhamnus catharticus*
Dark Green ..	Heather with Alum ..	Fraoch	*Calluna vulgaris*
,, ..	Heather, just pulled before flowering time from a dark shady place	,, ...	,, ,,
Lively Green ..	Common Broom	Bealaidh	*Sarothamnus scoparius*
Grey	Iris root (Yellow Water Flag)	Seilisdear	*Iris Pseudacorus*
Magenta	Dandelion	Bearnan-Brighde	*Taraxacum Dens Leonis*
Orange	Ragweed (Ragwort) ..	Buaghallan buidhe (Guiseag)	*Senecio Jacobaea*
,, ...	Barberry root	Barbrag, ... (Preas-nan-geur-dhearc, Preas-deilgneach)	*Berberis vulgaris*
Dark Orange ..	Bramble	Dreas (Preas-nan-smeur) ..	*Rubus fruticosus*
Purple	Euonymus (Spindle tree, burning bush) with Sal ammoniac	Oir (Feòras)	*Euonymus Europaeus*
,, .. .	Sundew	Lus-na-fearnaich	*Drosera Rotundifolia*
,, ...	Cupmoss (Cup-lichen) .	Crotal Coinneach	*Cenomyce pyxidata*
,, ...	Blaeberry with Alum ..	(See under BLUE)	
Red	Rock Lichen .. [Lichen)	Crotal-nau-creag	*Ramalina Scopuloram*
,, ...	White Crottle (Crab's Eye	Crotal geal	*Lecanora pallescens*
,, ...	Alder with Copperas ..	Fèarna	*Alnus glutinosa*
,, ...	Blaeberry with verdigris and Sal ammoniac	(See under BLUE)	
,, ...	†Tormentil	Leanartach (Barr-braonan-nan-con, Braonan-fraoich Leamhnach, Braonan-bachlaig, Cairt-làir)	*Potentilla tormentilla*
Fine Red ..	Rue root (Yellow Bedstraw, Ladies' Bedstraw)	Ruiin (Ruamh)	*Galium verum*
Purple Red ..	Blaeberry with Alum, etc.	(See under BLUE)	
Scarlet Red ..	Privet, ripe berries with salt	(See under GREEN)	

†Also used for tanning

NATIVE DYES—*continued.*

Dye.	Plant, &c.	Gaelic Name of Plant.	Botanical Name of Plant.
Scarlet	Crottle Cortzir or Corkir (Cudbear)—ground and mixed with Ammonia	Corcur	*Lecanora tartarea*
,, ...	Limestone Lichen	Crotal Cloich-aoil	*Urceolar'a calcarea*
Violet	Wild Cress	Biolaire (used indefinitely for all cresses)	*Thlaspi arvense*
,, ...	Carmele (Bitter-vetch, Wild liquorice)	Cairmeal (Carra-meille) ..	*Orobus tuberosus*
Yellow	Apple tree	Craobh-ubhail	*Pyrus malus*
,, ...	Ash	Uinnseann	*Fraxinus excelsior*
,, ...	Buckthorn berries	Ramh-dhroighionn.. ..	*Rhamnus catharticus*
,, ...	Poplar	Craobh-phobuill	*Populus alba*
,, ...	Elm	Leamhan	*Ulmus campestris*
,, ...	Bog Myrtle (Sweet Gale) ..	Roid	*Myrica gale*
,, ...	Root of Ash tree	Uinnseann	*Fraxinus excelsior*
,, ...	Teasel or Fuller's Thistle	Leadan, ... (Liodan-an-fhùcadair, Lus-au-fhùcadair)	*Dipsacus fullonum*
,, ...	Bracken root (Common Brake)	Raineach	*Pteris aquilina*
,, ... Bright Yellow	Monk's Rhubarb	Lus-na-purgaid	*Rumex alpinus*
	Sundew with Ammonia ..	Lus-na-fèarnaich (ròs-an-t-soluis)	*Drosera rotundifolia*
Dirty Yellow	Peat Soot	Sùith	
Rich Yellow	St John's Wort	Achlasan Chaluim Chille (Eala bhuidhe)	*Hypericum perforatum*

DYE-GIVING PLANTS arranged alphabetically.

ALDER—Black, Red.
APPLE—Yellow.
ASH—Yellow.
BARBERRY—Orange.
RED BEARBERRY—Black.
BIRCH—Drab or Fawn.
BLAEBERRY — Blue, Brown, Purple Red.
BOG MYRTLE—Yellow.
BRACKEN—Yellow.
BRAMBLE—Orange.
BROOM—Green.
BUCKTHORN—Green, Yellow.
CARMELE—Violet.
CURRANT—Brown.
DANDELION—Magenta.
DOCK—Black.
ELDER—Blue.
ELM—Yellow.
EUONYMUS—Purple.
HEATHER—Green.
IRIS—Black, Green, Grey.
LICHENS—Brown, Crimson, Red, Purple, Scarlet.
MONK'S RHUBARB—Yellow.
OAK—Black.
POPLAR—Yellow
PRIVET—Green, Scarlet Red.
RAGWEED—Orange
RUE—Red.
ST JOHN'S WORT—Yellow.
SLOE—Black.
SUNDEW—Purple, Yellow.
TEASEL—Yellow.
TORMENTIL—Red.
WALNUT—Brown.
WATER LILY—Brown.
WHIN—Green.
WILD CRESS—Violet.
WILD MIGNONETTE—Green.
WILLOW—Flesh colour.
YELLOW BEDSTRAW—Fine Red.

SEAWEED.

DULSE—Brown.

PEAT SOOT—Dirty Yellow.

NOTES.

Alder.—The bark boiled with copperas makes a beautiful black colour. The wood has the peculiarity of splitting best from the root, hence the saying:

"Gach fiodh o'n bhàrr 's am fèarna o'n bhun."

Every wood splits best from the top, but the alder from the root.

The shoots of the alder, cut off in the spring, dye a crimson colour, and the fertile flowers a green one. They are also employed by tanners.

Barberry.—The juice of the berries is acid, hence they are used for preserves and confectionery. The root boiled in lye and the inner bark of the stem, dye a fine yellow.

Birch.—The Highlanders and Irish formerly made many economical uses of this tree. Its bark they burned for light, smooth inner bark was used before the invention of paper for writing upon, and the wood for various purposes.

Blaeberry.—The berries are astringent, and may be used in diarrhœa and dysentery. They are also made into tarts and jellies, which last used to be mixed with whisky to give it a relish for strangers.

Bog Myrtle.—Kelly (in his Manx Dictionary) speaks of a plant "lus roddagagh," which, he says, was used for dyeing and for destroying fleas. It was used for making a yellow dye. It is doubtless this plant. It is used for numerous purposes by the Highlanders, e.g., as a substitute for hops; for tanning; and from its supposed efficacy in destroying insects, beds were strewed with it, and even made of the twigs of gale. And to this day it is employed by the Irish for the same purpose by those who know its efficacy. The "ridcog" is boiled, and the tea or juice drank by children to kill "the worms."

Bracken.—The brake is used for various purposes by the Gaels, such as for thatching cottages; and beds were also made of it. It is esteemed a good remedy for rickets in children, and for curing worms.

Buckthorn.—The berries of the common species are black, nauseous, and a violent purgative; they afford a dye varying in tint from yellow to green when unripe, as the bark of the shrub does a green one. They are sold as "French berries." The Alder Buckthorn ("Rhamnus frangula") again, has dark purple cathartic berries, which in an unripe state dye wool green and yellow, and when ripe, bluish grey, blue and green. The bark dyes yellow, and with iron black.

Carmele.—"The Highlanders have a great esteem for the tubercles of the roots; they dry and chew them, to give a better relish to their whisky. They also affirm that they are good against most diseases of the thorax, and that by the use of them they are enabled to repel hunger and thirst for a long time. In Breadalbane and Ross-shire they sometimes bruise and steep them in water, and make an agreeable fermented liquor with them called 'cairm.' They have a sweet taste, sometimes like the roots of liquorice, and when boiled are well flavoured and nutritive, and in times of scarcity have served as a substitute for bread."—(Lightfoot.)

"We have one root I cannot but take notice of, which we call 'carmele;' it is a root that grows in heather and birch woods to the bigness of a large nut, and sometimes four or five roots joined by fibres; it bears a green stalk, and a small red flower."—(Shaw: App. Pennant's Tour in Scotland.)

"To prevent the inebriating effects of ale, the natives of Mull are very careful to chew a piece of 'charmel' root, finding it to be aromatic—especially when they intend to have a drinking bout; for they say this in some measure prevents drunkenness."—Martin's "Western Isles."

Dandelion.—Used as a diuretic, and for liver and kidney complaints. Magenta dye made from it. The blanched leaves have been recommended as a winter salad.

Elder.—It was considered efficacious against witches, and from it a blue dye was made. Used also as an emetic and purge. The berries are used for the manufacture of wine; the flowers for making perfumes.

Heath or Heather.—Ling Heather is still applied to many important domestic purposes, thatching houses, &c. It is used for dyeing yarn, and was formerly used for tanning leather. A kind of ale was made from its tender tops.

Iris.—The roots of this plant were used for medicinal purposes. They were dried, and made into powder or snuff, to produce salivation by its action on the mucous membrane.

Lichens—Cudbear.—This lichen was extensively used to dye purple and crimson. It is first dried in the sun, then pulverised and steeped commonly in urine, and the vessel made air-tight. In this state it is suffered to remain for three weeks, when it is fit to be boiled in the yarn which it is to colour.

A crimson dye is also manufactured by heating certain lichens, especially "Lecanora tartarea," with an alkali. Glasgow was the first place of its manufacture. Formerly in many Highland districts the peasants got their living by scraping off this lichen with an iron hoop and sending it to the Glasgow market. Mac Codrum alludes to the value of the lichen in his line:

"Spréigh air mòintich
Or air chlachan."

Cattle on the hills,
Gold on the stones.

The lichens come now chiefly from Sweden and Norway.

Mignonette.—Two species wild in Britain, "Reseda Luteola, the Dyer's-weed, Dyer's-rocket, or Weld (Gaelic: "lus buidhe mòr"), and "Reseda lutea," the Base Dyer's-rocket or Wild Mignonette. "R. Luteola" yields a yellow dye.

Monk's Rhubarb.—A naturalised plant. The roots were formerly used medicinally, and the leaves as a pot-herb.

Oak.—Oak-saw dust is an ingredient in dyeing a fustian-colour, also drab and brown.

Privet.—The berries yield a rose-dye, and a bland oil used in Germany for cooking. In Belgium the dried and powdered twigs are used for tanning.

Rue.—"There is a root called rue, once much used for red (dye), but now strictly prohibited from being taken up, as the sand is loosened, and thereby becomes liable to overspread the land." ("The Scottish Gael," by James Logan.)—See Yellow Bedstraw.

Stone and Heath Crotal.—These lichens were much used in the Highlands for dyeing a reddish brown colour, prepared like Cudbear.

Sundew.—This plant was much employed among Celtic tribes for dyeing the hair.

Yellow Bedstraw.—"The Highlanders use the roots to dye red colour. Their manner of doing so is this:—The bark is stripped off the roots, in which bark the virtue principally lies. Then they boil the roots thus stripped in water, to extract what little virtue remains in them; and after taking them out, they last of all put the bark into the liquor, and boil that and the yarn they intend to dye together, adding alum to fix the colour." (Lightfoot.)

ROISGEUL CUAIN.

The following song, embodying, as our English friends would say, "A Salt's Yarn," details the extraordinary outward voyage of a Clyde ship.

Am Maraiche Firinneach.

Gleus C.

,s,	s, . s, : d . d	m . d : d.,			
Bha	long ro ainmeil ann ri uair				
,d	r . r : r . m	f . f : m.,			
A	shèol am maoi o Uisge Chluaidh,				
,m	f . f : r . r	m . m : d.			
'S gach	bréid ri crann nuair ghabh i 'n cuan,				
.s,l	ta : l	s : —.			
Chaill	ó ró	chó —			
d'	t,l,s : f . f	l . l : s.,			
'S e	smior na firinn gheibh sibh uam —				
,m	d : r	d : —.			
Chall	ó ró	chó,			
.r	d,t,l$_1$: s$_1$. l$_1$	d., r : m.			
'S bhà	mile geal de chop 'na sguain,				
.r	s : r	d : —.			
'S na	hùig oirnn ó.				

Nuair fhuair i mach seach Maol Chinn-tìr
Bha 'n cuan cho sleamhainn, soilleir, mìn
'S gu 'm faca sinn 'san aigeann shios, chall óro chó,
Na maighdeannan-mara aig an *tea*, chall óro chó,
'S air m' fhacal, cha do shòr iad i, 's na hùg oirnn ó.

Ach dh' éirich gaoth 'san àirde 'n iar,
A thàinig oirnn le astar dian,
'S a shrac a siùil 'nam mile stiall, chall óro chó;
Ach rinn sinn aodach dìth de nial, chall óro chó,
Is b' éibhinn mar a rinn i triall, 's na hùg oirnn ó.

Ach là bha sud shùgh blàths na gréin
Ar neul 'na smùid a suas do 'n speur;
Ach bhog sinn ìion is ghlac sinn béist, chall óro chó,
Is chuir sinn ball mar shrian 'na beul, chall óro chó.
'S b' i sud an t-astaraiche treun, 's na hùg oirnn ó.

Nuair ràinig sinn na h-Innsean thall,
Bha 'mhiol le sgios a' triall gu fann;
Ach stob an sgiobair gath 'na ceann, chall óro chó:
Rinn ise sitheadh, 's bhris am ball, chall óro chó,
'S bha 'n long gun ghluasad luath no mall, 's na hùg oirnn ó.

Ach dé, ghlac saor na luing a shàbh,
Is gheàrr e crann is rinn e ràmh
Bha lethcheud troigh bho liadh gu làmh, chall óro chó,
'S air dhuinn bhi pleadhanachd fad ràidh, chall óro chó.
Gu 'n d' ràinig sinn, mu dheireadh, tràigh, 's na hùg oirnn ó.

An sin bha còmhlan mór de shluagh;
Bha cuid diubh gorm is cuid diubh ruadh;
'S gach fear le earball crochadh bhuaidh, chall óro chó,
'S a dhos cho gaoisideach ri sguaib, chall óro chó,
Leis shiabadh iad o'n sròin an druaip, 's na hùg oirnn ó.

Air dhuinn bhi bliadhna 's là 'san tìr,
Am mòr-chuan thug sinn oirnn a rìs;
'S bha iadsan glaodhaich "Hòro hì 's chall oro chò;
"Slàn, slàn gu 'n till sibh ruinn a rìs, chall òro chò";
"Is slàn gu 'n till an seanchaidh fìor 's na hùg oirnn ó."

MARBHADH FIR AIRD-DHIARAMAID.

LE EACHANN MAC DHUGHAILL.

HA'N eil fios agam bheil a' bheag agaibh aig am bheil deadh chuimhne air a' bhàs obann a thàinig air Sir Iain Aird Dhiarmaid bho chionn chóig bliadhna deug no còrr, agus a' chuid agaibh aig am bheil cuimhne air a' ghnothach a bh'ann, is a rinn a leithid de dh'upraid anns a' chèarn so de 'n dùthaich, cha'n eil teagamh agam nach eil sibh tur aineolach air an dòigh anns an d'fhuaradh am mach air a' cheann mu dheireadh thall cionnas a rinneadh a dhochunn, agus mar a bha e féin an tomhas 'na mheadhon air a' bhàs a bhi 'ga bhualadh 'na leithid de dhòigh anabarraich.

Tha ùine fhada bho'n là ud a nis, is tha eadhon coigrich an diugh an Aird Dhiarmaid; ach tha gach car no dual a bha anns a' chùis ud agam-sa an diugh fathast air bharraibh mo mheòir, a thaobh is gur mi a fhuair air a' cheann mu dheireadh srian na cùise a chur a'm làimh gu a *réiteach* is ùghdar na cionta—no am briathraibh eile—am mortair a thoirt gu binn.

Is ann mar so, ma tà, a thachair: Bha Sir Iain daonnan aig bailo 'san àm ud ged a rinn e siubhal gu leoir an àm òige; is riamh fad is a bu bheò e cha deach e aon latha am mach air dorus, na's lugha na gu'm biodh e air ghnothach sònraichte taobh am mach d'a fhearann féin, gun a ghunna fo achlais, a shamhradh 's a gheamradh, biodh sealg ann no na bitheadh. Mar sin tuigidh sibh gu'n robh e 'na dhuine a bha fuathasach neònach 'na nàdur. Bha e mar an ceudna gu maith innleachdach 'na làimh, is bha seòmar beag cùil aige air a' cheud staidhir ri taobh na h-àirde 'n iar de 'n chaisteal, is cha mhór nach robh cho maith dhuibh dol a stigh do cheàrdach gobhainn, leis gach inneil is àsaig de gach seòrsa a bhiodh shios is shuas, thall 's a bhos feadh an t-seòmair. Ni eile a bha glé neònach do fhear a bha cho innleachdach e féin, cha 'n fhuilingeadh e gunna ach té de 'n t-seann seòrsa a lionadh tu thar a beòil, le slait 'ga dinneadh innte gu màs. Cha do chuir e riamh urchair á gunna a lionadh tu air a h-èarr le roidhleig, is cha leigeadh e a stigh fo dhruim an aon tighe ris i.

Bha e, ma tà, am mach ri taobh na h-aibhne aon latha mu mheadhon miosa dheireannaich an t-samhraidh—latha a bha anabarrach le teas; is ged nach robh sealg no ni ri fhaotainn 'san àm sin bha an gunna-caol da bharaille aige leis mar bu ghnàth. Chunnacas e a' tighinn a dh' ionnsaidh an tighe mu dhà uair an déidh mheadhon-là is a' dol a' stigh do 'n "t-seòmar dhubh," mar a theirteadh ris, leis a' ghunna cheudna fo achlais. Ach am mach bho'n bhuidealair b'e sin an sealladh mu dheircadh a chunnacas bcò dheth leis a' chòrr de mhuinntir an tighe. Mu shè uairean feasgar nuair a ghabh a bhean iongantas c' àite idir an robh e, chuir i a dh' iarraidh a' bhuidealair—oir b'esan a bha ris gach frithealadh dhà, feuch an cuala no am faca e iomradh air fear an tighe; is dh' innis esan dhi gu 'n robh e fathast 'san t-seòmar dhubh—co dhiùbh gu 'n d' fhàg esan an sin e mu leth-uair an déidh da uair—is e an uair sin an déidh sgàthan beag a bha a dhìth air air son feum shònraichte a thoirt chuige; ach nach robh e 'ga chòir, is nach d' iarr se e, bho 'n uair sin.

Thug bean an tighe a h-aghaidh air an t-seòmar dhubh is am buidealair còmhla rithe—co dhiùbh sin mar a dh'innseadh dhomhsa an sgeul an dèidh laimh—is bho nach d'fhuair iad freagradh nuair a ghnog iad aig an dorus, dh' fhosgail iad e is ghabh iad a stigh; ach ma ghabh, b'e sealladh cràiteach a bha rompa. Bha nis uinneag an t-seòmair ris an airde 'n iar is an dorus f'a comhair air an taobh eile. Bha bòrd mór ri taobh a' bhalla air an làimh dheis a' dol a stigh is cathair dà làimhe ri taobh an àite-theine air an làimh chli. Bha Sir Iain 'na shuidhe 'sa chathair fuar marbh is lòn fola air an ùrlar làimh ris. Bha an gunna air a leagail air a' bhòrd, co-dhiùbh cóig troidhean deug bhuaithe; ach a réir coltais b'i a rinn an cron, oir air dhoibh an Leigh Mac Eoghain fhaotainn a thiota, chunnacas gu'n deach an urchair ann dìreach mu 'n chridhe. Ni a bha gle neònach bhuail cuid de 'n luaidhe an t-uaireadair a bha air a bhroilleach is bha an gloine air a bhristeadh 's i 'na stad, agus an làmh dìreach 'na seasamh aig ceathramh gu trì! Bha an ceud shnàithean an so gun teagamh: b'ann aig ceathramh gu trì a loisgeadh an urchair a chuir as dha. Ach cò a loisg i? B'i sin a' cheist. Bha an gunna gun teagamh mar a bha i 'na laighe a' deanamh dìreach air a' cheart bhall anns an do bhuail an urchair; ach có a tharraing an t-iarrann-cuir? Aon ni cha b'e e féin; oir bha leud an ùrlair eadar e is am bòrd air an robh an gunna, is cha mhò bha ni ceangailte rithe air dhòigh sam bith, no 'na taic a ghabhadh slaodadh no tarraing. Bha i air a legeil air a taobh deas gu socrach air a' bhòrd, is fathast bha an urchair anns a' bharaille dheas is an t-òrd an leigeil; ach bha bharaille clì a bha gu h-àrd falamh.

Chuireadh an sin a dh'iarraidh nam maor, is gun dàil bha dithis dhiubh an Aird Dhiarmaid. Leis gu'n robh mise air falbh an Dun-eideann aig cùirt 'san àm, cha robh mi an làthair 'sa cheud thoiseach; cha'n e gu'm bheil mi a' ciallachadh gu'n robh mi air mo chunntadh aon ni ni b'fhèarr na an dithis a bh'ann; ach, co dhiùbh, cha robh mi an làthair. Chaidh gach aon a cheasnachadh is a rannsachadh sios is suas, thall 's a bhos; ach cha robh réiteach air a' chùis. Cha'n fhacas coigreach mu 'n cuairt, is cha b'urrainn dha bhi ann gun aon-eiginn 'ga fhaicinn. Mhionnaich is bhòidich am buidealair gu'n robh a mhaighstir beò slàn nuair a dh'fhàg esan e aig leth-uair an déidh dà uair, an déidh dha an sgàthan a thoirt chuige. Bha an sgàthan an sud gun teagamh; bha e leigte air bòrd beag ri bonn na h-uinneige, ach ciod am feum a chuir Sir Iain air cha ghabhadh e deanamh am mach. Bha an t-uaireadair, mar a thubhairt mi, air a bristeadh is i 'na stad aig ceathramh gu trì, is leis a' sin b'ann dìreach ceathramh na h-uarach an dèidh na ceart mhionaid a bha am buidealair a' cumail am mach air an d'fhàg e bcò e a chaidh cur ri Sir Iain.

Cha robh duine mu'n tigh a chuala an urchair, ach leis gu'n robh an dorus dùinte is an seòmar dubh car leth-oireach cha do ghabhadh móran suim de sin; ach, co dhiùbh, cha robh a' chùis idir a' coimhead ro ghealltanach a thaobh a' bhuidealair, is thug e féin sin fa'near glé ealamh, is leis gach tarraing analach, bhóidicheadh is mhionnaicheadh e nach b'urrainn dhà-san an còrr a ràdh ach sud, is gu'n robh, co dhiùbh, esan saor is e.

Ach a dheanamh sgeul goirid dheth chuireadh an gréim am buidealair is air domh féin tilleadh a Dun-eideann tri làithean 'na dhéidh sin bha e an làimh, is a' chùis 'ga deanamh suas 'na aghaidh. Dh'innseadh dhomh féin mar a thachair an gnothach bho thoiseach gu deireadh, is chaidh iarraidh orm a ghabhail as làimh. Cha robh mi ro dhonach sin a dheanamh bho 'n a bha an dithis eile an gréim ann an toiseach; ach bho'n a dh' iarradh orm e cha robh ach, mar gu'n abradh sibh, mo chòta chur dhiom is dol an gréim, agus is iomad uair bhuaidhe sin a bha mi taimgeil gu'n deachaidh.

Thòisich mi san toiseach, mar is còir tòiseachadh anns gach ni d'a leithid, is cheasnaich mi gach aon a b'urrainn ni a rádh mu'n chùis mu'n cuairt an tighe. Cha robh mi toilichte leis a' sin; is air dhomh dol a stigh do'n t-seòmar dhubh, fhuair mi an gunna ceudna is leag mi i anns a' cheart suidheachadh anns an d'fhuaradh i air a' bhòrd. Bha gach ni mar a dh' fhàgadh iad, eadhon an sgathan, a bha am buidealair ag radh a thug e gu mhaighstir mar an car mu dheireadh a rinn e dha air thalamh.

Bheachdaich mi air gach ni a bh'anns an t-seòmar, cho fad is a chithinn iad gun an gluasad, agus shuidh mi an sin air furm beag a bha cùl an doruis is las mi mo phìob is thug mi greis air smuaintinn. Bha a' ghrian a nis air tarraing siar is i a' teannadh ri tighinn a stigh air an uinneig, is cha bhuileach a bhuail a' cheud ghath dhi a stigh do'n t-seòmar na bhuail gath soluis eile a' stigh air m'inntinnsa. Leum mi air mo dha bhonn.

"Tha e agam," thubhairt mi ris na bha mu'n cuairt orm; "tha am buidealair neochiontach; cha robh làmh no gnothach aige am bàs Shir Iain."

Bha an còrr a bha mu'n cuairt cho ealamh air am buinn rium fèin is iad a' feòraich dhiom ciod a bha mi a' ciallachadh no có a thàinig ris mur a d'tháinig am buidealair.

"An deach an sgathan a ghluasad," arsa mi féin, "no an do ghluaiseadh am bòrd air am bheil e 'na laighe bho'n latha a thachair an sgiorradh bochd so?"

Thubhairt iad uile á beóil a chéile nach do ghluaiseadh aon chuid am bòrd no an sgathan no ni eile 'san t-seòmar ach an gunna a mhàin, is gu'n robh i a nis anns a' cheart àite anns an d'fhuaradh i, oir gu'n do chuir iad comharra air a' bhòrd anns a' cheart ionad anns an robh i.

"Tha e ma ta an ceartair," arsa mi féin, "dà uair, is thig sinn a stigh an so a rithist dìreach aig a' cheart mhionaid aig an do stad uaireadair Sir Iain—ceathramh gu tri, agus tha mi an dùil gu'm faic sinn an uair sin rudeigin a dh'innseas dhuinn ciamar a choinnich Sir Iain ri bhàs. Bha làmh aig a' bhuidealair 'na bheatha gun teagamh; ach cha b'ann le thoil, no anns an dòigh anns am bheil sibh uile an dùil."

Le so thionndaidh, mi an iuchair anns an dorus is chaidh sinn uile am mach.

Direach aig ceathramh gu tri thill sinn a' rithist, is an uair so bha muinntir an tighe uile 'nar déidh. Dh' fhosgail mi féin an dorus is ghabh sinn a stigh; agus so agaibh ciod a chunna sinn.

Bha gathan na gréine a' bualadh air an sgathan a stigh troimh an uinneig, is an sgathan 'gan tilgeadh a null air a' bhòrd is iad a' bualadh 'nan dian theas mu òrd is mu bhior-chluaise àird a' ghunna, agus tha mi dearbhte na'n robh urchair a stigh is am fudar air a thoirt ris 'sa bhior-chluaise gu'm biodh an urchair cheudna am mach, ach cha do chuir sinn dèuchainn oirre, oir chunna gach aon a bha an làthair cho réidh is ged a bhiodh iad féin 'san t-seòmar 'san àm, ciamar a bhuail am bàs a stigh air Sir Iain.

Cha ruig mi a leas innseadh dhuibh nach deach nóran ùine seachad mu'n robh am buidealair, a thàinig troimh a leithid de uamhas ré nan tri latha bha e an gréim mar mhortair, air a leigeil ma sgaoil, is e aig a dhreuchd àbhaisteach an Caisteal Aird Dhiarmaid.

MEALLA-FUAR-MHONAIDH AGUS CLACH-NA-CUDAINN.

(Meallfuarvonie and Clachnacuddin.)

ANNS an sgire anns an d'rugadh mi tha beinn àrd ris an abrar Mealla-fuar-Mhonaidh. Anns na bliadhnachan a dh' fhalbh, agus roimh linn nam bàtaichean-smùide agus nan rathaidean iaruinn bha e 'na chleachdadh trice aig muinntir na h-àirde 'n iar, mu àm tòiseachadh an fhoghair anns a' Ghalldachd, a bhi gabhail seachad dlùth air bun a mhill, air dhoibh a bhi coiseachd do 'n mhachair air tòir obair.

Tha an sgeul a leanas air a h-aithris mu thimchioll òganaich, á aon de eileanan na h-àirde 'n iar, a bha gabhail an rathaid so uaireigin 'na aonar air son a' cheud uair.

Dhirich e gu mullach a' mhill, agus air dha beachd a ghabhail air farsuingeachd na duthcha mu 'n cuairt, rinn e fuarag dha fhéin dhe pàirt de 'n mhin chorca bha e giùlan ann an earball a bhreacain. An déidh an fhuarag itheadh, thog e air gus an d'ràinig e Clach-na-cudainn an Inbhir-nis. Shuidh e sìos an so agus thòisich e ri fuaraig eile chur air dòigh. Anns an àm 's e "Drumair" a bha anns a bhaile an àite "Fear-a-ghlagain" an latha 'n diugh. gu bhi cur an céill gnothuch 'sam bith anns na sràidean. Mu 'n gann a fhuair an t-òganach am pocan minc as a bhreacan nochd an Drumair e fhéin m'a choinneamh, agus gun dàil bhuail e 'n druma gus an sluagh a thional.

Sheall agus dh'éisd an t-òganach car tamull glé bheag ris an Drumair. Thug e 'n ath shuil suas an t-sraid, agus an uair a chunnaic e 'n sluagh a' tighinn 'nan ruith as gach taobh g'a ionnsuidh, ghrad thog e 'm breacan 's am pocan mine agus ghabh e na buinn gu luath air ais an taoibh a thàinig e.

Nuair a ràinig e dhachaidh agus a dh' fheòraich a mhuinntir dheth an t-aobhar mu 'n do thill e cho aithghearr, fhreagair e: "Cha bu luaithe shuidh mi aig Clach-na-cùdainn an Inbhir-nis na thàinig bodach mór le iomall dearg air a chòta, agus balg mór tarsuinn air a bhroinn. Thcann e ri bualadh a bhalg le dà mhaide; ach cha robh mi fhéin 'ga thuigsinn gus an d'éisd mi tacan beag, 's an sin thuig mi cho math ris fhéin, an uair a chunnaic mi 'n sluagh a' tighinn 'nan deann ruith, gu 'm b'e 'm port a bh' aige:

'Beiribh air a bhalach leis a' phoca mhine;
Beiribh air, beiribh air;
Beiribh air a' bhalach leis a' phoca mhine;
Durromp! Durromp! deanaibh greim air.'

Sgioblaich mi fhéin na bh' agam agus cha do lùb 's cha do lasaich mi iosgaid gus an d' ràinig mi Mealla-fuar-mhonaidh air ais."

IAIN MAC DHUGHAILL.

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"The Riders of the Sidhe

Lords of Life, bearing as symbols the Tree of Experience, the Love Cup, the Sword of Will, and the Stone of Quietness."

Painted by John Duncan, A.R.S.A.

THE RIDERS OF THE SIDHE.

THE Riders of the Sidhe" (pronounced "Shee") is one of the most characteristic pictures of Mr John Duncan, A.R.S.A. He is at once a visionary and symbolist, and withal an exquisite draughtsman and fine colourist. One of the tests of a good book is that it bears re-reading; each time we peruse its pages we discover fresh beauties; it becomes for us a storehouse of intellectual pleasure. Similarly a good picture holds for us manifold charms. Mr Duncan's "Riders of the Sidhe" seems to us, at every visit, fresh and new and suggestive; it pleasures the eye; touches us with a sense of wonder; it is a dream of Fairyland, and yet it speaks to us of life; it is "a thing of beauty" which is "a joy for ever." When one begins to analyse it one is struck in the first place with the painter's erudition. To the archæologist it is extremely interesting, for Celtic symbols and designs are utilised with a remarkable freshness and accuracy. The motifs of the Bronze Age and Early Iron Age are combined with the atmosphere of the medieval period, and even the note of modernity enters without a jar. The unity is complete, personal and inevitable. It might be argued that here we have something more gorgeous and elaborate than the Fairyland of our ancestors. But criticism of this kind is sadly lacking in imagination. Fairyland is a vision, and is as we have eyes to see it. It was visionaries like Mr Duncan who invented Fairyland and made it what they wanted it to be. In ancient days there were no Duncans in Scotland able to paint what they saw, but there were poets who, like Keats, heard music which

> Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

To them the Fairies were the Fates who brought good and evil, who influenced human destinies, who caused the crops to grow, who changed the seasons and brought sunshine and storm, who inspired the pipers, gave skill to warriors, furnished magic weapons, and taught the bards to sing deathless songs. Each Age gave the Fairies attributes which reflected current beliefs and customs and hopes and ideals. Each Age clad them in its own garments: the Fairies symbolised the folks who believed in them. Men sang of them and told tales about them with perfect sincerity. Mr Duncan's Fairyland is the Fairyland of the past seen in the present. The beauty and charm of the past, as it is felt by the erudite visionary in our own day, are enshrined in the "Riders of the Sidhe." Here is Mr Duncan's Fairyland, and he has made it our Fairyland, and we feel its undefinable charm and appreciate its beauty. He does not address himself to any particular sect or school. He addresses himself to all who love beauty for beauty's sake and who see beyond the horizon of everyday life, the land of mystery and idealism and doom, which is wonderful as twilight and strange as a dream—the Tir-nan-og of the ancient bards and musicians—the eternal land of youth—the future and the past in one—the Fairyland of Wonder which all poets, and all musicians, and all painters and sculptors behold and strive to reveal, at the same time revealing themselves.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

STRENGTH OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

The following list, showing the number of persons bearing clan surnames in Scotland, was compiled in 1861, and is based upon the registers for the three preceding years. They are interesting as providing a reliable estimate of the numerical strength of the leading clans:

Macdonald,	37,572	Cameron,	16,802
Robertson,	32,600	Macleod,	15,571
Stewart,	31,836	Ferguson,	14,828
Campbell,	31,555	Morrison	14,483
Mackay,	23,840	Davidson,	12,683
Mackenzie,	23,272	Grant,	12,186
Ross,	18,254	Graham,	11,709
Fraser,	18,013	Macgregor,	11,070
Murray,	17,606	Munro,	10,098
Maclean,	17,375	Sutherland,	9,818

CEANN AN TAIRBH.

A'S fiòr an sgeul 's ann mar so a fhuair MacLeoid Dhùnbheagain Ceann an Tairbh mar a shuaicheantas—cho math ris na facail "Cum Daingeann." Tha e coltach gu'n deachaidh Mac Leoid a dh' fhaicinn leannan falaich a bh' aige ann an Gleann-eilg, agus an àm tighinn dachaidh chaidh a ruagadh le tarbh mór fiadhaich. Sheas e mar a bh' aige gus an d' thàinig an tarbh air aghaidh, an sin rug e air dha adhairc air, agus leis an neart a bha 'na ghairdeanan chuir e car 'na amhaich 's leag e air an achadh e, 's m' an d' fhuair e air a chois thug e cùis air leis a' chorc a bha e giùlain. Bho so ghabh e ceann an tairbh mar shuaicheantas agus na facail "Cum Daingeann" no mar a their iad 'sa Bheurla "Hold Fast." Tha e air aithris gu 'm bheil a h-aon de dh' adhaircean an tairbh so anns an Dùn gus an latha 'n diugh.

THE STORY OF THE BLACK WATCH.

IN the far back days of 1729 or 1730, when the first companies of "Am Freiceadan Dubh" were formed, who would have dreamed of the great regiment they were to become, and who would have believed the vision of the place which the Black Watch was to take in this year's wondrous army.

The material of which the "Freiceadan Dubh" was originally composed was of no ordinary kind. The privates in the six companies were all men of stainless character, of superior rank, gentlemen of the old Celtic race, heirs of great traditions, and men, moreover, who were personally chosen for their "undoubted courage, good stature, stately deportment, and handsome figure." It was no uncommon thing for these private soldiers to be attended by body servants, who carried their firelocks and military clothing to the place of drill.

The force was formed for military duty within the Highlands in order to maintain a "watch over the wild spirit of the clans which dwelt next the Lowlands," and as the men wore their dark tartan native dress, they were termed "Am Freiceadan Dubh," or Black Watch, in contradistinction to the regular "Red Coats" or "Saighdearan Dearg."

In 1739, orders were given for the raising of four additional companies, and in May 1740 a great muster was held near Aberfeldy, when the ten companies were regimented under the command of the Earl of Lindsay and Crawford, the new regiment being officially termed the 43rd Foot, although still known by the original name of the Black Watch.

The story of the march to England in 1743, and of the traitorous treatment of the Highlanders in London—with the tragic sequel, is plainly and strongly told by General David Stewart, and by James Grant in his history of Farquhar Shaw. The thought of the scene of the massacre of the three Highlanders must fill with bitter resentment and indignation every man and woman who has a drop of real Celtic blood flowing in their veins.

The Black Watch received their baptism of fire at the battle of Fontenoy. On that occasion they won for themselves such confidence as had never been placed before in a new regiment. The men of the Black Watch were first in the attack, and no better description can be given of their onslaught than the official report of the enemy:—"The Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by the tempest." In spite of the brilliant success of the Highlanders in the task allotted to them to perform, the British troops were forced to retreat, owing to the failure of the allies to render the proper assistance in certain tactics. When this retreat of the whole army was ordered, the Black Watch were commanded to cover their retreat "as the only regiment that could be kept to their duty." To have gained the distinction of being first in the attack, and last in the retreat upon their first battlefield is a unique record in the annals of any regiment.

At Ticonderoga, their second battle, the Highland regiment again had the proud distinction of leading the attack and being last in the retreat. An official account of the engagement, referring to the 42nd regiment, as it was now called, said—"So much determined bravery can hardly be equalled in any part of the history of ancient Rome."

Even before the government had received details of their magnificent behaviour at Ticonderoga, the title of "Royal Highlanders" was conferred upon the Black Watch "as a testimony of His Majesty's satisfaction and approbation of the extraordinary courage, loyalty, and exemplary conduct of the Highland Regiment."

"To enumerate the services of the Black Watch is simply to narrate the military history of Great Britain since the middle of the eighteenth century." These words of Mr John S. Farmer sum up in one sentence the vital part which has been played by the Black Watch in the history of the British Empire down to the present day.

New Year's Day is peculiarly lucky in the history of the Black Watch. It was on January 1, 1795 that the Regiment won their famous red heckle at Guildermalsen, when the French, by their superior numbers, pressed certain of the British regiments so hard that they were obliged to give way, and in the retreat they left their guns. When Sir David Dundas saw the position of the affair he called out, "Forty-Second! for God's sake, and for the honour of your country, retake those guns!" The guns were recaptured by the Black Watch, and on their being brought in, General Sir David Dundas again called out:—"Forty-Second! the 11th Dragoons shall never wear the red plume on their helmets any more, and I hope the 42nd will carry it so long as they are the Black Watch!"

There is not a name inscribed upon the colours which is not, in itself, a study; the regimental records tell how Abercromby and Moore in Egypt and in Spain, dying in the arms of victory, thanked with parting breath the 42nd. Viscount Wolseley selected as his best battalion, the Black Watch, for the honour of breaking

through the masses of the enemy on the road to Koomassee; the Duke of Wellington conferred upon the Black Watch the greatest distinctions to which British regiments can aspire. In India, in the Crimea, in South Africa, the spirit of the Black Watch was the same as in 1729, and it is the same to-day. This spirit has its root and being in springs which rise from hidden depths within the Celtic race.

Of the Gael, it may well be said that "the generations sealed with their blood their testimony that truth and loyalty to truth are more precious than life," and of the Black Watch it is true that "in the school of death they have taught men the meaning of unselfishness, self-sacrifice, chivalry, and honour." Although the reign of peace may be yet a long way off, we believe that it is drawing near—and that the mighty multitude of marching men who have come by so many paths into the dust of the common highway—will one day return in victory, and that a new light will shine upon the earth—the light from that white sun, which we see on the far horizon, and which heralds the coming of times which were told of in old, old prophecies by the Celtic seers of ancient days!

CLEMENTINA HUTCHESON.

THE HEALER.

WOUNDED upon a Belgian plain
A Highland soldier lay,
Beside a comrade he in vain
To rescue strove that day—
A gallant soldier youth and brave,
He would have given his life to save.

Faintly from far he'd heard him call,
As dawn made bright the dew,
And crept from out his trench, to fall
Stricken and helpless too. . . .
His arm was pillowing the head
Of that fair youth when he lay dead.

The sun climbed high with dazzling gleam
Upon its fiery path;
And, dreaming of a cool brown stream
In his far Highland strath,
He moaned, with swollen lips and dry,
"Water, oh! water, or I'll die."

None heard. . The battle clamour broke,
Resounding o'er the plain,
He saw the billowing clouds of smoke
Take shapes that writhed in pain,
Whilst o'er him, in his grievous plight,
The bullets sobbed and slept in flight.

At length came eve on blood-red wings
Bewildering to his eyes;
Then the slow, silvern dusk that brings
Sweet rest and hears the sighs
Of winds from sea-cool shores. . But still
The cannon blared on plain and hill;

Nor ever ceased, when star-arrayed
Came darksome night and lone. .
From hour to hour the soldier prayed
And cried with many a moan,
"Oh! Christ who saves, will none come nigh?"
Until a voice spake, "Here am I."

A faint light glowed like the first gleam
Of dawn in Summer skies. . .
The soldier saw, as in a dream,
A sad face and soft eyes
That pitied him, and, moaning, said,
"Alas! all day my wounds have bled."

The Man knelt by the soldier there,
With hands outstretched to aid,
"I heard you call in your despair
And came," he answer made. . . .
The soldier saw these hands were red.
"Friend, you are wounded, too," he said.

Low spake that Man compassionate,
Sighing like one in pain,
"Ah! these are old, old wounds . of late
Begun to bleed again." . . .
He wept. . The soldier's lips were dumb,
But his soul whispered, "Christ has come."

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

THE BLACK WATCH.

The following verses were composed by Mr John Stephen, a native of Tayport, and who has for some time been resident in Toronto, Canada.

WHA'S aye to the fore?
Black Watch! Forward!
Wha's been there before?
Black Watch! Forward!
Men frae Aberfeldy,
Breadalbane and Airlie,
Bonnie Carse o' Gowrie,
By the right! Forward!

Wha's first in the fray?
Black Watch! Forward!
Striving to win the day?
Black Watch! Forward!
Men frae the Howe o' Fife,
Full o' the joy of life,
Go gladly to the strife,
Bay'nets fixed! Forward!

Wha's in at the death?
Black Watch! Forward!
Fight while lasts their breath?
Black Watch! Forward!
Men of gude Scottish blood,
Aye whaur the bullets thud,
On comes the Highland flood,
At the charge! Forward!

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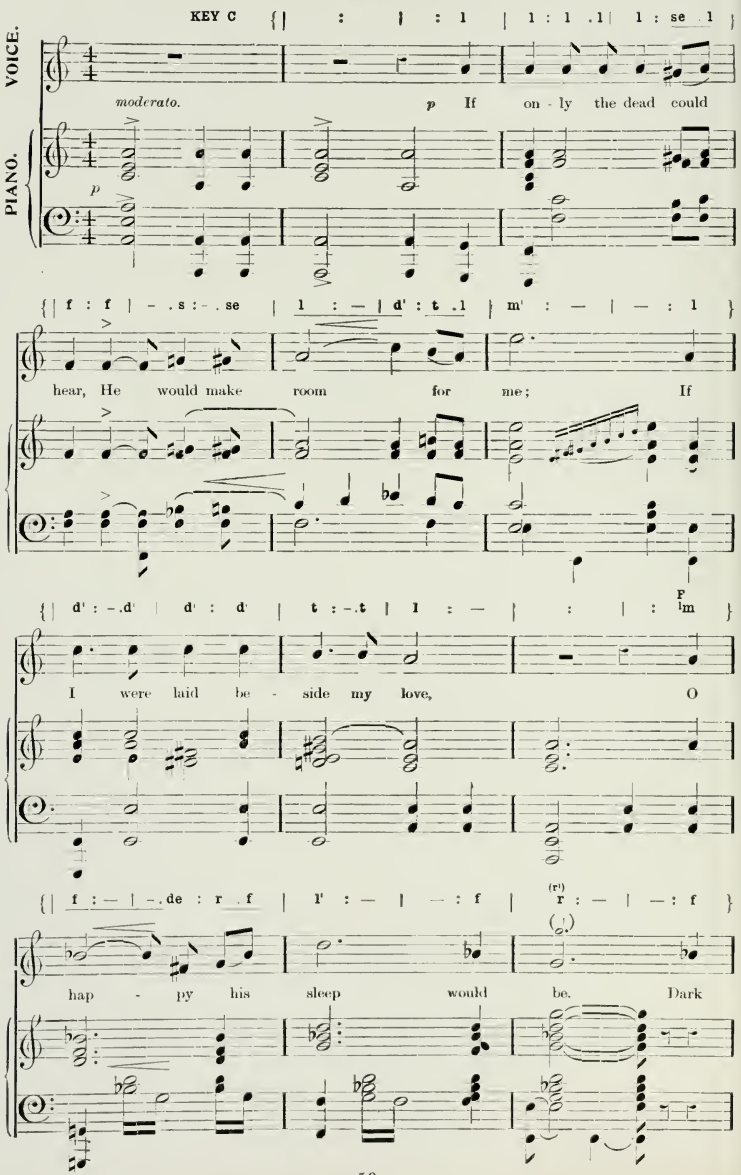
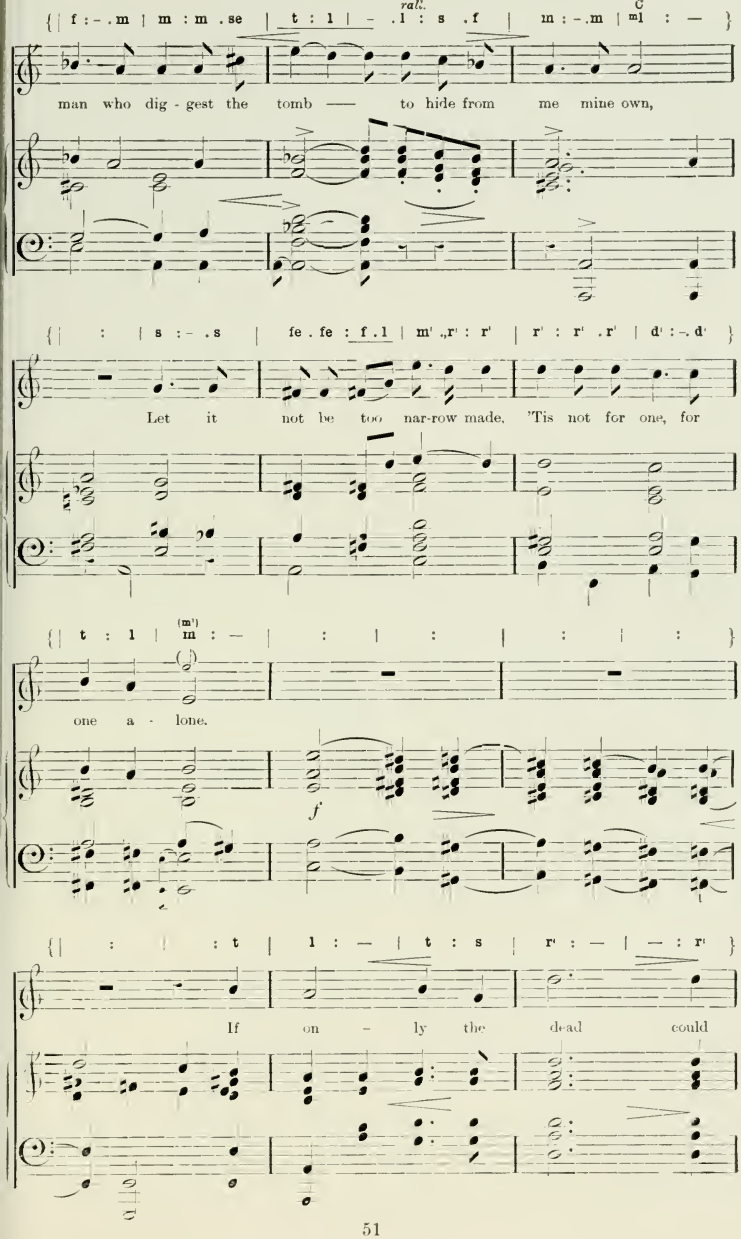
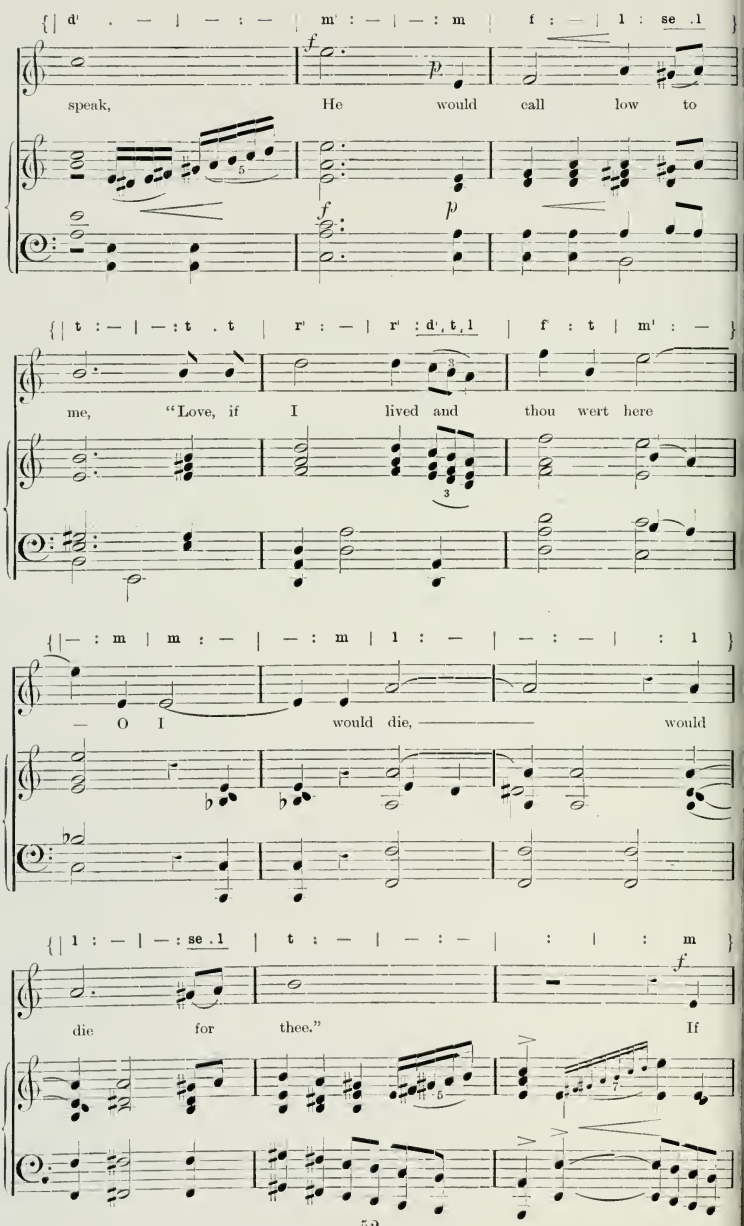
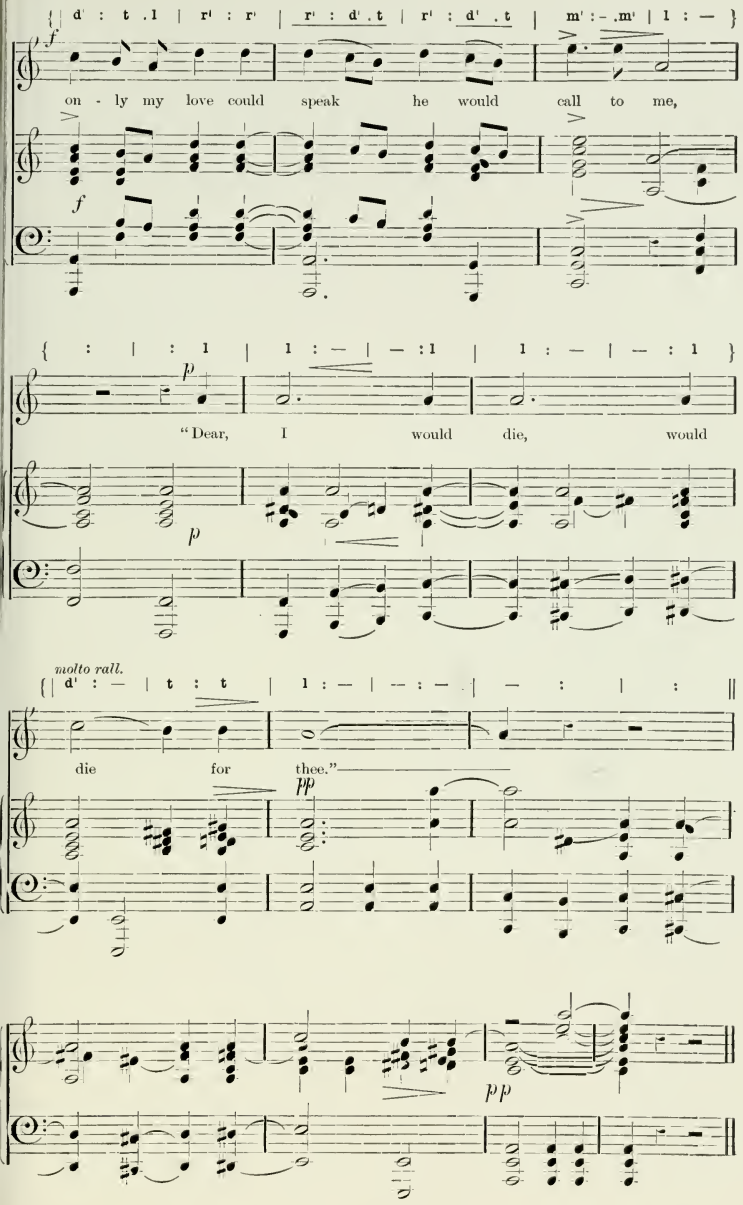
DEIRDRE'S KEENING.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE. LEARMONT DRYSDALE.

Na 'n robh ciall aig mairbh
Dheanadh sibhse àite dhomhsa.

KEY C
VOICE.
PIANO.
moderato.
p
If on - ly the dead could
hear, He would make room for me; If
I were laid be - side my love, O
hap - py his sleep would be. Dark

rall.
man who dig - gest the tomb —— to hide from me mine own,
Let it not be too nar-row made, 'Tis not for one, for
one a - lone.
f
If on - ly the dead could

speak, He would call low to
me, "Love, if I lived and thou wert here
— O I would die, — would
die for thee." If

d' : t .l | r' : r' | r' : d' .t | r' : d' .t | m' : - .m' | l : —
f
on - ly my love could speak he would call to me,
f
: | : l | l : — | — : l | l : — | — : l
p
"Dear, I would die, would
p
molto rall.
d' : — | t : t | l : — | — : — | — : | :
die for thee."
pp
pp

COINNLEIREAN MAC MHIC RAGHNAILL.

LE T. D. MAC DHOMHNUILL.

BHA 'n fhior rian Gaidhealach a thaobh seilbheachadh an fhearainn —'s e sin an rian Ceilteach—ag aideachadh còirean an t-sluaigh: an luchd-àiteachaidh. Cha robh cinn nam fineachan Gaidhealach an suidheachadh uachdarain, anns an t-seadh thatar a' ciallachadh an diugh. Thàinig suidheachadh uachdranais an latha diugh an cois thighinn Righ Mhaol-Choluim a' Chinn Mhòir, agus na ban-righ, Mairearad. B'e Maol-Cholum so an treas Righ de 'n ainm a bh'air Albainn, 's thàinig e do 'n chrùn 'sa bhliadhna 1057. Bha na ceannardan Ceilteach taghte ann an dòigh, ach gu'm feumadh gach fear-iarraidh a bhi 'na bhall de 'n teaghlach shònraichte do 'm buineadh an fheadhainn a thàinig roimhe. Cha robh còir a' cheud-ghin mhic na bu treasa na còir an dàrna no 'n treasa mic. Na'm biodh còmhstri mu'n cheist eadar còrr na aon neach 's e guthan na mòr-chodach de 'n t-sluagh a dh' fheumadh an làmh-an-uachdar fhaotainn. Ach eadhon an rian seirbheis-seilbh an fhearainn—an rian sin a thàinig a stigh leis na Sacsonaich 's na Normanaich—bha 'n sluagh cumanta air an cunntas luachmhor.

T. D. MAC DHOMHNUILL.

Mhair so gus an d'fhalbh e, a lìon beag agus beag, le atharrachadh riaghailtean a thàinig gu bith gun fhios do 'n luchd àiteachaidh. An toiseach an rian so bha e iomchuidh sluagh a bhi air an fhearann, ag àiteachadh an fhearainn, a' tighinn beo air an fhearann, a' toirt am beò-shlaint féin, beò-shlaint nan ceannardan 's an righ as an fhearann agus deasail agus comasach air an còirean a theasraigeadh na'm biodh iad an cunnart. Mar bu mhoth an àireamh air an fhearann 's ann a b'fhèarr a bhiodh cumhnantan an rian air an coimhlionadh. Dh'fheumadh àireamh dhaoine a bhi mu choinneamh gach tomhas fearainn. 'S e daoine, 's cha 'n e talamh fàs, a bha dhìth air an dà rian—an rian Ceilteach agus an rian Normanach. Ach le falbh là a chlaidheimh thàinig na daoine gu bhi air an cunntas

"Mar bharrlach gun fheum."

Thàinig miann maoin an àite miann dhaoine; féineileachd is nco-shuim mu'n athaireileachd a bha gnathaichte do 'n rian Cheilteach, a' faotainn làmh-an-uachdar. Chaidh na ceannardan a dheanamh 'nan uachdrain le bannan no còirean-sgriobhte bho 'n chrùn. Bha còirean leanamhainneach an luchd àiteachaidh air an di-chuimhneachadh anns na sgriobhaidhean so. Chaidh an sluagh a chumail ann an aineolas mu'n chùis, gus nach mór nach do chaill iad aithne a bhi idir aca air còir ach na thogradh na h-uachdrain a thoirt dhaibh.

B'e freumh gach trioblaid gu'n robh ceudthòiseachd gach atharrachaidh a thàinig ann an rianan riaghladh na rioghachd an làmhan cheannardan choigreach aig nach robh comhfhaireachdainn idir ri ni 'sam bith a bha gnàthaichte do na Ceiltich. Chaidh modh riaghlaidh nan Ceilteach a chur gu taobh leis a' cheannairceas 's an fhoill a dh' eirich á rian seirbheis-seilbh an fhearainn, a chionn 's gu'm b'e fior-aobhar gnàthaichte an rian sin gu'm feumadh na h-uile còir a bhi an iochdranas no fo ùmhlachd ri aghartaisean an righ; fo smachd aon duine, agus air neo'r-thaing guthan na mor-chodach. Cha robh an athaireileachd sin a bha gnàthaichte do 'n rian Cheilteach air a h-aideachadh an rian seirbheis-seilbh an fhearainn, 's cha ghabhadh cordadh, mar sin, a bhi eadar an dà rian.

Bha aon fhìne Gaidhealach a chum an aithne 's a ghléidh an còirean na b'fhaide na càch. B'iadsan Clann Raghnaill na Ceapaich is Mac Mhic Raghnaill air an ceann.

"An rud nach gléidh mise le 'm laimhdheis 's mo chlaidheamh," ars esan, "cha ghléidh mi e le sgriobhaidhean air seicean chaorach."

Chum e fein 's a dhaoine an grèim air Bràigh Loch-abair a dh' aindeoin co theireadh e, 's neo'r thaing gach sgriobhadh a fhuair Clann an Tòisich 's na Gordanaich bho 'n chrùn air. Chum iad iad-féin 'san staid so air feadh còrr agus dà cheud gu leth bliadhna, suas gu àm Chuil-fhodair, ri guaillean a chéile, mar bu dual a bhi 'n àm an rian Cheiltich. Dh'fhaodadh còmhstri a bhi eadar na fineachan; ach bha muinntir, no buill, gach fine air leth dileas do chach-a-chéile. 'S ann a feuchainn ris a' chòir-sgriobhte a bh'aige bho 'n Chrùn a thoirt gu buil a bha Mac-an-Tòisich na Màigh nuair a chaidh Cath na Maoile-Ruaidhe a chur eadar e fèin agus Mac Mhic Raghnaill, 'sa bhliadhna 1688—an cathfine mu dheireadh a bh'anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Chaidh an ruaig a chur air Cloinn an Tòisich air an là ud, agus an àite Mac Mhic Raghnaill a bhi pàigheadh màil do Mhac-an-Tòisich 's ann a b' fheudar do Mac-an-Tòisich gabhail os làimh £35 's a bhliadhna a phàidheadh do Mhac Mhic Raghnaill. Cha b'ionghnadh ged a bha a chuid dhaoine measail an sùilean Mac Mhic Raghnaill. Ciod a dheanadh e as an aonais?

Bhiodh fios mu so an inntinn Alasdair nan Cleas, an deicheamh Mac Mhic Raighnaill, nuair a dhùlanaich e an Sasunnach mu na coinnleirean òir. Fhuair Alasdair nan Cleas ionnsachadh an Ard-Sgoiltean na Spainde 's na Ròimhe, agus bha e air a chunntas 'na làn fhoghlumaiche 'na latha. Ach a bharrachd air an ionnsachadh dhligheach a fhuair e an sin, tha e air aithris gu'n d'fhuair e eòlas air sgoil-dhuibh a bha 'na chùis-uamhais 's 'na iorghnadh do mhuinntir a dhùthcha féin agus 's ann bho sin a fhuair e mar ainm: "Alasdair nan Cleas." Bhiodh comas chleasan aig Alasdair a bhiodh thar tuigse a

luchd-dùthcha; agus chaidh ainm am fad agus am farsuinn air an sgàth.

Nuair a bha Alasdair 'san Ròimh fhuair e eòlas mar an ceudna, agus rinn e dlùth-chompanas ri mac uachdrain Shasunnaich a bha 'na oilcanach 'san aon bhunait ris fèin. Chum iad an t-eòlas 's an càirdeas suas an déidh dhaibh tilleadh gu'n dachaidhean an Sasunn 's an Albainn. An leanmhainn ris an so chaidh Alasdair air turus do Shasunn a choimhead air an t-Sasunnach, a sheann chompanach, nuair a fhuair esan air cheann oighreachd athar. Fhuair Alasdair a dheanamh dheth gu mòr. B'àill leis an t-Sasunnach a bheartas fhoillseachadh le mòr-chuis is uaill. Air a bhòrd, an àm a' bhidh, bhiodh òr agus airgead air an leigeadh ris, le soithichean is sgeadachadh; agus thar gach ni eile, bha dusan choimhleirean òir a bha air an cunntas l achmhor thar phris. Dh' fheuch an Sasunnach Alasdair mu 'n deidhinn, agus dh' fhaighnich e am b'urrainn Alasdair dad an coimeas riù a shealltainn an Albainn?

"Sheallainn-sa dhuibh," ars Alasdair, "dusan choinnleairean an Tigh Na Ceapaich; 's cha 'n eil de òr no airgead an Sasunn na cheann-aicheadh iad."

"Tha e duilich leam sin a chreidsinn," ars an Sasunnach; "tha barail mhath agam mu shuidheachadh Albann, 's cha chreid mi mur a faic mi le m' shùilean iad, gur urrainn an leithid a bhi anns A' Cheapach."

"Do shuilean a chi iad, ma tà," ars Alasdair, "ma thogras tusa a thighinn g'an coimhead."

Dhùlanaich na fir a chéile; agus 's e bh'ann gu'n deachaidh àm a shònrachadh mu choinneamh an Sasunnach a thighinn do 'n Cheapach agus leth-dusan uaislean Sasunnach còmhla ris, mar fhianuisean air na thachradh, agus gu breith a thoirt mu 'n cheist.

Thàinig an t-àm, agus thàinig na fir. Rinn Alasdair deasachadh mòr air an son. Cha robh gainnead theachd-an-tìr air a bhòrd, co dhiùbh. Bha bradan tàrr-gheal á abhainn Ghlinn-ruaidh ann; bha muilt-fheoil á Leitir-a'-bhràigh ann; bha sitheann á Beinn-a'-bhric ann; bha ùr-mheasan á lios pheurach na Ceapaich ann; agus bha fion na dùthcha agus fion na Frainge ann am pailteas ann. Ach òr no airgead cha robh ach gann, a thaobh shoitichean no sgeadachadh. Cha robh aon choinnlear òir ri fhaicinn; ach na'n seasamh 'nan dà shreath, air gach taobh de 'n t-seòmar, an cùlaibh ris a' bhalla, bha dusan de Chloinn Raghnaill, an dusan fhear a b' fhoghainneach an Loch-abair; iad làn-uidheamaichte 'nan deiseachan Gaidhealach, dorn-leus ghiubhais an làimh chlì gach fear dhiubh, agus claidheamh rùisgte 'san làimh eile. B'e so soillse na cuirme, agus, gu dearbha, b' àluinn an sealladh e.

Nuair a bha an taobh-a-stigh riaraichte thàinig àm nan deochannan-slàinte, agus na briatharan a leigeadh am mach. Dh' èirich Alasdair aig ceann a' bhùird agus labhair e, ag ràdh: "Agus, a nis, a mhuinntir mo chridhe, agus gu h-àraidh mo dheagh chairdean á Sasunn, tha làn fios aig gach aon mu chuspair, no mathair-aobhar na coinnimh so. Cha bhi e goireasach no freagarach dad de dheasbaid a dheanamh mu'n cheist. Cuireadhmaid a' cheist agus am freagairt ann am beagan fhacal, agus cia air bith mar a bhitheas treith nam britheamhan, cuiridh sinn crioch air an oidhche gun bhriseadh air a' ghean-mhath 's am blàths-cridhe leis an do thòisich i. Tha sibh a' faicinn coinnleirean na Ceapaich, agus dh' fharaidinn gun athadh 'sam bith, am bheil de òr no airgead an Sasunn na cheann-aicheadh iad?"

Dh'éirich an Sasunnach, am measg bualadh nam bas, agus fhreagair e Alasdair mar so "Mhic Mhic Raghnaill 's a chuideachd, 'nam ainm féin, agus an ainm iadsan a thàinig á Sasunn còmhla rium, tha mi ag aideachadh gu deonach gu'n do chaill mi mo gheall. Cha ghabhainn orm pris 'sam bith a chur mu choinneamh nan coinnleirean a tha againn an so an nochd. Tha iad 'nam bharail-sa thar meas, co-ionnan an eireachdas 's 'san luach. Oladhmaid slàint' ar deagh rùin do chach a chéile."

Thog e a ghloine air a' cheart àm. Dh'éirich a' chuideachd air am bonn, agus am measg ghliongachadh ghloineachan, chluinnteadh an glaodhaich mar aon ghuth:

"Suas e! suas e! suas e!
Sios e! sios e! sios e!
Sguab as e! sguab as e! sguab as e!
A rithist, a rithist, 's a rithist!"

"A dheagh shlàinte nan Sasunnach," ars Alasdair, agus guidheadhmaid dhaibh nuair a bhios iad a' dìreadh bruaichean an fhortain rach tig an là a thachras carraid riutha." (Na'n tachradh bhiodh esan a' tighinn leis a' bhruaich).

Tuilleadh bualaidh air bhasan agus gliong-achadh air ghloineachan.

'S e deireadh gach comuinn dealachadh, agus thàinig crioch air a' choinneamh so ann- an dòigh àbhaistich.

Chaidh an ni a thachair anns an naidheachd so a dheanamh 'na stéidh-theagaisg do 'n dealbh iomraiteach sin air am bheil mar ainm "Coinnleirean a' Chinn-Chinnidh." B'e dealbh sònraichte na bliadhn' e, bho chionn bheagan bhliadhnachan air ais, 'san Acadamh Rioghail an Lunnainn.

Cha do ruith mòran bhliadhnachan an déidh àm Alasdair nan Cleas nuair a thàinig là brònach Chuil-fhodair. Thug an là sin ceann gu buileach air rian nam fineachan Gàidhealach; ach bha 'n rian gu mòr air a thruailleadh fada roimh sin. B'fheudar do Chloinn Raghnaill Loch-abair strìochdadh bho 'n là sin a suas; agus thàinig uachdranas Mhic-an-Tòisich air a' Bhràigh gu buil. Thàinig Mac Mhic Raghnaill gu bhi 'na fhir-aonta an dùthaich a shinnsir.

Gach ni chaidh a ghléidheadh leis a' chlaidheamh o chian, chaidh a mhilleadh leis a' chlaidheamh air blàr Chuil-fhodair, far an d'rinn Mac Mhic Raghnaill an là sin glaodhaich "Mo Dhia, mo Dhia, an d'rinn mo Chlann mo thréigsinn?" Thuit esan air raon dheireann-ach a chlìù, gun mhasladh 'sam bith fuaighte ris. Cha 'n fhac e na deuchainnean a dh'fhuiling a dhùthaich an déidh obair dhoimheadaich an là ud—nuair a chaidh na tighean a chur 'nan smùid; na mnathan 's an clann gun fhasgadh air an t-sliabh; na treudan air an togail; claidheamh an-iochd-mhor a' bhuadhaiche a' sìor iarraidh na chaidh fhàgail de na fir; Ceapach nam peuran 'na fàsach 's a' Ghàidhealtachd uile fo bhrón.

Chaidh coinnleirean Mac Mhic Raghnaill a bhriseadh; agus fhuair òr Shasuinn a bhuaidh. Ged a bha am peann 'na mheadhon gu cur as do 'n chlaidheamh 's e gaol nam peighinn bu chuspair ghluasaid do 'na h-atharraichean a thàinig mu'n cuairt. Chaidh an rian dùthchasach a bhriseadh an àite feuchainn ri ath-leasachadh a dheanamh air. Thatar an diugh a' feuchainn ris an ath-leasachadh sin a thoirt mu'n cuairt. Tha còirean leanmhainneach us dùthchasach an luchd-àiteachaidh air an aideachadh, agus air an daingneachadh le sgrìobhaidhean bho 'n Chrùn. an Achd nan Croiteirean agus Achd nan Gabhaltas Beaga. Tha na h-atharraichean

so a' tighinn mu'n cuairt a chionn gu'm bheil làmh-an-uachdar aon uair eile aig guthan na mhòr-chuid de 'n t-sluagh. Tha freumhan nan seann rian Ceilteach a' cur am mach am failleanan a rithist. Cha do shearg iad riamh anns an talamh ged a bha iad cho fad air an cumail fodha. Tha ceannardan a rithist 'g an taghadh leis an t-sluagh mar a bha iad mu'n d'fhuair rian seirbheis-seilbh an fhearainn buaidh air an rian Cheilteach, 'gan cur gu Ard-Chomhairle na Rìoghachd.

Bha latha féin aig rian nan coigreach; ach tha aiseirigh nam fineachan Gàidhealach dlùth a nise. An àit iad a bhi gabhail air a chéile, tha iad a' teannadh ri guaillean a chéile. Lasadhmaid teineachan aigheir air na mullaichean an àite nan dorn-leusan a bh'ann an coinnleirean Mac Mhic Raghnaill.

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

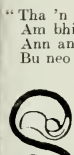
THE COUNTESS OF BUCHAN.

Isabella, daughter of Duncan, Earl of Fife, wife of John Comyn, Earl of Buchan. Crowned Robert Bruce at Scone. Imprisoned by Edward I. in Cage at Berwick Castle, 1306 till 1313.

Painted by Stewart Carmichael.

DOMHNULL BÀN ÒG IS AN DEISE GHAIDHEALACH.

"Tha 'n fhéile maith gu siubhal garbhlaich,
Am bhi sealgaireachd air mòintich;
Ann am frith nan cròc-dhamh dearga
Bu neo chearbach air an tòir i."



IN mar a sheinn am bàrd mu'n fhèile, is bha gràdh mór aig sean Ghaidheil dhith. Is olc ghabh iad gu léir ris an Achd mhosach a rinn e 'na ni mhi-laghail a bhi caitheamh na deise Gaidhealaich. Cha robh e idir 'na là sollain do na Gaidheil bhochda an là air an deachaidh an Achd a dhaingneachadh, is chiùrr is chràdh i inntinn an dream a bha umhal is dìleas do Righ Deòrsa pailt na 's miosa na chiurr is chràdh i inntinn nan curaidhean a dh'éirich leis a' Phrionnsa. An déidh Chuil-fhodair cha robh sùil aig daoine Phrionnsa ri móran de bhàigh o'n àrd-riaghladh; ach gu nàdurra shaoil an fheadhainn eile gu 'm biodh iadsan air an cunntadh airidh air urram is meas. An tiota bha an sùilean air am fosgladh dhoibh, is bha iad am boile dearg air son mar chaidh an laimhseachadh leis an àrd-chomhairle. Cha robh eadar-dhealachadh 'sam bith eir a dheanamh eadar Gaidheal seach Gaidheal thaobh an armachd a liubhart suas, is thaobh a bhi cur dhiubh na h-éididh Ghaidhealaich.

Cha d'éirich Iarla Bhraid-albann no 'thuath leis a' Phrionnsa; ach bha an Achd beanachd dhoibhsan cuideachd. B'urrainn doibh seana mhusg, no seana chlaidheamh bèarnach, meirgeach thoirt seachad do na saighdearan dearga, is aig a' cheart àm bha e 'nan comas musg mhath, is claidheamh geur, liomha chur gu teàruinte am falach; ach cha robh dòigh aca air a' bhriogais a sheachnachadh. Sheas cuid de thuath Bhraid-albann gu dian car ùine an aghaidh eudach nan Gall, ach dh'fheum iad striochdadh mu dheireadh. 'Nam measg sin bha Dòmhnull Bàn Òg Criatharair, tuathanach an Leathaid-uidhre an Gleann-àird-talnaig.

Chaidh Dòmhnull calg-dhìreach an aghaidh comhairle ghlic a dheagh mhnà. Rachadh e do Chraoibh "olc no maith le càch e." Thuirt i ris: "Ma tha thu dol do'n bhaile mhór, cuir ort briogais no theid do chur am priosan."

Smuainich esan gu'n rachadh e Chraoibh air a ghnothuch féin. ach dh' imicheadh e an sin gu neo-eisiomaileach 'san fhéile bhig neo-ar-thaing do shaighdearan dearga, no dubha.

Mach thog e air troimh a' Chaoil-fhinn, seach na Dùnain, is thairis air Braigh-ghlinn-amain. Le cheann àrd le cheum uallach, is le bhata math calldainn 'na dhòrn, có ach Dòmhnull!

Ach air dha teàrnadh sìos do Ghleann-turait is an Lochan-uaine nis air a chùlaibh cha b' fhada gus na mhùth e a cheilear.

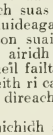
Nuair a bha e air an rathad eadar an Lochan-uaine is Loch-turait dé chunnaic e ach buidheann de shaighdearan dearga, is iad a' deanamh air le cabhaig, is a sgaoileadh air gach taobh chum a chuairteachadh. Mu 'n d'fhuair iad thall stigh de urchair gunna dheth, clis mar an earb thug Dòmhnull na creagan air. Cha bu luaithe ràinig e sgàirneach na thòisich là garg d'a luchd-tòrachd; ruidhil e clachan sìos orra, is b' fheudar dhoibh fasgadh a ghabhail air cùl chlachan móra, is fo bhilean nan creag. Bha fior eagal a' bhàis air na saighdearan, oir bha na clachan a dol 'nan sruth bras ris an leathad is iad a' leumnaich thairis air is a srannraich seachad air na h-àitean 'san robh na daoine nan crùban gu neo-fhoisneach. Lean sin car ghrathuinn, is cha robh chridhe aig na saighdearan an cinn a thoirt á fasgadh. Gu fortanach dhoibh cha robh uiread de fhaobhar air an oifigeach chum Dòmhnull a ghlacadh is a bha air a dhaoine, is dh' fhuirich esan an àite far nach tigeadh clach a chur dragh air. Nuair a thuig esan is a chunnaic e mar a bha chùis, dh' éigh e aig àird a chinn ri Dòmhnull na'n stadadh e de bhi ruidhleadh nan clach nach deanadh na saighdearan an tuileadh oidhirp air son a chur an làimh. "Seadh, seadh," fhreagair Dòmhnull; biodh e mar sin."

Dh' éirich na saighdearan, is dh' fhalbh iad sìos an gleann. Ghabh Dòmhnull dhachaidh do'n Leathad-odhar air a shocair; ach 's e striochdadh dh' fheum e 'dheanamh, is a' bhriogais ghràineil a tharruing air, is an fhéile mheasail a thilgeadh an cuil.

Is iomad mallachadh a thug Dòmhnull do'n bhriogais an toiseach, ach nuair a bha e greis 'ga cleachdadh fhuair e mach nach robh i ro dhona idir aig amanna sònruichte, oir cha robh anns an fhéile ach éideadh na dunaich nuair a bhiodh e air madainn dheaj tach cheòmhor a' buain an fheòir air lòintean an Leathaid-uidhre is na meanbh-chuileagan ag éirigh cho lionmhor ri cuileagan na h-Eiphit mu iosgaidean loma.

SEUMAS MAC DHIARMAID.

HULLO!



NUAIR a chì thu neach fo sgleo
Rach dìreach suas is glaodh Hullo!
Glaodh Hullo! is "ciamar tha thu?"
"De do chor 'san latha diugh?"
Bois am balach air a dhruim,
Thoir do lamh a sios le fuaim,
Dean ceum suas le leum tha beo,
Aoidh is crathadh laimh 's Hullo!

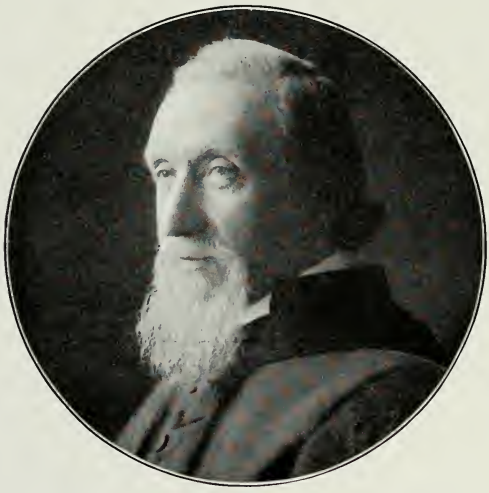
Bheil eudach giobagach? Ochoin!
Coisich suas is glaodh Hullo!
Tha luideagan de chlo gun anart,
Air son suaineadh timchioll anam;
Nach airidh anam àidh air guth
Cridheil failteach: "ciamar tha thu?"
Na feith ri cach mu'n teid thu dluth
Rach direach suas is glaodh Hullo!

Coinnichidh soithichean na mara,
Failtichidh is seolaidh thairis;
Ionnas mar tha thusa 's mise
Air a' chuan 'nar luingeas; 'nise
Gach aon a' ruith a churs' ri bheo,
Sireadh cala thar a' cheo;
Biodh an dudach deas ad dhorn.
Tog an adhare, is glaodh Hullo!

Glaodh Hullo! is "ciamar tha thu?"
Cho maith riut féin tha cach co dhiubh;
Air dhuit fagail tigh na creadha,
Siubhail ann an siorruidheachd beatha
Nuair a theid thu troimh an tìr
Choimhich, taobh thall na crich,
Their cairdean 'n sin thug suas an deo,
"An tu tha 'n so?" 's their iad Hullo!

Dr A. H. MILLAR, Chief Librarian, Dundee.

EVERY citizen of Dundee regards Dr A. H. Millar as a true Dundonian because of his invaluable services as conservator of the ancient and modern histories of the city, and also because of his own share in enlarging and improving the Institutions of Dundee. Our Chief Librarian, though born in Glasgow, ranks as a member of a famous Highland family. He is descended from one of the Robertsons of Strowan, a youth who was at Culloden and escaped to France, settling at Paris with a Huguenot family, where he learned silk weaving. The young Jacobite married a daughter of the family, named Jeanne Millard, and, his clan name being proscribed in Scotland, he assumed his wife's name when he returned to Scotland in 1752. Settling at Kippen, in Stirlingshire, Millard established the first silk weaving looms in Scotland. His son, Andrew Millar, settled at Anderston, Glasgow, in 1773, and established the silk weaving industry, which was continued by the family until a grandson



Louis Saul Langfier, Ltd., *Edinburgh.*

A. H. Millar, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A. (Scot.).

Andrew Millar, engaged in cotton manufacturing. In 1841 he married Mary Browning (related to the Scottish branch of the family of Robert Browning the poet). Alexander Hastie Millar, son of Andrew Millar and Mary Browning, was born in 1847, and was named after Alexander Hastie, Lord Provost of Glasgow and M.P. for that city. It was intended that he should become a student of medicine, but the death of his father led to a change of plan, and he entered training for a commercial career. Commerce, however, did not satisfy him, and he became a student of music at Anderson's College (now West of Scotland Technical College). In music and in other departments the young student won distinction, and in 1879 he became Art critic and contributor to the *Art Journal*. In January 1881 he joined the staff of the *Dundee Advertiser* as leader writer, Art critic, and afterwards Music critic and Literary editor. During the whole period of his residence in Dundee Mr Millar devoted special attention to the history of the city. Unwearied in his studies of ancient charters, deeds, and tomes, he achieved noteworthy success in shedding new light on Dundee of the good old times and of the Georgian and Victorian eras. By his writings and

lectures he awakened new interest in the history of the city, and won the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. Scotland, however, has been the parish of Mr Millar, and he has been a steadfast helper in Scottish movements linked with national interests. His contributions to the literature of the Royal Stuarts have been manifold, and he has encouraged and aided many workers in the cause of the Highlands and Highlanders. A contributor to the leading literary journals, Mr Millar's writings won attention in Continental countries, and leading French savants have eulogised his historical and literary work. Although his special domain may be said to be that of History, Mr Millar is a versatile writer, and as humorist and as writer of verses grave and gay he has won fame in journalistic circles. After 27 years of strenuous service in newspaperdom, he was appointed Chief Librarian for Dundee in February 1908. In the following year the University of St Andrews bestowed upon him the honour of LL.D., and in 1911 the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences elected him a Fellow. He is also F.S.A. Scot. As Librarian and Curator of Dundee Museum and Art Galleries, Dr Millar has succeeded in enhancing the value of the Institutions under his care. The Central and District Libraries and Reading Rooms have been made accessible and attractive, and citizens of all ranks and ages realise that the Chief Librarian and his Staff are desirous of doing their utmost to make these Institutions real Colleges for the people. Dr Millar has been, and is, a good friend of and helper in the Dundee Highland Society, his writings and lectures on Jacobite and other subjects being highly appreciated by all Highlanders.

GEORGE SCRYMGEOUR.

BUAIDH BHI LE AR SLUAGH GU LEIR.

BUAIDH bhi le ar sluagh gu léir,
Leis na h-Allies dhe gach treubh ;
'S furtachd a bhi ac o nèamh
Anns gach ceum an ghuais iad.

FONN :
Tha buaidh le ar sluagh air leth ;
Tha buaidh leo 's cha chòir a chleith ;
Tha buaidh le ar sluagh air leth,
Dh' aindeoin 's gu dé na fhuair iad.

Ged a fhuair iad crádh is leòn ;
'S ged tha mòran dhiubh gun deò
Tha fathast ann an tìr nam beò,
Na bheir le glòir a' bhuaidh dhuinn.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Gu ma slàn na gaisgich threun
Tha gleachd 'sna batail ghuineach, gheur ;
'S fiosrach sinn gu 'n dean sibh feum,
Ged 's ann tre éigin chruaidh e.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Striochdadh cha dean sibh gu bràth,
Gus an smachdaich sibh an nàmh.
'S gus an dearbh sibh sìth gun dàil
Le bratach àrd na buadhach.
Tha buaidh, &c

Breatunn ged is mòr a call,
Cha b'e 'n t-aobhar i bhi mall ;
Ach thig furtachd an deagh àm,
A bheir a ceann an uachdar.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Mac do nighinn na Bàn-righ,
'S an robh riaghladh 's an robh 'n t-shìth,
Thog e buaireadh, thog e strith,
'S gu dé 'n droch ni a bhuail e.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Chuir e, mar Herod, do 'n aog
A chlann 's na paisdean gràdhach, maoth ;
Chlaoidh e màthraichean caomh,
'S gu bràth bidh saoghal truagh dha.
Tha buaidh, &c.

'S teann a ghlacar e 's na lin,
'S na shaoil leis Breatunn chur le cinnt ;
Ghabh e ceumannan bha cli,
'S bidh innleachdan gun bhuaidh dha.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Tha Breatunn gun teagamh car tiom.
'S tha i car tacain fo chis,
'S gur daor a phàidheas i a' phris,
A gheibh an t-sìth bhios buan dhi.
Tha buaidh, &c.

Tha miltean d'a saighdearan treun,
'Nan sineadh fo làimh an éig ;
'S o linn gu linn, o bheul gu beul,
Air feadh gach ré bidh luaidh orra.

MOR NIC AMHLAIDH.
Toronto, Canada.

DEOCH-SHLAINTE LE TOMAS AN TODHAIR.

DEOCH-SHLAINTE nam fior Ghaidheal!!! 'S na'm faigheamaid na gaidsearan, 's na maraichean beaga cutach ris an canadh na "cutters" a chur air bord ann an Sittim gu ruig a' bheinn ris an canadh iad Vesuvius, bhiodh dùil àraidh againn gu 'm biodh na Gaidheil a' cuimhneachadh sean chleachdainnean an sinnsir, nuair a thigeadh na h-oidhcheannan fada geamhraidh, bun a' ghealbhain shuilbhir ghiuthais, 'g aithris ar n-eachdraidh fhéin, duain Oisein, bliadhna Thèarlaich, 's mòran tuilleadh. Gu'n robh sìth agus sonas a' soirbheachadh gach ni air Tir nam Beann, 's nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach.

FIONNLADH DUBH MAC RATH.

BHO chionn còrr is dà cheud bliadhna air ais bha sealgair ainneil a' tàmh an Geàrrloch an Siorramachd Rois d'am b'ainm Fionnladh Dubh MacRath. Bha e a' chuid mhór d'a ùine 'na fhear gleidhidh an fhrith aig Mac Coinnich; ach ri linn marbhaidh anns an robh làmh aige, dh' fhàg e seirbhis Mhic Coinnich agus thog e ri saor-shealg air a làimh féin air chor is gu'm b'e sealgair is fear-coille cho ainmeil 's a bha riamh 'sa Ghàidhealtachd.

'S ann air na muirt eagalach a chuir e an gniomh air am bheil mi am beachd iomradh a thoirt an ceartair, ged a rinneadh iomad gniomh eile leis air am b'fhiach iomradh a thoirt.

Anns an àm anns an robh Fionnladh an seirbhis Mhic Coinnich bha saor-shealgair a' tàmh an Loch-abar d'am b'ainm Dòmhnull Mór Mac Cuaraig. Bha an duine so a dol air astar mór a shealg nam fiadh; bu mhinig leis dol eadhon cho fada ri frith Mhic Coinnich agus fiadh no dhà a chur 'na shineadh 'san fhraoch gun fhios do Fhionnladh Dubh furachail g'an robh e. Air a' cheann mu dheireadh bha a' Bhan-tighearna, bean Mhic Coinnich a' cur umhail gu'n robh tanachadh a' tighinn anns na féidh; agus aon latha dh' iarr i air Fionnladh falbh is beagan sithne fhaotainn "ma bha fiadh air fhàgail 'san dùthaich."

Ghon na briathran Fionnladh gu ruig an cridhe 's thog e ri monadh; ach cha deach e fada air aghaidh nuair a thàinig e air fear an lagan ri gualainn na beinne 's e a' greallachadh féidh; tharruing e na bu dlùithe dha, agus cha robh aon eile an so ach Dòmhnull Mór Mac Cuaraig á Loch-abar. "Is leatsa 'n t-sealg; ach is leamsa 'n t-sitheann," arsa Fionnladh, agus briathran a bhan-mhaighstir fhathast a' seirm 'na chluasan.

"Is leamsa 'n t-sealg, 's bu luath mo cheum 'na dàil 's Mac Coinnich 's a ghillean gun éirigh," arsa Dòmhnull Mór, "agus bidh an t-sitheann leis an fhear aig an fheàrr còir oirre."

Gun an còrr maille bha an dà dhiùlnach am badaibh a chéile, 's co-dhiùbh a b'ann le tuiteamas no ciamar a thachair e chaidh biodag Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh an Dòmhnull Mór gu ruig an cridhe, 's thuit e air an raon gun deò. Dh' fhalaich Fionnladh an corp 'san fhraoch is thug e aghaidh air a' chaisteal le fiadh Dhòmhnuill Mhóir; ach bu bheag fios a bh'aige air an dosgainn a bha gu mosgladh á obair an latha sin, nuair a leag e am fiadh air beulaibh na ban-tighearna. Chuir e iongantas oirre-sa ciamar a sheilg is a mharbh Fionnladh e cho luath; ach dh' innis esan mar a thachair 's gu 'n robh Dòmhnull Mór fuar marbh air fhalach anns an fhraoch.

"Ma tà," ars ise, "ged is mise b' aobhar air, tha cho maith dhuit-se teicheadh, oir dh' fhàg Mac Cuaraig 'na dhéidh an Loch-abar na bheir am mach dìoghaltas."

'S e sin a rinn Fionnladh. Thug e air cho fada ri Srath Fàrair far an do thog e bothan dha féin 's d'a mhnaoi; agus 'na dhéidh sin thug e leis a bhràthair is mac a bhràthar a dh' fhuireach còmhla riu, agus theann iad ri beagan àitich a dheanamh mailles ri seilg is iasgach; 's cha robh dìth no deireas orra car tamuil. Ach aon latha air do Fhionnladh tighinn dhachaidh thar a' mhonaidh, fhuair e tigh gun cheann agus a bhràthair is mac a bhràthar fuar marbh air an achadh far an deach an spadadh as an seasamh is iad a' treabhadh. Cha robh sgeul air a mhnaoi; ach an ùine ghoirid chunnaic e i 's i an impis dol thar a beachd leis an eagal, a' tilleadh a stigh thar a' mhonaidh far an do theich i le beatha nuair a thòisich an ùpraid. Dh' innis i an sin do Fhionnladh mar a thàinig ceathrar fhear móra, aon dhiubh sean mar gu 'm b'e athair a' chorra, a nuas bho thaobh Sgur nan Lapach, is nuair a chuir iad crioch air an obair oillteil gu'n do thill iad an rathad ceudna.

"Cha bhi an gnìomharan gun dìoghaltas," arsa Fionnladh 's e a' teannadh ri geurachadh na biodaige, agus gun an còrr dàil—eadhon gun na cuirp a bha a' reodhadh 'nam fuil fhéin air an achadh adhlac—thog e aghaidh ri Loch-abar, oir bha deagh fhios aige gu 'm ba sin ceàrn bho 'n d'thàinig na daoine. Ràinig e is thog e fàth air an tigh a bha e am beachd do 'm buineadh iad; ach cha robh ri fhaicinn a stigh ach sean bhean, a bha am mach 's a stigh mar gu 'm biodh a sùil ri cuid-eigin; 's thuig e leis an sin nach do thill na ceatharnaich fathast; ach mu mheadhon oidhche chunnaic e iad a' tèarnadh a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe 's a' gabhail a steach. Dh' fheith e gu foighidneach gus an do ghabh iad mu thàmh: chaidh e a steach gu socrach sàmhach, 's bha iad an sud 'nan sineadh air an ùrlar air seidean còmhla 'nan trom chadal —cadal gun dùsgadh mar a thachair; oir rinn biodag Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh nead 'nan cuim, 's leig e fuil dhearg an cridhe gu làr fear an deidh fir, 's bha e dlùth air Srath Fàrair ceudna mu 'n robh fios an Loch-abar air a' mhort a chaidh a chur an gnìomh 'nam measg.

Ach cha do sguir càirdean Dhòmhnuill Mhóir aige sin ged nach deach leo na b'fheàrr. Bha Fionnladh Dubh aon latha air an rathad a dh'ionnsuidh an tighe, 's e tèarnadh bho 'n mhonadh, nuair a mhothaich e seanar choigreach, 's iadsan mar an ceudna a' deanamh rathad an tighe. Cho luath is a chunnaic e iad thuig e ciod a bha 'nam beachd; ach rinn e orra mar nach biodh an teagamh a bu lugha 'na inntinn.

"Am bheil fios agad-sa," arsa am fear a bu shine, agus a bha, a réir coltais, mar cheann air a' chòrr, "c'àite am bheil tigh Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh Mhic Rath, tha e coltach leam gu 'm bheil e a' tàmh 'san dùthaich so?"

"Tha," arsa Fionnladh, "tha e direach far an do dh' fhàg mise e."

"'S aithne dhuit an duine ma ta," ars an coigreach 's e toirt sùla bioraich air Fionnladh.

"'S aithne gu maith." arsa Fionnladh, "is mise tha buachailleachd a threudan a nis fad iomad bliadhna."

Dh'iarr iadsan air an sin an tigh a sheòladh dhoibh; 's rinn Fionnladh air a' bhothan gu lom direach.

"Tha fear an tighe tinn air a leabaidh," ars esan nuair a ràinig iad an dorus; "ach gabhaibh a stigh, bidh e toilichte ur faicinn." Rinn iadsan sin, fear an déidh fir. Bha nis an dorus cho iosal is gu 'm feumadh neach cromadh cha mhór air a mhàgan a' dol am mach no stigh, 's cha bhuileach a fhuair Fionnladh am fear mu dheireadh air a mhàgan a' dol a stigh na tharruing e a bhiodag 's bha am fear ud air a spadadh anns an dorus.

"Tha fear an tighe an so," ghlaodh e an sin "co tha 'ga iarraidh?"

Mar phrìoba na sùla, thilg a bhean an còrr de 'n armachd chuige am mach air an uinneig, 's bha i fein am mach 'na déidh, agus fear de 'n t-sianar cha do dh' fhàg an tigh beò!

Sguir an iomairt aig an so, agus bu leòr e; uile gu léir beatha da fhear dheug air tàileadh aon fhéidh agus briathran guineach gonach ban-tighearn!

EACHANN MACDHUGHAILL.

THE GAELIC MOVEMENT AND ITS VICISSITUDES.

IS HISTORY TO REPEAT ITSELF?

By "FEAR FAIRE."

The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.

IN the year 1783 there was formed "The Highland Society of Edinburgh." The formation was suggested by, and the idea was based on, experiences founded on an earlier Society called "The Society of Improvers," established in 1743. This Society of Improvers became defunct in 1765, just eighteen years before the resuscitation of the idea by the formation of the "The Highland Society of Edinburgh" in 1783. This latter Society had as its first presiding officers the Duke of Argyle, as President; and John MacDonald, of Clan Ranald; Sir J. Grant, of Grant; John MacDonald, of Lochgarry; and David Stewart, the then Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as Vice-Presidents.

The formal definition of the objects contemplated by the Society was finally settled at a meeting held in the Exchange Coffee House, Edinburgh, on 11th January, 1785, a date suggestive of the idea that the gathering was so fixed to enable the members to usher in the New Year, old style, together. We can picture in our mind's eye the mirthful scene. It was decided that the Society should consist of one hundred members, and, while the objects agreed upon included the general improvement of the Highlands, special stress was laid upon the intention to preserve and cultivate the native language and the traditional customs of the Highlands. The Society was, in fact, formed by and composed of Highlanders banded together for the benefit of their native Highlands, materially and intellectually. The additional offices of a bard, a piper, and a professor of the Gaelic language were agreed upon. It is on record that on the year following its institution, in 1784, Duncan Ban Macintyre attended one of its meetings, and sang a Gaelic composition of his own in celebration of the reconstitution of the forfeited Highland estates, and the withdrawal of the prohibition on the Highland dress. In the same year a Mr Robert MacFarlane was appointed Professor of Gaelic to the Society.

In furtherance of the Society's objects in cultivating and preserving the Gaelic language, annual competitions in Gaelic composition were instituted. The first subject for competition was a poem on the exploits of the 42nd (Black Watch) Regiment. The successful competitor was a Mr Donald Shaw. These competitions were held for thirteen years until they were discontinued in 1799. Ten years previous to this, in the year 1789, the Society received a grant of £3000 out of the money paid on the restitution of the Highland estates, to be applied to the advance of agriculture and the introduction of trades and manufactures in the Highlands. The spoils that such an enrichment made possible immediately resulted in an influx of members whose interests in the Highlands as a separate entity were small, and whose interest in the intellectual, the historical, and the traditional objects of the Society were non-existent. Gradually all such objects were eliminated altogether, and the energies and the resources of the Society were confined to the advancement of agriculture in its larger aspects; and conversantly to the material gain of the particular class to which the members belonged, the proprietors and large farmers. The area of its operations was extended to include the whole of Scotland, but in order to maintain the appearance of a continuous existence from the parent Society the designation "Highland" was retained in the name, while that of "Agriculture" was added, hence "The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland" to-day. In pursuance of this policy the office of Professor of the Gaelic language was abolished concurrently with the discontinuance of the Gaelic literary competitions; but, seemingly, in order that the changes should take place piecemeal fashion, thus occasioning less notice, a translator of Gaelic was substituted for the Professor for a period, and quietly dropped at a more opportune time. In 1817 the office of piper was abolished. At this particular time the Society was already committed to the production of the Gaelic Dictionary, which bears its name. This work was initiated while the Society was still Highland in fact as well as in name. The completion of this monumental work in 1828 remains as a monument to the purpose of the early promoters of the Society, and as a witness to the subsequent desertion of this purpose. The prohibitive price at which it was published accentuates the splendid isolation which it occupies in this respect, because for this reason alone it could never, and never did, reach the Highland people. Henceforth the Society abandoned itself to the mere mundane interests of the landed gentry and the large farmers, and their animal world. Theorism, far-sighted and lofty in its outlook, the creator of those ideals that are the beacons lighting the way over which the practical minded may

tread, caution regulating their speed, can have no place in the mere material outlook of a fraternity whose proverbial grumbling propensities so frequently blame Heaven itself for misfortunes, whether imaginery or real. Grumbling seems hereditary in the farmer. Let it be admitted at once that The Highland and Agricultural Society has done good work for the large farmers in the past; and, what is better still, it is now doing good work for farmers large and small, the latter of late years coming to share in its pursuits in an appreciable degree. But the moral is plain, whenever the objects of a combination of any kind can be made to serve the personal gain of individuals, any other objects, only general in their application, are pushed aside, and self-aggrandisement holds sway. Let it be also admitted that individuals belonging to one particular class have a perfect right to combine in their own special interests; but their right to capture an already existing organisation having other objects, and then to abolish those other objects in the interests of their own particular class, must be denied.

The Highland Society of London.

A parallel to some extent is the case of the original Gaelic Society of London. Formed in 1777, its objects primarily were to cultivate and preserve the language, literature, and the traditional customs of the Highlands, and to provide the means of social intercourse among the members. After a few years of usefulness in this direction, on account of an influx of non-Gaelic-speaking members, the spirit of clanship declined, and the exculsiveness of caste made its appearance. The name of the Society was changed, "Highland" being substituted for "Gaelic;" the meetings ceased to be Gaelic meetings; and the objects of the Society became confined to the assisting of Highland (not necessarily Gaelic) students, through their university careers; while the social side is maintained by the holding of an annual feast and ball, at which foregather the elite of the modern Highlands, among whom there is an increasing number in which the blood is not strong, and in whom the hearts are not Highland. Nevertheless, the Highland Society of London's bursaries for Highland students are a source of commendable assistance to the students concerned, but so far as they conduce to what were the primary objects of the Society, viz., the preservation and the cultivation of Gaelic, their usefulness is nil.

Such, then, have been the vicissitudes of the Gaelic movement in the foregoing two important instances.

An Comunn Gaidhealach.

(The Highland Association.)

RETAINING in view what has already happened in relation to the Edinburgh and the London Societies as described in the preceding page, and with an inner knowledge of the causes of the tendencies so apparent in the conduct of An Comunn Gaidhealach, the question that forcibly suggests itself to the present writer is—Is the Comunn also to share the fate of these other Societies? Is it to be borne upon a current of similar events? Indeed, the question is more pressing still—has the current not already set in? When the Comunn was first instituted in the town of Oban more than twenty-three years ago, its primary objects were the same as the primary objects of the other two Societies, viz., the teaching and the use of the Gaelic language; the study and the cultivation of the literature, history, music, and art of the Highlands. These objects were tersely embodied in what is still the motto of the Association—"Ar Canain agus ar Ceol." They were the only objects of the Association during the first sixteen years of its existence; they were, and they still are, what enthuse the movement; what created and what still gives it the momentum that has enabled it to undertake auxiliary objects, such as are covered by the terms "Home" or "Native Industries of the Highlands." The movement, while still confining itself to its primary objects, had reached a stage in 1905 when the idea of the great Feill of 1906 took shape. In the latter year the idea materialised and resulted in the handsome surplus of £7000. Currently with the Feill project, there was instituted in 1906 an Art and Industry Committee as one of the standing Committees of the Executive Council of An Comunn. But it was not until 1907 that this Committee accomplished any work. The object in forming this department of An Comunn's work was undoubtedly good, the intention was good, and if the first idea of creating and establishing native industries can be methodically carried out, the work will be worthy of all support short of allowing it to supplant or supersede the primary objects of An Comunn, with an ultimate result similar to that of the Edinburgh and the London Societies. Signs are not wanting that this is what is gradually taking place. I do not believe that it is being deliberately brought about, but the tendencies are none the less surely towards the same ending. Native industries of a self-respecting character, and the possibility of a self-supporting future, are not being created.

To the writer's mind there is too much of the atmosphere of charity attached to the work. The term industry is a misnomer in conjunction with charity. The Comunn was not conceived for, nor does its constitution provide for, charity. Conducted as it seems to be, the work can only live by constant spoon-feeding, and this is neither healthy nor self-respecting. It is not the way to create or establish an industry. What is done in this way must depend upon the continued goodwill, the varying circumstances, even on the lives of individuals. With the failure of any one of these, all of them belonging to the circle of assured events, the whole work will collapse, and the energy and the money expended will have been dissipated. The wastefulness of the exuberant enthusiasm expended over this work is demonstrated by the apparent existence of two bodies, the "Art and Industry Committee of An Comunn" and what is called "The Co-Operative Society of Highland Industries." The two are so interwoven in their membership and their officerships that the distinction is more apparent than real. The necessity for this Jekyll and Hyde business is hard to understand. But what must most concern the members of the Comunn proper is the manner in which the primary objects of the Association are being superseded by work that, however excellent in its object, affects only very circumscribed areas of the Highlands. It has been announced in the official organ that the primary objects of An Comunn are now of "secondary importance." In the same organ it is recorded that the Clachan, held at the recent Scottish Exhibition, was the sole creation and work of the Co-Operative Society of Highland Home Industries, a body that only came into being on the initiative of An Comunn with the expressed purpose that it should associate with the work and subsequently share in the profits of what was in reality a child of An Comunn. These profits, or surplus, was ear-marked—one half for the primary objects of An Comunn, and the other half for Home Industries, the latter to be administered by the Co-Operative Society of Highland Home Industries. The latter body now claims the whole credit, and, doubtless through its inspiration, the Comunn's primary objects are proclaimed as of "secondary importance."

The Comunn's primary objects can only be attained by concentration on an effort to provide for Gaelic being taught in the elementary schools, giving less attention to secondary education in Gaelic until the foundation for such is first laid and fixed; and, above all, by preventing the supersession of its primary objects by the later auxiliary adjuncts, no matter how insinuatingly plausible they may appear. Something towards this consummation has been attempted in the arrangement recently made with the Highland Trust and the Gaelic Society of London, whereby they are jointly under an obligation to provide *per capita* grants to teachers of Gaelic in the elementary schools of the Highlands. But if the fear officially intimated of late that the Comunn may be unable to fulfil its part under these obligations is well-founded, then the result will be disastrous, and it is sincerely to be hoped that such a climax will be averted.

A free translation from the Gaelic, by Lance-Corporal JOSEPH LEE.

Love to the armèd race,
First in the fray,
The Clan that decays not,
Nor fadeth away.

From dim, distant times,
Ye came like a river;
True Braesmen of the Dun,
My love forever!

From Mull of the Mountains,
From the South, from the sea,
Thy friends gladly fare
Bearing greeting to thee!

Stout-hearted, strong-handed,
Spirited, true;
Fair of face, fair of dealing,
All honour to you!

To ye who are sleeping,
Let no 'larum wake thee!
To ye who are living
Let no gloom o'er take thee!

Love to the armèd race
First in the fray,
The Clan that decays not,
Nor dieth away.

A LIFESET SONG.

WHEN I am dead I would be lying
Where fir trees, sighing their runes of rest,
Their odours shed e'er, while their shadows cover
My head and hover upon my breast.

Be Spring unvied there for violet sweetness,
Let May's completeness bring buds o' broom,
While bells ope wide their blue eyes of light there;
Oh! my heart above there may the heather bloom.

A moorland burn be nigh me wandering
With slow meandering and lonesome fall,
And while I dream e'er, a snow-white ben there,
O'er yon green glen there, on my heart will call.

Mine eyes no more will behold the Highlands
Or Western Islands in whitening foam;
But I'll live o'er there the days I spent where
My heart hath turned e'er—in my Highland home.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"WHEN TIME HOLDS HANDS."

Painted by Max Cowper.

NAIDHEACHD UIBHISTEACH.

IIA'N ann mar a thatar an dràsd a' togail nan saighdearan a bhatar 'san t-sean aimsir idir; 's ann bhitheadh gach uachdaran a' tional na bhitheadh air fhearann fhéin.

'S an àm air am bheil mi dol a dh'iomradh 's e fear a Chlann Mhic Ailein a bha 'na uachdaran air Uibhist-a-deas. Bha iomadh saighdear maith an Uibhist 'san àm; ach cha robh na h-inneil mharbhaidh aca cho sgriosal no cho eagalach ris mar tha iad an diugh.

'Nam measg bha aon fhear sònraichte aig Mac Mhic Ailein ris an cante "Gille-Pàdra Dubh." Bha e féin agus a theaghlach 'nan tacsa mòr aige nuair a chuirteadh feum orra. Bha màl ri phàidheadh dh'an uachdaran mar tha ri dheanamh fathast, ach cha'n ann le airgead a bha iad 'ga phàidheadh idir, ach le gràn. Tha e glé choltach gu'n robh an gràn glé phailt 'san eilean 'san àm ud. Thàinig bàta gu ruig Loch-aineart air son an tuath a chum an gràn a chur air bòrd innte. Bha aca ri dhol am mach an sin leis ann am builg ris an canadh iad "plata bheag" a bhitheadh iad a' deanamh air murran, air muin each. Cha robh pocannan r'am faighinn idir 'san àm. Mar a chaidh gach aon ann, chaidh Gille-Pàdruig agus, gu mi-fhortanach, cha robh aige na lionadh am peice mu dheireadh na chumtais idir. Thubhairt fear thogail a' mhàil ris gu'm feumadh am peice a lionadh air neo nach gabhadh e idir e.

"Gabh e" thubhairt esan, "agus bheir mi chugad ,còrr 's na lionas am màireach; oir tha 'n t-asdar fada agam an diugh."

"Cha ghabh" ars am bàillidh "gus an lion thu am peice."

"Lionaidh mise an ceartair e" ars esan 's e toirt tarruing air sgian-dubh a bha aige, 's e aig a' cheart àm a' breith air mhullach cinn air a' bhàillidh, 's a' tarruing na sgine air an sgòrnan aige 's 'ga chumail os cionn a' pheice gus na chuir e thairis le fhuil.

"So" ars esan, "tha e làn a nis"; is dh'fhalbh e 's dh'fhàg e an siod e 'na chlosaich air urlar a' bhàta gus an d'thug feadhainn eile as e gu ruig tigh a bha faisg air làimh. Theirear "Rubh'-an-tigh-mhàil" ris an àite sin fathast.

Coma leibh, cha b'fhada gus an d' ràinig e cluasan Mhic-ic-Ailein mar a rinn Gille-Pàdra Dubh air a bhàillidh aige. Tha e glé choltach nach robh lagh cho cruaidh 's a tha e bho 'n uair sin, air neo, na'm bitheadh cha'n fhaigheadh Gille-Pàdruig as cho maith 's a fhuair e. Ach co-dhiùbh chuir Mac Mhic-Ailein fios air; e dhol gu ruig Ormicleit, oir 's ann an sin a bha Mac-mhic-Ailein a' fuireach—e féin 's a mhac a b'òige.

Cha 'n eil teagamh 'sam bith nach robh eagal air Gille-Pàdruig gu'n deanteadh dolaidh air fhéin no air a mhac gu h-àraid. Ach co-dhiùbh dh' fhalbh iad air an latha dh' iarradh orra. Nuair ràinig iad caisteal Mhic-ic-Ailein chuireadh fàilt orra mar a b'àbhaist: ach an déidh ùine ghoirid chaidh aghaidh a thoirt air air son a' bhàillidh.

"Ach," arsa Mac-mhic-Ailein feumaidh tu ubh a bhristeadh air mullach cinn do mhic leis an t-saighid, air neo a mharbhadh air tàilleamh mar a rinn thu."

Bha so cruaidh gu leòr air Gille-Pàdruig. Ged a bha e glé chinnteach as a làimh, cha robh comas air; ged a bu chruaidhe b'fheudar. Ach fhuair e spaid is chladhaich e aige a leithid so a chuntais shlàt bho 'n dorus sloc as an talaimh; is nuair a chunnaic e féin freagarrach dh'éibh e air a mhac is dh'òrduich e sios do 'n t-sloc e. Fhuair e 'n t-ubh is chuir e air a cheann e; thug e an sin tarruinn air a' bhogha is air a' bhalg shaighead; chuir e saighead anns gach gartan aige fhéin is dh'fhiach e an uair sin air an ubh leis an treas fear, 's ann am priobadh na sùl bha 'n t-ubh 'na shruth nuas le ceann a mhic.

"S maith a rinn thu," arsa Mac-mhic-Ailein; ach c'ar son a nis a chuir thu 'n t-saighead anns gach gartan agad fhéin?

"An dà, innsidh mi sin duibh," arsa Gille-Pàdruig, "na 'n robh mi an déidh mo mhac a mharbhadh bhitheadh an té ud unnaibh-se agus i siod anns a' bhan-tighearna."

Fhuair Gille-Pàdruig dhachaidh an là sin gun an còrr dìòla-fiach a dhianamh air.

EOIN DOMHNUILACH. Hamhbeag.

LATHA NA MAOILE RUAIDHE.

(The Battle of Mulroy, Lochaber.)

'E so an cath mu dheireadh eadar fineachan Gaidhealach ann an Albainn. Chaidh a chur anns a' bhliadhna 1688, eadar Colla na Ceapach agus Mac-an-toisich. Nuair a thàinig na fineachan teann air a chéile dh' éirich cath-ghairm muinntir na Ceapach: "Dia 's Naomh Aindrea!" air oiteag na madainne agus fhreagair Clann-an-toisich le 'n cath-ghairm féin, "Loch-na-Maigh!" 'S e Mac-an-toisich Ceann-Cinnidh Chloinn Chatain—d'an suaicheantas an cat—agus a thoirt dùbhlan do Dhomhnullaich na Ceapach chluich picbaire Mhic-an-toisich am port so:

Thàinig na cait! thàinig na cait!
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig iad;
Thàinig na cait loma luath,
'S i 'n droch uair nuair thàinig iad.
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig iad,
Thàinig na cait 'thogail nan creach.
Bhualadh nan speach thàinig iad!

B'e Dòmhnull Mór Caimbeul—no Mac-a'-Ghlasraich mar a theirteadh ris, a bu phiobaire 'sa Cheapach agus fhreagair esan an dùbhlan gu foirmeil leis a' phort so chluich:

'Chloinn Domhnuill an fhraoich
A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Luchd nan cas caol.
Thugadh am bruthach dhiubh!
'Chloinn Domhnuill an fhraoich
A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Luchd nan cas caol,
Cumamaid riubh siud!

'Chloinn Domhnuill an fhraoich
'Mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Luchd nan cas caol,
Cuiribh 'nan siubhal iad.
Muinntir a' chàil
Muinntir a' chàil
Muinntir a' chàil
'S an t-sar bhruthaisde.

Theid mise 'n urras gu'n do chuir muinntir na Ceapach an ruaig air Cloinn Chatain, oir ghlac iad an Ceann Cinnidh Mac-an-toisich.

By courtesy of the Committee of the Free Library, Dundee.

"A Gipsy Encampment."
Painted by J. Herbert Snell, R.O.I.

AN TÉ CHROSDA.

BHA teaghlach de thriùir nighean aig càraid chòir ann an sgireachd àraidh 'san Eilean Sgitheanach. Bha dithis dhiubh stòlda, socair 'nan nàdur; ach bha an treas té anabarrach crosda. Mar tha tric a' tachairt, bha taghall mór air an tigh le luchd-ceilidh, agus, ni bha coltach gu leòr, bha sùil aig na gillean air na h-ingheanan. 'S e thàinig as an sin gu'n do phòs an dithis a bha fo ainm nadur math a bhi aca. Ach cha robh gin a' gabhail misneach a dhol a dh'iarraidh na té chrosda.

Ach mu dheireadh smaoinich gille gasda tapaidh, o'n a bha i 'na h-inghean ghlain agus math air cosnadh, ged a bhiodh breab innte, gur docha gu'm b' fhiach sin cur suas leis, gu sònruichte o'n a bha i de theaghlach gasda—oir is mór is fhiach ian à neud glan—agus 's ann a cho-dhùin e gu'n rachadh e g'a h-iarraidh; ni a rinn e; agus shoirbhich gu math leis. Chaidh an réiteach a dheanamh; agus latha a' phòsaidh a shuidheachadh. Air latha a' phòsaidh, o'n bha aige ri dhol astar math, thug e leis an each foidhe; agus thug e leis an gunna mar an ceudna; agus lean an cù dubh e.

An là-arn-a-mhàireach a' dol dhachaidh leis a' mhnaoi, bha esan a' marcachd, agus ise coiseachd, agus iad a' gabhail rathad monaidh. Dé dh'éirich roimhe ach cearc fhraoich. Thog e an gunna agus thilg e i; agus thuirt e ris a' chù an t-ian a thòirt g'a ionnsuidh agus nach iarradh e dà uair air e. Cha d'thug an cù feart air. An sin thog e an gunna agus thilg e an cù. Thàinig iad so gu bial àtha a bh'air abhainn air a cheum aca. Dh' iarr e air an each e dhol air adhart, agus nach iarradh e dà uair air e. Ach sheas an t-each. Thàinig e dhe a mhuin, agus chuir e an gunna ris agus laidh e far an robh e. Thug e 'n sin dheth an diollaid, agus e dol g'a toirt leis dhachaidh. Dh'iarr a bhean an diollaid air i fhein 'ga giùlan dhachaidh. Cha robh e air son a toirt dhi; ach dh' fheumadh ise faighinn, agus ghéill esan.

Aig a' chiad bhliadhna ùir bha na cleamhnain aig cuirm an tigh an athar céile. An uair a bha an dinneir seachad, chaidh na boireannaich do sheòmar dhaibh fhéin a chluich air chairtean; agus dh' fhan na daoine far an robh iad ri sgeulachd is gabhail boineagan air a chéile. Mu dheireadh thàinig aca air am mnathan. Iadsan aig an robh luchd an deadh nàduir a' bòilich asda, agus a' fiachainn ri tarruing as an fhear eile. Ach 's e a thubhairt fear na té chrosda gu'n cùireadh e geall gur ann aige a bha a' bhean a b' umhaile dhe an triùir. Chaidh an geall a chur—cóig puind Shasunnach—a chur air a' bhòrd. Agus 's e an dearbhadh a dh' aontaich iad a chur orra gu'n iarradh iad air té an déidh té dhiubh tighinn a stigh agus a currac a thoirt dhe a ceann agus a thilgeadh 'san teine.

Chaidh fios a chur air a chiad té, agus fhreagair i gu'm biodh i stigh nuair a chluicheadh i a làimh chairtean. Nuair a thàinig i, dh'iarr a fear pòsda oirre i thoirt dhith a currac agus i a thilgeadh 'san teine. Ach 's ann a sheall i air le mi-chiata, agus ghabh i am mach. Ach cha d'innis i do chàch dé thachair. Chaidh fios air an dàrna té; agus rinn ise direach mar a rinn an té eile. Ach nuair a chaidh an té chrosda iarraidh, thilg i uaipe na cairtean agus ruith i stigh; agus nuair a dh iarr am fear pòsda oirre a currac a thilgeadh 'san teine rinn i air ball e.

An sin thog esan na cóig puind Shasunnach agus shin e dhith iad ag ràdh: "So; ceannaichidh sin currac eile dhuit."

Ach nuair a thuig càch mar a bha, thòisich iad air fanaid oirre air son gu'm biodh ise cho beag spiorad 's gu'n deanadh i leithid a ghnìomh air son neach a chunnaic i riamh. Ach 's e a fhreagair ise. "Cha robh sibhse a' giùlan na diollaid."

Padruig Mac Aonghais,

CAILLEACH MHOR BHEINN LATHAIR.

THA mi creidsinn gu 'm faod naidheachd coltach ris an té a leanas a bhi air a h-aithris mu thimchioll beinn no dhà, is locha no dhà 'sa Ghaidhealtachd; ach biodh sin mar thogras, is ann mar so bha seann daoine am Braid-albann ag innseadh mu thòiseachadh Locha-tatha.

'San àm a dh' fhalbh, nuair a bha na h-eòin air gach geig a' seinn gu fonnmhor réidh òran an Gaidhlig mhilis, bhlasda, is nuair a thuigeadh gach creutair ar sean chànain, is a chumadh iad còmhradh cairdeil r'a cheile innte; aig a cheart àm sin bha cailleach mhór chumhachdach a' tuineachadh fagus do Bheinn Lathair, is bha seilbh aice air gach monadh tha mu 'n cuairt air a' Bheinn, is air gach gleann, coire, is srath tha mar mhiltean dh' astar dhith. Bha àireamh mhór de chrodh aig a' chaillich, is bhà Braid-albann is Gleannliobhunn gu léir fodhpa; is cha b'uilear dhoibh uiread sin de fhearann is an tuilleadh a bhi aca air son ionaltraidh. Cha robh Loch-tatha idir ann aig an àm sin, is bha 'n t àite 'sam bheil e nis 'na chòmhnard feurach mu mhile air leud, is mu chuig no shé mhile deug air fad Bha earrann de 'n chrodh a samhrachadh air a' mhaigh mhóir briagha sin mu 'n d' thàinig an t-uisge oirre.

So mar a tha 'n t-sean fhacal ag ràdh mu chrodh na Caillich mhóir.

"Tri naoi cnocan, is tri naoi bacan air gach cnocan, is tri naoi bó mhaol odhar air gach bacan."

Chi sinn o sin gu 'n robh crodh na Caillich ro lionmhor, is dh' fheumadh banarach no dhà bhi aice mar an ceudna.

Bha fuaran Bheinn Lathair am bitheantas dùinte, is air a chrannadh is air a ghlasadh. B'e dleasnas té de na banaraichean freiceadan a dheanamh air an fhuaran, is an dorus aige ghlasadh gu faicilleach gach feasgar. Mar a bha 'm breamas ann, dhi-chuimhnich ise dorus an fhuarain a ghlasadh air oidhche àraidh, is ruith an t-uisge gu mireanach bras as an fhuaran ré na h-oidhche.

Nuair a dhùisg na banaraichean 's ann a bha 'n sealladh iongantach fo chomhair an sùilean. Feuch! bha loch mór còmhdachadh iochdar na dùthcha air fad!

Ma tha neach air bith a' cur an sgeul so an teagamh, thoireadh e sgrìob do Bhraid-albann, is mur toir aon sealladh de "Loch-tatha nam bradan" e gu mùthadh beachd is barail, cha 'n 'eil fhios agamsa dè bheir. Tha 'n loch 'na dhearbhadh làidir, is 'na theisteas math gu 'm bheil an naidheachd fìor!

SEUMAS MAC DHIARMAID.

In Memoriam

MEMBERS OF DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

THE REV. JOHN KENNEDY, M.A.

By the death of Rev. John Kennedy, Liff U.F. Church, which occurred on January 13th, 1915, a long and honoured ministry was brought to a close. Mr Kennedy was educated in Edinburgh, graduating M.A. at the University of that city. He came to Dundee in 1877, when he was appointed assistant to Rev. Dr Wilson, Free St Paul's. After labouring there for a short time he became assistant to Rev. John Lyon, Broughty Ferry West, where his work was much appreciated; and his choice of Tayside as a permanent field for his labours was consummated in 1880, when he was ordained colleague and successor to the late Rev. W. R. Moncur at Liff. Mr Moncur had been minister of the church for upwards of 30 years, so that Mr Kennedy's minirtry of 35 years was a worthy continuation of the long and faithful service of his predecessor, and an eloquent testimony to the warm relations that have ever existed in Liff between pulpit and pew. But Mr Kennedy was a minister whose qualities compelled an esteem both ready and lasting. From the first day of his ministry he brought to bear on his work a great enthusiasm which, throughout all the responsibilities and trials that so inevitably attend the labours of the minister who is conscientious, had never in any degree abated. With

an engaging and pleasing personality he united a broad mind. He was liberal yet strong in his convictions; energetic in all he undertook, and unsparing in his efforts towards the promotion of anything that made for the good of his people. It was, therefore, only natural that he should have won in so complete a degree their love and esteem, and should have endeared himself not merely to his own congregation, but to all who came into contact with him or, by his works, knew him. He became a member of the Liff School Board early in his ministry, and for many years had been a ruling and a guiding force in the educational affairs of the district. The ratepayers of Liff also elected him a member of the Ratepayers' Advisory Committee, where his counsels were invaluable. In 1905 Mr Kennedy celebrated his semi-jubilee, when he and Mrs Kennedy were the recipients of valuable gifts. At the outbreak of the war he threw himself vigorously into the campaign to obtain recruits, and the success of his efforts is shown by the large number of men from Liff district who joined the various units. Mr Kennedy passed away at the age of 62. He married, 20 years ago, Miss Elizabeth M'Pherson, daughter of Mr M'Pherson, banker, Kingussie, and for the widow he leaves to mourn his loss there is felt a sincere and widespread sympathy.

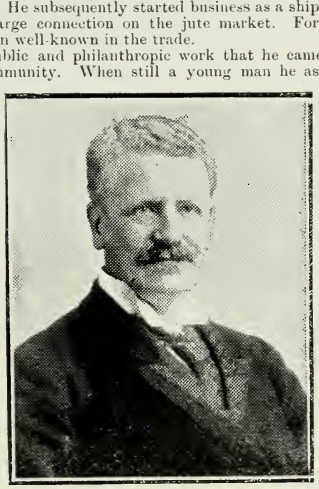
BAILIE WALKER S. MELVILLE, D.L.

The death of Mr Walker S. Melville occurred at his residence, 4 Douglas Terrace, Dundee, on Saturday morning, 27th March 1915.

Mr Melville was one of the best-known public men in the city. When quite a youth his interest in affairs showed itself, and it persisted during all his life to the end. He was a Dundee man—his father being in the Customs service—and spent practically the whole of his days in the city, all along being closely identified with its business and social life.

Deceased was educated at the High School, and was afterwards for some years employed in a city solicitor's office. He subsequently started business as a shipping agent and merchant, and soon established a large connection on the jute market. For many years the firm of Melville & Halley has been well-known in the trade.

But it was in his public and philanthropic work that he came in contact with a much larger section of the community. When still a young man he associated himself with the Y.M.C.A., and all the developing activities of that organisation found in him a warm supporter. He was one of the leading spirits in the development of local technical education. That work was begun in a small way many years ago, but carefully nursed by such men as Mr Melville it has now expanded into the first-class institution known as the Technical College, where large numbers of the youth of the town are trained in the higher branches of the leading industries.



In 1898 Mr Melville entered the Town Council. In the municipal body he found ample scope for the exercise of his energies. He gave of his best to the Corporation, as he did to all work in which he engaged, and during his long municipal career he was always one of the leading members of the Council. He was several times elected to the bench, and also held Convenerships of Committees, being Convener of the Police Committee at the time he was laid aside by his fatal illness. But even these things did not by any means exhaust the many-sidedness of his interests. For years he was associated with the Dundee Horticultural Society, of which for a lengthened period he was President.

Mr Melville's natural tastes led him to take an interest in the Free Libraries. He joined the Committee in 1906, and had been a member since then. He was a keen student of the history of the city, and made a very fine collection of books printed and published in Dundee.

In many other directions in which public work was to be done Mr Melville could be depended upon for assistance. His long and intimate association with affairs had made him familiar with the work of most of the city's public and semi-public bodies, and his advice was always regarded as of great value. He was a member of the Dundee Highland Society, and for several years (under the Chiefship of the late Bailie Duncan MacDonald) he was a member of the Executive Council; a Vice-Chairman of the Charity Organisation Society, a Director of the High School, an Educational Trust Governor, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Mission to the Outdoor Blind, a member of Committee of the Subscription Library, and a member of the Territorial Force Association. He was also a Deputy-Lieutenant of the County of the City.

In his spare moments Mr Melville took a keen interest in sport of various kinds. In his younger days he was a member of a Tay Boating Club. He also enjoyed golfing and bowling, although his favourite pastime was, perhaps, angling, in the pursuit of which he was very fond of a day on a Highland loch or stream. For many years past he was associated with Ryehill U.F. Church. He was 63 years of age. His wife, a daughter of the late Mr J. H. Halley, died many years ago, and he is survived by a daughter.

LIEUT.-COL. HARRY WALKER, C.M.G., T.D.

Lieut.-Col. Harry Walker, who died of wounds received while leading "Dundee's Own" Battalion, the 4th Black Watch, in the advance at Loos, was well known as an enthusiastic Volunteer and Territorial Officer. In peace he worked steadfastly to promote the efficiency of the 4th Battalion of the Black Watch, and when the war broke out he devoted himself heart and soul to preparing the battalion for active service. In February of this year the 4th went out with Lieut. Col. Walker in command, and few battalions had the good fortune to have a more able or more popular leader. During the whole period of active service the 4th had a full share in the fighting, and all through their gallant leader was looked up to as friend and guide. Through the ordeal of Neuve Chapelle and in the battling of the 9th of May his presence was an inspiration, and he moved about encouraging his men. In June His Majesty the King was graciously pleased to confer on him the honour of Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George. In civil life Lieut.-Col. Harry Walker was a member of the firm

In Memoriam – Members of Dundee Highland Society—*Continued.*

of Messrs Harry Walker & Sons, Ltd., spinners and manufacturers. He took a prominent part in the business and public life of the city, having served as President of the Chamber of Commerce and as member of many public bodies and Director of institutions. Although he devoted much of his time to Volunteer and Territorial service, he found opportunities for travel, and was an enthusiastic and daring mountaineer.

. . . . . .

It is difficult, in speaking of our dear and honoured and never-to-be-forgotten friend, to strangers who had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, to appear to be speaking simple truth, to seem quite guiltless of exaggeration. Bayard, Sir Galahad, the very perfect, gentle knight, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*—these are the terms that come naturally to one's pen, thinking of him. And to say this is, plainly and evidently, either to be saying too much or to be speaking of one sovereignly gifted beyond his fellows. That Harry Walker was so gifted, every man that ever knew him would hasten to assert. "Of noble manners," said the Master of Trinity, Cambridge, speaking of another, greatly loved, cut off in the midst of the years—and this, too, was the first impression you took of the Colonel of our City of Dundee Battalion. Martial bearing, manly stride, open countenance, the very sunniest of smiles, a wonderful graciousness of manner. Of commanding ability, as his place in the business life of the city and its various Directorates abundantly proves. A great sportsman, who had played his part on practically every field, but who loved the mountains, as he told us once at a Mission lecture, best of all. (Some of us think that the very sunlight and the clearness and the strength of the mountain peaks seemed to possess him.) A fervent patriot—the very life and soul of his battalion. The friend of every worthy cause. In his Church an honoured office-bearer. In his home—but of what he was in his home none of us may speak; we can give thanks in hallowed remembrance, and we can breathe a prayer for his sorrowing ones.

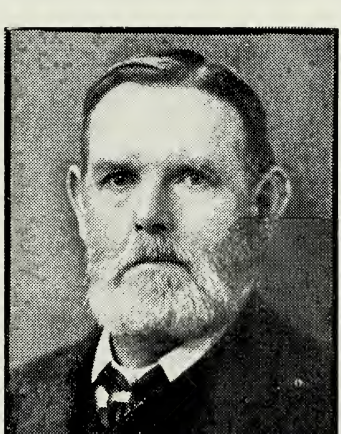
This is the happy warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms would wish to be.

A. W. F.

GAELIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The Late Emeritus-Professor MACKINNON, M.A. (of the Celtic Chair, Edinburgh University).

Emeritus-Professor Donald MacKinnon, the first to occupy the Celtic Chair at Edinburgh University, died on Christmas day 1914, at Balnahard, in his native Isle of Colonsay. Professor Mackinnon only enjoyed his retirement for half a session and was 75 years of age at the time of his demise—the date of his birth being 18th April 1839. Leaving Colonsay at the age of eighteen to attend the Church of Scotland Training College, he proceeded thence to Edinburgh University, where he had a distinguished career, passing his examination for M.A. degree in November 1869 with first-class honours in Mental Philosophy, and in the same month obtaining the Hamilton Fellowship in Mental Philosophy, one of the highest distinctions which the Edinburgh University has to offer. He taught a school for three years at Lochinver, Sutherlandshire. In 1869 he was appointed Clerk to the Church of Scotland's Education Scheme. Three years later he was appointed Clerk to the Endowed Schools Commission, while in 1873 he was chosen as Clerk and Treasurer to Edinburgh's first School Board, a post which he held till his appointment to the Celtic Chair in 1882. This Chair, which he occupied for 32 years, was the first of the kind in any University. In 1875 he wrote a series of twelve papers on "Gaelic Proverbs" in *An Gaidheal* (*The Gael*), followed in 1877 by a second series on "Gaelic Literature," also in Gaelic. The graceful idiom and style of these papers marked him out as one who above all others was fitted to teach his native tongue, while his other qualifications made it clear that in giving him the appointment the friends of Gaelic were assured that Celtic literature would be worthily represented in the Edinburgh University. Professor MacKinnon's productions in book form are:—"A Descriptive Catalogue of Gaelic MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and elsewhere in Scotland"; Reading Book for the use of Students in the Gaelic Class of Edinburgh—Part I. and Part II.—circulated privately. He also within recent years transcribed the Glenmassan MSS. and published his work in the *Celtic Review*—a work involving close and painstaking effort. He was examiner under the Edinburgh School Board in Bible knowledge.



By kind permission of the "Oban Times."

MAJOR ELMSLIE TOSH.

Major Elmslie Tosh, who fell in the battle at Loos, September 25 of this year, was identified with the Volunteer and Territorial Movement in Dundee. He was second in command of the 4th Black Watch, and went to France with the battalion. He had a record of good service in South Africa, having taken out the second detachment of Dundee Volunteers. He received the Queen's Medal with four clasps. As an accountant he had won a position in professional and business circles, and he acted as auditor for many public bodies. With all old soldiers in Dundee Major Tosh was a friend indeed. He devoted great attention to the veterans, and was ever ready to give friendly counsel and advice.

For portraits of Colonel Walker and Major Tosh, see photo group of Officers, 4th (Service) Black Watch, page 34.

Comforts for Highland Regiments at the Front.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—1914-15.

The Executive Council of the Dundee Highland Society beg leave to offer their warmest thanks to those who have kindly contributed to this Fund. Here is the list of Subscribers and Statement of Accounts as at October 30th 1915:—

1914.
Dec. 7.
Collected at Lecture, ... £0 12 6
Councillor J. C. Robertson, C.A., 22 Meadowside, ... 1 0 0
Miss M. S. Ritchie, 94 Nethergate, ... 0 5 0

1915.
Jan.
Miss F. Stuart, Invergowrie, ... 0 2 6
Mrs Low, Broughty Ferry, ... 0 3 0

Feb.
Miss Sharp, Fernhall, Broughty Ferry, .. 3 0 0
Miss Angus, 354 Blackness Road, ... 1 0 0
A. W. Stiven, Esq., Police Treasurer, .. 0 10 0
Alex. Ross, Esq., 11 Whitehall Street, .. 0 7 6

Mar.
Miss Gilroy, Rowanbank, Broughty Ferry, 0 10 0
Duncan MacFarlane, Esq., 12 High Street, 0 2 6
Miss Clark, 2 Blackness Crescent, ... 1 0 0
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J. C. Low, Esq., Westwood, Newport, .. 1 0 0
G. K. Smith, Esq., Ardmere, Perth Road, 1 0 0
Colonel Small, ... 0 2 0
Friend, 5s; Amici, 5s; Friend, 2s 6d, 2s 6d, 2s 6d, 2s 6d, ... 1 0 0
Speakable Scot, 1s; J. W., 1s; Friend, 5s, 0 7 0
John Sharp, Esq., Balmuir, ... 1 0 0
J. L. 2s 6d; Friend, 2s 6d; J. Rae, 1s; A. Scott Fittie, 1s, ... 0 7 0
W. W. N., 2s 6d; W. D. J., 1s; R. M., 1s 6d; W. T. H., 1s, ... 0 6 0
Kinner, 2s 6d; C. P. Y., 1s, ... 0 3 6
J. Smieton, Esq., Panmure Villa, Broughty Ferry, ... 0 5 0
Friend, ... 0 5 0
Miss Cox, Clement Park, Lochee, ... 1 0 0
Mrs Charles Ovenstone, Duntrune, ... 0 10 0
Wm. Nucator, Esq., Springfield, ... 0 4 6
Mrs A. S. Crabbe, do., ... 0 2 0

April.
R. B. Sharp, Esq., ... 1 0 0
J. H., Blackness, ... 0 5 0
J. Davidson, 1s; Robert Jackson, 1s, .. 0 2 0
J. M., 2s; Spartaclas, 1s; D. R., 2s 6d, .. 0 5 6
C. R. Ovenstone, Esq., ... 0 10 0
E. MacLean, 2s 6d; T. Watson, 2s 6d, .. 0 5 0
W. M., 2s 6d; D. M. B., 5s, ... 0 7 6
D. T., 2s; P. Mitchell, 2s 6d,.. .. .. 0 4 6
Mr Bonar, ... 0 10 0
M. T. Anderson, 2s 6d; T. E. Suttie, 1s, .. 0 3 6
Alex. Ross, Esq., ... 0 5 0
W. M. Smith, 6d; A Friend, 2s 6d, 2s 6d, 2s 6d, ... 0 8 0
G. S., 2s 6d; Friend, 2s 6d, 2s 6d, 2s 6d 0 10 0
N. Boase, Esq., ... 0 10 0
N. Peters, 1s; H. L. A. D., 1s, ... 0 2 0
Colonel W. H. Fergusson, ... 0 10 0
Friend, 5s; J. S. Weir, Esq., 2s, ... 0 5 0
A. Bethune Duncan, Esq., ... 0 5 0
Friend, 5s, 4s, ... 0 9 0
Mr Ogilvie, ... 0 5 0
G. Fraser, Esq., 2s 6d; Rev. G. R. Macphail, 2s 6d, ... 0 5 0
J. Gray, Esq., 1s; C. K. P., 2s 6d; Mr Grant, 1s, ... 0 4 6
J. Anderson, Esq., ... 0 5 0
W. R., 2s 6d; C. Glass, Esq., 4s, ... 0 6 6
A. H. Bell, Esq., 5s; W. F., 2s; John Mackie, Esq., 2s 6d, ... 0 9 6
W. Hay, Esq., 2s 6d; R. J. MacLean, Esq., 2s 6d, ... 0 5 0
V. Baird, 2s; G. C. Keiller, Esq., 2s 6d, 0 4 6
J. R. Henderson, Esq., ... 0 5 0
James Robertson, jun., Esq., 2s; Baillie Pirie, 2s, ... 0 4 0
Professor Stalker, ... 0 5 0

Total, ... £33 2 0
By Disbursements, ... £26 19 8
By Balance on Hand, ... 6 2 4 } 33 2 0

April 28, 1915.

Having examined the foregoing accounts and detailed statements thereof, showing balance as above, we hereby certify the same to be correct and sufficiently vouched.

(Signed) J. FORBES,
„ WM. MACGREGOR, } Auditors.

1915-16.

1915.
Apr. 29.
To Balance, ... £6 2 4
Dundee Highland Society contributions, .. 5 9 8

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Miss Hutcheson, Finnard, West Ferry, .. 0 5 0
Wm. MacGregor, Esq., Rockfield, Broughty Ferry, ... 0 5 0
M. C. Macleod, 7 Garland Place, ... 0 5 0

May.
Misses Robertson, 4 Norwood Crescent, .. 3 0 0
Miss Sharp, Fernhall, Broughty Ferry, .. 2 0 0
Dr A. H. Millar, Albert Institute, ... 1 0 0

Oct.
Mrs J. N. Kyd, Rosendael, West Ferry, .. 5 0 0
Miss Angus, 354 Blackness Rd., ... 0 10 0
Mrs R. Blackadder, P.O. Box 2123, North Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, 2 0 0

By Disbursements, ... £17 10 1½ } £25 17 0
Oct. 30.
By Balance on hand, .. £8 6 10½ } 25 17 0

CONTRIBUTIONS IN KIND.

Miss Jobson Scott, Craig, West Ferry (cardigan jackets, &c.).
Miss Kennedy, The Pines, Broughty Ferry (sox and mittens.
Mrs David Ritchie (towels, &c.), 15 Briarwood Terrace.
Miss B. D. Ritchie (wool), 16 Hawkhill Place.
D. F. Black, Esq. (tobacco), 88 Park Road, Newcastle.
Miss Clerk (cake), Broad Street, Tayport.
Mrs G. B. Ritchie (cake), Wellgate Park, Newport.
Miss M. S. Ritchie (tobacco and sweets), 16 Hawkhill Place.
Mrs Stewart Carmichael (socks), Nethergate.
Mrs Fleming (books), Ingleside, Lochee.
Mr Macnab (porpoise hide bootlaces), Vault.
Mr Fyffe Ogilvie (2 lbs. cocoa).
D. M. Brown, Esq., High Street (towels).

There were also received, sweets, cigarettes, pencils, postcards, cakes, hymn books, soap, handkerchiefs, wool, and many and various knitted and other gifts.

Watt & Son, *Dundee.*

Dr Angus MacGillivray,
Chief, Dundee Highland Society.

DUNDEE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

(Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach.)

THE Dundee Highland Society being now a branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach its objects are to encourage and promote :—

(a) The teaching and use of the Gaelic language.
(b) The study and cultivation of Gaelic Literature, History, Music, and Art.
(c) The native Industries of the Highlands of Scotland, and the wearing of of the Highland Dress.
(d) The Welfare of Highlanders in Dundee and neighbourhood; and
(e) The furthering of Celtic and patriotic interests.

The Society is non-political and non-sectarian.

Copies of the Constitution and Rules can be had by applying to the Treasurer or Secretary

LIST OF EXECUTIVE, 1915-16.

Chief—Dr Angus MacGillivray.

Chieftains—Ex-Bailie Neil Macdonald, J.P., Principal J. Yule MacKay, M.D., LL.D., Councillor J. C. Robertson, C.A.

Hon. Joint Secretaries.

Miss M. S. Ritchie, 94 Nethergate, Dundee.
Miss Clementina Hutcheson, Finnard, Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry.

Hon. Treasurer—Mr M. C. MacLeod, 7 Garland Place, Dundee.

Council :

Mr A. D. Beaton
Mr John Dow
Mr John Forbes
Mrs Forbes
Mr W. P. Henderson
Mrs Kennedy
Mrs Lindsay
Mr William Munro
Mr William MacGregor
Mr James MacLaren
Rev. George M. MacLean
Rev. G. R. MacPhail
Mr Alexander MacRae
Mr Nicoll
Councillor R. M. Noble
Mr Geo. Scrymgeour, J.P.
Captain Weir

Chaplain—Rev. G. R. MacPhail, M.A., 8 Union Terrace, Dundee.

Medical Adviser—Dr Young, 21 South Tay Street, Dundee.

Piper—Pipe-Major Thomas Mitchell.

Auditors—Mr John Forbes and Mr William MacGregor.

Standing Committee—**Finance**—The Chief, Chieftains, Treasurer, and Secretaries.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Airlie, Rt. Hon. The Countess of, Cortachy Castle
Brown, D. M., 80 High Street
Bruce, Mrs David, 4 Dudhope Terrace.
Burke, A. Fordyce, Solicitor, 49 Murraygate
Cameron, J. D., Dentist, 37 Union Street
Campbell, Alexander, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., 1 Clarendon Terrace
Dewar, David, 5 Windsor Terrace
Don, Alexander, M.A., M.B., C.M., F.R.C.S.Ed., Park House, 145 Nethergate
Douglas, Ronald, Idabank, Broughty Ferry
Fraser, Bailie, Simon G., Abbotsford Villa, 131 Strathmartine Road
Fraser, Hugh E., M.A., M.D., F.S.A. (Scot.), Dundee Royal Infirmary
Fyffe, John M., 16 Bank Street
Gibb, Edwin Farquhar, Lower Pleasance Works
Gilroy, Wm., 8 Rosewood Terrace, West Park.
Irvine, W. B., B.A., St Magnus, West Newport
Langlands, Jas. N., Architect, Murraygate
MacGillivray, Angus, C.M., M.D., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.Scot., Ophthalmic Surgeon, 23 South Tay Street
Mackay, Robert, 46 Forfar Road
Malcolm, Councillor Adam, 26 Windsor Street.
Methven, James Norman, Esq., The Cottage, Lochee.
Millar, Dr A. H., LL.D., Dundee Library.
Mitchell, Peter, 31 Albert Square.
Nicoll, Lord Dean of Guild, 10 Windsor St.
Ogilvie, James, 11 Strawberrybank.
Plage, D. MacDonald, 84 Commercial St.
Robertson, James C., C.A., 22 Meadowside
Robertson, John, J.P., F.S.A. (Scot.), Dentist, 27 Victoria Road
Robertson, Major J. C., 11 Fort Street
Rorie, T. H. B., C.A., 13 Albert Square
Shaw, Thos., 14 Albany Terrace.
Small, D. M., L.D., S.R.C., 19 South Tay St.
Small, Mrs D. M., 19 S. Tay Street.
Smith, Colonel Harry Kebel, Cliffside, Wormit
Stewart, A. J., Chellwood, Monifieth
Urquhart, Sir James, 30 Magdalen Yard Road

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Anderson, Dr, 10 Airlie Place.
Anderson, D. Lindsay, dentist, 180 Nethergate.
Anderson, Miss, Marybank, E. Newport.
Anderson, W. G., 3 Gladstone Place, Broughty Ferry
Anderson, Miss, 5 Hawkhill Place
Anderson, Miss, Balgay School
Angus, Miss Mary, 354 Blackness Road
Argo, Nurse Bruce, Royal Infirmary
Band, Stuart, 2 Blackness Crescent.
Band, Mrs Stuart, 2 Blackness Crescent.
Bannerman, John, 1 Caenlochan Terrace Broughty Ferry
Bannerman, Mrs, 1 Caenlochan Terrace, Broughty Ferry
Batchelor, Col., Craigmount, Strathmartine Road
Beaton, Alex. D., Edradour, East Haddon Road
Beaton, Mrs, Edradour, East Haddon Road.
Beaton, John, Harvey Cottage, Seafield, Broughty Ferry.
Bisset, Christopher, J. (Sheriff-Clerk of Forfarshire), 8 Richmond Terrace
Boase, J. H. Lindsay, Binrock, Perth Road
Browning, S., 7 Crichton Street
Browning, Mrs S., 7 Crichton Street
Bruce, Jas., L.D.S., 9 South Tay Street
Bruce, Menzies, 4 Dudhope Terrace.
Bruce, Miss, 4 Dudhope Terrace.
Bruce, Miss Jean, 4 Dudhope Terrace.
Buchan, Alexander, Registrar, 93 Commercial Street.
Buist, Tom. P., 166 Nethergate
Burden, D. MacNab, M.A., LL.B., Solicitor, 20 Whitehall Street
Burden, Miss, 2 Windsor Terrace
Burden, Miss W. S., 2 Windsor Terrace
Burdon, A., Post Office, Errol
Burke, Wm. M., City Chamberlain, 89 Commercial Street
Buttar, David, Solicitor, Bank Street
Cameron, Hugh, park-keeper, Lochee Park. Ancrum Road, Lochee
Cameron, Sister, Royal Infirmary
Campbell, George, house agent, Barrack Street
Campbell, W., 11 Westfield Place.
Campbell, Ernest, 1 Claredon Terrace.
Campbell, James, 11 Westfield Place.
Campbell, Dr Peter, 29 Springfield
Campbell, R. C., 17 Madeira Street
Campbell, Miss Phyllis, Mayfield Hostel.
Campbell, Dr Sydney, Roseangle House, 2 Magdalen Yard Road.
Campbell, W. Graham, 27 South Tay Street
Carmichael, James, 9 North Tay Street
Carmichael, James L., junr., of Arthurstone
Carmichael, John, Leather Merchant, Cupar
Carmichael, Stewart, Artist, 65 Nethergate
Carmichael, Mrs Stewart, 65 Nethergate
Cassaday, Ernest, L.D.S., Elgina, Brook St., Broughty Ferry.
Cheape, Lady Griselda, Strathtyrum, St Andrews.
Chisholm, John, Governor, East Poorhouse
Clarke, Arthur, Agent, Bank of Scotland, 2 Albert Street.
Clarke, Mrs, 2 Albert Street.
Collins, J. J., 12 Whitehall Street.
Conacher, David, Torwood, West March, Monifieth
Cooper, George, 43 Reform Street.
Craik, Miss M. L., Stanley, Lochee.

Croll, James, 63 Commercial Street.
Cruickshank, Miss, Balgay Girls' Industrial School
Cumming, D. A., M.A., Grove Academy, Broughty Ferry
Cumming, Miss, Seymour Lodge, 235 Perth Road
Dargie, L. D., Woodfield, Wormit.
David, George C., 43 Albany Terrace.
Davidson, T. M., M.A., B.Sc., 133 Ferry Road
Dawson, David, 16 Strawberry Bank
Dawson, Mrs David, 16 Strawberry Bank
Dickie, A. P., Cambustay, Broughty Ferry.
Donald, George R., Solicitor, 1 Bank Street
Don, Lord Provost William, Ardarroch, 3 Douglas Terrace.
Donn, Robert, F.S.A. (Scot.), Blenheim, Downfield.
Douglas, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
Douglas, T. K., solicitor, 1 Windsor Terrace, Brook Street, Broughty Ferry.
Douglas, W. A., Idabank, Broughty Ferry
Dow, J. L., tobacconist, Commercial St.
Dow, John, Woodmuir Park, W. Newport.
Dow, Miss Marjory A., Woodmuir Park, W. Newport.
Dow, Miss Margaret T. D., Woodmuir Park, W. Newport.
Dryden, Miss A. L., American Muir, Downfield.
Duthie, Miss E., 27 Baxter Park Terrace
Farquhar, George, 133 Victoria Road
Fisher, L.-Sergt. Malcolm, c/o Mrs R. C. Clark, 14 Garland Place.
Fisher, Mrs, c/o Mrs R. C. Clark, 14 Garland Place.
Fisher, Peter, Manager, Dundee Tramways
Findlay, R., 21 Commercial St.
Fleming, W. P., Music Teacher, 104 Nethergate
Forbes, Donald, M.B., Ch.B., 1 South Tay Street
Forbes, John, 5 Norma Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
Forbes, Mrs J., 5 Norma Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
Gall, James, C., 44 Ferry Road.
Gordon, James, 30 Reform Street
Gowans, Captain Stanley B., Spring Lodge, Broughty Ferry.
Grahame, David, Rose Cottage, West Newport
Graham, Jas. Balbride, Carlogie Road, Carnoustie.
Grant, J. Montpelier
Grant, Mrs, Montpelier
Grant, Miss, 5 Hermonhill Terrace.
Grant, W. G. L., Woodside, E. Newport, Fife
Gray, J. Morris, Yewbank, West Newport.
Gray, Sister, Royal Infirmary
Greig, Miss, 25 South Tay Street.
Greig, Mrs D. M., 25 South Tay Street
Greig, James, Lindean, Perth Road
Gunn, Charles, Engineering Dept., Post Office, Dundee
Hay, William, 47 Murraygate
Henderson, Wm., D.L., West Park, Perth Road
Henderson, J. R., Lindsay Street Works.
Henderson, William P., 5 St Mary's Terrace
Henderson, Mrs W. P., 5 St Mary's Terrace.
High, John, Dental Mechanic, 19 Bain Square
Hill, W. F., 42 Barrack Street.
Holder, Very Rev. Joseph, Provost, M.R., St Joseph's R.C. Church; h., 42 Wilkie's Lane
Henry, John J. H., 1 Aberlemno Terrace
Hutcheson, Mrs Wm. T. L., Finnard, Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
Hutcheson, Miss C. Finnard, Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
Kennedy, Mrs John, 18 Windsor Street.
Kinnear, Dr, 43 South Tay Street
Knight, James, 3-6 Commercial Street
Kynoch, Professor, 8 Airlie Place
Kynoch, Miss, 8 Airlie Place.
Lamb, Mrs, 2 Lytton Place.
Lamond, W. B., R.B.A., 27 Bank Street
Lang, Rev. Marshall, Windsor St.
Lang, Mrs Marshall, Windsor St.
Lee, J. J., 22 Airlie Place
Lesslie, Finlay, 158 Hilltown.
Lindsay, Charles, 17 Seymour Street
Lindsay, Mrs, 17 Seymour Street
Livingstone, John, Merle Cottage, Broughty Ferry
Low, A., 102 Gray Street, Brougnty Ferry.
Low, Miss, Home Lodge, Broughty Ferry
MacBain, A. B., House Factor, Bell Street.
MacBeth, W. D., High School
MacDiarmid, J. F., Roseangle Terrace, Seafield Road
M'Cabe, Bailie, 11 Laurelbank
M'Cabe, Mrs, 11 Laurelbank
MacDonald, Colin, 59 Magdalen Green
MacDonald, Duncan, 17 Lawson Street
MacDonald, H. W., Bellfield, E. Newport.
Macdonald, ex-Bailie Neil, 69 Clepington Road
MacDowell, Miss, Dunella Broughty Ferry
MacFarlane, Dr Thos., 170 Nethergate
MacFarlane, Duncan, F.S.M.C., B.O.A., 12 High Street
MacFarlane, Miss, P.O., Carnoustie.
MacGillivray, Allister M., 23 South Tay St.
MacGillivray, Angus R., 23 South Tay Street
M'Glashan, Miss M., 39 Paton's Lane
M'Glashan, Miss, 39 Paton's Lane
MacGrady, H. J., Fort-William, Broughty Ferry.
M'Gregor, David, North Tay House, Loons Road, Lochee.
M'Gregor, John, 8 Wortley Place
MacGregor, Kenneth, Rockfield, Monifieth Road, Broughty Ferry.
MacGregor, Thomas, 11 Graham Place
MacGregor, Mrs, 11 Graham Place, Princes Street.
M'Gregor, Walter, 4 Craigie Terrace
MacGregor, Wm., Rockfield, Monifieth Road, Broughty Ferry.
MacHardy, James, Teacher, Stobswell School.
M'Intosh, Donald, Torvald, Clepington Road
M'Intosh, James, Dunmoy, 4 Craigie Rd.
Macintosh, James, J.P., 4 Hermonhill Ter.
MacIntosh, Mr, Claypots, Broughty Ferry.
MacIntosh, Mrs, Claypots, Broughty Ferry.
MacKintosh, W. F., Procurator-Fiscal
M'Intyre, D., 48 Bell Street.
M'Intyre, John E., Nethercraig, Broughty Ferry
M'Intyre. Ronald W., Nethercraig, Broughty Ferry
Mackay, Angus, c/o Anderson, 5 William St.
Mackay, Ex-Bailie George, Benreay, Broughty Ferry
Mackay, J. W., 28 Whitehall Street
Mackay, Miss A. S., 42 Cobden Street, Lochee
Mackay, Miss B., 42 Cobden Street, Lochee.
Mackay, Miss B., 70 High Street, Lochee.
Mackay, Miss E., 70 High Street, Lochee.
Mackay, Miss Maggie, 70 High St., Lochee
Mackay, Principal J. Yule, 1 Newington Terrace, Broughty Ferry

M'Kay, J. G., 33 Curzon Road, Muswell Hill, N. London.
MacKean, J. F., Woodmuir Terrace, West Newport.
MacKean, Miss K., Woodmuir Terrace, West Newport.
Mackenzie, Ian, Ramsay Place, Broughty Ferry.
MacKenzie, Kenneth, Downfield.
Mackenzie, Wm., 22 Meadowside
Mackenzie, Anthony Trail, B.A., Harecraig, Broughty Ferry.
M'Laren, James, Sectional Engineers' Dept., P.O., Dundee.
MacLaren, Rev. D., The Manse, Monifieth
MacLean, J. D., 200 Hawkhill.
MacLean, Rev. Geo. M. 18 Albany Terrace
MacLean, Nurse, 5 Reform St.
MacLean, R. G., Auctioneer, Tay Street
MacLeod, Alexr., Dunvegan, Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.
MacLeod, Alexander, Fairfield, Wellgrove, Lochee
MacLeod, David, 4 Forester Street
MacLeod, Donald, M.A., 10 Lynnewood Pl.
MacLeod, Malcolm C., 7 Garland Place
MacLeod, Captain Norman, Dunvegan, Wormit.
MacLeod, William, Dunvegan, Wormit
MacLeod, W., c/o Reid, Wellgate.
M'Lennan, John, M.A. (Rector, High School), 8 Panmure Terrace
MacMillan, Ewen, 4 Gowrie Place
MacMillan, John, 2 Hillview, Wormit
MacNab, W. S., The Vault
MacNaughton, P., Accountant, 30 Reform St.
M'Naughton, Walter, Ardenlea, Carnoustie
MacPhail, Rev. G. R., M.A., 8 Union Ter.
MacPherson, Captain, Oakdene, Downfield.
MacQueen, D., Lamb's Hotel.
MacRae, Alexr., Superintendent, Parks and Cemeteries, 93 Commercial Street.
M'Tavish, Mrs, 288 Perth Road.
Malcolm, Col. W. S., Willowbrae, Perth Rd.
Malcolm, George, 20 Albany Terrace.
Malloch, Jas. M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.), Dudhope Villa, St Mary's Terrace.
Marr, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
Marshall, C. H., 97 Seagate.
Martin, ex-Bailie James H., 7 Panmure Terrace.
Martin, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
Mathers, Jas. M., Norwood Terrace, E. Newport.
Methven, Miss, The Cottage, Lochee.
Milne, Dr F. M., 66 Seafield Road.
Mitchell, G., 3 Castle Street
Mitchell, John, Editor, "Courier."
Mitchell, Thomas, Pipe-Major Police Pipe Band, 333 Clepington Road
Mitchell, W. L., advocate, Edinburgh.
Morrison, Alex. Tracy, 9 Hillcrest, Wormit
Muir, John, M.A., 13 Rosewood Terrace.
Munro, Wm., 13 Bank Avenue, Downfield.
Murdoch, J. A., C.A., Caderlea, Broughty Ferry
Murdoch, James, 27 Albany Terrace.
Murray, Joseph, Dryburgh House, Lochee.
Nicol, John, 47 Dura Street
Nicoll, D. M., Sunnybank, Monifieth
Nicoll, John M., 7 Paradise Road
Nicoll, W. S., J.P., Grocer, 65-67 Provost Road
Noble, Councillor Robert M., 31 Reform Street.
Ogilvie, Miss L., 11 Strawberrybank.
Ogilvie, William, 16 Arthurstone Terrace
Ogilvy-Dalgleish, Lady, of Errol Park, Errol.
Paton, Mrs Hunter, Castlemount, St Andrews.
Paterson, Donald, 2A Cotton Road.
Pearson, Miss Edith, Aberfoyle, Downfield.
Pearson, Miss Margaret, Aberfoyle, Downfield.
Phillips, J. N., 20 Americanmuir Road.
Ramsay, A. L., 218 Perth Road
Reekie, J., St Mary's, Dundee.
Reid, Miss, 3 Panmure Terrace
Reid, T., Strathtay House.
Ritchie, Miss Grace, 16 Hawkhill Place
Ritchie, Miss Isa, 16 Hawkhill Place
Ritchie, Miss Margaret, 16 Hawkhill Place
Robertson, Miss, Ashdene, Bingham Terrace.
Robertson, Allan, 3 Panmure Terrace
Robertson, Mrs, 3 Panmure Terrace
Robertson, Donald, Blind Institution
Robertson, Rev. Dr, 23 Albany Terrace
Robertson, James, c/o H. Boase & Co., Wellfield Works, Kemback Street.
Robertson, Miss S., 27 Victoria Road
Robertson, Dr W., 16 Airlie Place
Roger, J. Guthrie, Throsk Terrace, Donald Street, Lochee.
Ross, Alexander 11 Whitehall Street
Ross, James, 46 Scott Street
Rose, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
Russell, Thos., 8 Nelson Terrace.
Sandeman, N. Stewart, 12 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry
Scott, W. Moir, Dryburgh, Lochee.
Scott, Miss, Duntrune Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
Scrymgeour, George, J.P., Cadzow, Old Kirk Road, West Newport.
Shand, Jas., agent, Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd., 2 Panmure Street
Sharp, Frank, Gowanbank, Downfield
Shepherd, I. W. W., 49 Meadowside.
Sibbald, J. G., 25 Commercial Street
Sibbald, Mrs, Clivemount, Clive Street, Maryfield
Sim, J. Kennedy, 189 Perth Road
Sim, Mrs, 189 Perth Road
Sim, W., Mundemala, Newtyle.
Skinner, Rev. W. Cumming, 6 Woodville Pl.
Smieton, James, Panmure Villa, Broughty Ferry
Smith, James, 2 Clive Street, Maryfield
Smith, James, 11 West Park Road
Smith, J. N. D., Home House, Broughty Ferry
Smith, Kenneth, 11 West Park Road
Smith, P., 15 Seymour Street
Soutar, Alexander, solicitor, Whitehall St.
Steven, D. D., 19 Blackness Avenue
Stewart, Andrew A., Craigower, 320 Blackness Road
Stewart, J. Henderson, 6 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry
Stewart, Mrs J. H., 6 Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry
Stewart, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
Stewart, Miss Jane S., Ardvorlich, Strathern Road, Broughty Ferry.
Stewart, P. A., Downfield
Stirton, Rev. John, Glamis.
Stiven, A. W., 95 Commercial Street
Strachan, J. R., Solicitor, 11 Murraygate
Strachan, R. Guild, M.Ph.S., 46 Albert St.
Stronner, J. M'Kinlay, 10 Whitehall Street.
Stronner, Mrs M'Kinlay, 10 Whitehall Street.
Sutherland, J. C., 2 Bellefield Avenue
Sutherland, Miss, Lochty Bank, Carnoustie

Sutherland, Miss Kate, Lochty Bank, Carnoustie
Sword, James, Vinbrook Cottage, Brook St., Broughty Ferry.
Sword, Mrs, Vinbrook Cottage, Brook St., Broughty Ferry
Taylor, Lieutenant John, 5 Invermark Terrace, Broughty Ferry.
Thompson, J. B., Dundee Gas Commissioners, Commercial Street
Thoms, Miss, Inverisla, West Ferry
Thoms, Mrs, Inverisla, West Ferry
Thorburn, Miss Agnes, Strathmartine Road School
Tosh, Mrs Rock Lodge, Broughty Ferry
Tosh, Miss Lizzie, Rock Lodge, Broughty Ferry
Urquhart, Alexander, 362 Perth Road
Urquhart, James, 20 Isla Street
Urquhart, Lady, 30 Magdalen Yard Road.
Wade, R. H., Osborne Place, Newport, Fife.
Wallace, W., 25 Baxter Park Terrace.
Watson, E. A., Norwood Cottage, West Newport
Watson, John, Logie's Works.
Watson, J. D. B., The Bungalow, Arbroath.
Watson, Nurse, Royal Infirmary
Watson, Mrs R. L., 9 Windsor Street.
Watters, Miss C., Fernhall, Broughty Ferry.
Watt, Miss Susan, 11 Reform St.
Weir, Captain, Fire Station
Weir, Mrs, Fire Station
White, F., Glenagnes Villa, Glenagnes Rd.
Williamson, Alex., 2 Logiebank, Rankine St.
Williamson, Mrs, 2 Logiebank, Rankine St.
Wilson, Geo. M., 93 Nethergate
Wilson, Jack, 93 Nethergate
Wilson, John, 93 Nethergate
Wilson, Mrs, 93 Nethergate
Wilson, Miss, 354 Blackness Road
Wilson, William S., 93 Nethergate
Wood, D. B., Dunsinane, Hillcrest Road.
Young, Dr, 21 South Tay Street
Young, Nurse, Royal Infirmary.

OBITUARY.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Major Elmslie Tosh, 11 Reform Street. Killed at Loos, 25th Sept. 1915.

Nathaniel T. Sutton, 1 Wellgate.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

George C. Douglas, Craigcleuch, W. Newport.

Rev. John Kennedy, M.A., U.F.C. Manse, Muirhead of Liff.

J. C. Lees, The Wych, Stannergate.

Harry M. Love, Union Place, Newport, Fife.

F. J. MacKenzie, House Factor, 11 Barrack Street.

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James Rutherford, 18 Springfield (Member of Committee, D.H.S.)

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Mo nighean donn hó gù.
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Nigheanag a' chul duinn.
Nighean mo rùin.
Nise dh'fhabh an geamhradh fuar.
Og-bhean a' chuil fhainnich.
O! gur bronach m' anam fo sprochd.
Oigh nam mór-shul.
Oran Dhomhnuill.
Oran do Chaiptean Siosal, Fear Allt na Glaislig.
Oran do thobar.
Oran leis a' bhàrd d'a athair.
Righ gur muladach a ta mi.
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A' BHANARACH 'S AN TAOITEAR T-SAILEACH.

LE DÒMHNULL MAC DHÒMHNUILL.

'Na là is 'na linn cha robh ann an taobhtuath na h-Albann ceartharnach a b' ainmeala 's a bu dàna, bu chruadalaiche 's bu charaiche na Ruairidh Mac Coinnich na Coigich, no mar a b' fhèarr aithne, agus is fèarr cumhne is iomradh air am measg nan Gàidheal, "An Taoitear t-Sàileach."

Tha iomadh sgeul air aithris mu dhéidhinn ann an eachdraidh Clann Choinnich 's ann an iomadh leabhar eile. Chaochail a bhràthair Coinneach, Ceann-cinnidh Clann Choinnich, mu'n bhliadhna 1611 is chaidh esan a shuidheachadh 'na Thaoitear air an oidhre, a bha mu cheithir bliadhna deug a dh'aois; agus aig an àm cheudna fhuair e ceaneas na fine ainmeil ud.

Ri linn a thaoitearachd chuir e as do shiol Torcuill, oidhreachan dligheach Leòdhais; agus le chuilbheartachd fhuair e sealbh air an eilean mhór sin, is chaidh a cheangal ri oidhreachd mac a bhràthar, a cheann-cinnidh. Ghabh e fhéin sealbh air a' Choigich a bhuineadh do na Leòidich, 's fhuair e còirichean móran fhearainn air machair Rois.

B' e an Taoitear t-Sàileach priomh-athair teaghlach Chromba, agus b'e thog Caisteal Leòid ann an Srath-pheofhair.

Ach b'e 'fhoill, a chuilbheartachd, is a charachas, is na h-innleachdan cealgach a chleachd e a ghlac aire nan sean Ghàidheal is a tha air an aithris 'nar measg gus an là an diugh. Tha an ceathramh a leanas a' nochdadh barail Gaidheil a latha fhéin dheth:

Na tri nithean as miosa an Albainn:
An cèo Iuchair, an reodhadh Céitein, 's an Taoitear t-Sàileach.

Ach 's ann m'a naimhdeas tha an sgeul a rùnaich mi innseadh dhuibh, mu chònnsachadh a bha eadar e fhéin is banarach a bh' aige ann an Srath-Chonuinn.

Bha e mar fhiachan oirre clach ìme 'sa bhliadhna a liubhaireadh air son na h-uile làn adhairce de bhainne a bhleoghainneadh gach bò gach là, tomhas sònraichte air an do chòrd iad. Ciod air bith b'aobhar, uair no uair-eiginn bha cudtrom an ìme so ro aotrom. Thog so fearg an Taoiteir is thug e a cead dith is dh' fhuadaich e as an t-srath i. Rinn i roimn air an fhuadach so; ach cha 'n aithne dhomh ach an ceathramh a leanas:

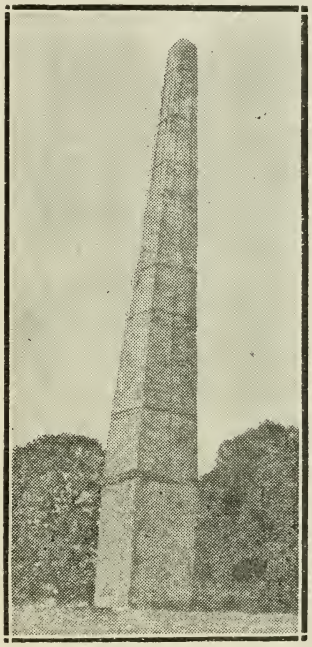
Lùb Cora-chrùbaidh is lòn Cora-chòrbaidh,
Gleanna min Mèinnidh, is Gleanna garbh Còrainn,
Is lòn mór an ìme, is brònach mise 'gam fàgail.

Ghabh i muinntearas mu chùl Beinn Fhuais; ach fhuair e a fuadach as a sin, is b' fheudar dith an dùthaich fhàgail, cha 'n fhaigheadh i obair no dìon, fhad 's a ràinig ùghdaras an Taoiteir. Dh' fhalbh i gu dùthaich Chlann Dòmhnuill is ghabh i còmhnuidh am Bàrasdail, air tràigh Loch Shùirn, is bha i aig fois car greis an sin. Ach gu tubaisteach, mar is gnàth leis na mnathan bu mhaith leatha am facal mu dheireadh bhith aice, agus rinn i ceathramh air anns an d'thubhairt i:

Ged thug thu Srath-Chonuinn 's a bhàrr bhuam.
Is cùl Fuais le ghruitheam 's le chàis bhuam.
Cho fad 's a bhuaileas tonn air tràigh
Cha toir thu Bàrasdail bhuidhe nan eisir bhuam.

Bha tràigh Bhàrasdail aig an àm so ainmeil a thaobh eisirean is maoraich, is shaoil a' bhean bhochd ged bu chumhachdach an Taoitear nach robh e 'na chomas an cumail uaipe.

Thàinig a bòsda gu 'chluasan is shònraich e nach bitheadh a' chùis fada mar sin. Chuir e impidh air Mac Dòmhnuill Fear Bhàrasdail an tràigh a threabhadh. Rinneadh so, agus threabhadh cladach Bhàrasdail bho cheann gu ceann, gus nach robh eisir no maorach tuille ri fhaotainn. Nuair chuala a' bhean so mhionnaich is bhòidich i gu'm biodh i tuilleadh is réidh ris fhathast is gu'n taomadh i a bùrn-nighidh air 'uaigh. Chuala an Taoitear mu'n bhòid so cuideachd is chuir e roimhe nach biodh so furasda dhith a dhèanamh.



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Ann am meadhon baile Inbhir-pheofharain tha tùr ceithir-oisneach, biorach, mu dha fhichead troigh is a sè deug a dh'àirde. Tha aa tùr suidhichte air mullach dùin bhig ghuirm ùir. Ma's fìor mo sgeul tha an Taoitear air àdhlacadh is air a charadh 'na bhunait. So an seòl a ghabh e chum bóid na cailliche a thoirt mu làr. Ach cha d'thug:—Chum a' chailleach a bóid.

Streap i gu mullach biorach an tùir, agus chithear gus an là an diugh boinnean dubha na cailliche a' sileadh bho 'bhàrr. 'Uaith so dh'éirich an gnath-fhacal: "Boinne dubh an

Taoiteir ort, a bhraidein," a their neach ri nàbaidh nuair nach bi an còrdadh ann—a' ciallachadh, gun tachaireadh eadar iadsan mar thachair eadar a' chailleach is an Taoitear.

Tha mi cur dealbh an tùir gus a' phaipeir-naidheachd, is ma chlo-bhuailear e, chì sibh nach robh streap na cailliche faoin. Buinidh an tùr, an dùn, is mu leth-acair fhearainn mu'n timchioll do theaghlach Chromba, sliochd an Taoiteir gus an latha an diugh.

ORAN DO MO DHACHAIDH.

AIR FONN:—"*Muile nam Mór-bheann.*"

Nuair dhìreadh tu suas ri bruaich Creig Thollaidh,
'S tu 'g amharc mu 'n cuairt bu chaomh an sealladh:
Loch Ma-rithe fo d' shùil gu lùbach, fonnareach,
Sèimheil, somalta, còmhnard.

SEISD—
Ged tha mi gun sunnd 's e sùrd dhomh mulaid
Nach leig iad mi suas 'n taobh tuath air thurus;
Tha phasaids cho daor 's mi caol 'san sporan
'S gu 'm faodar fuireach air fògar.

Beinn-eigh nam fiadh an taobh siar a' bheallaich,
'S ma coinnimh Beinn-slioch 's gur fiadhaich cas i;
Chearc-fhraoich le cuid eun 'san t-sléibh am falach,
'S gur lìonmhor eilid 'na còsan.
Ged tha mi, &c.

Gu'm faic thu Loch-eubh gu mùirneil farsuinn,
Le acarsaid chiùin, gach lùb is camus;
Mu chuairt air gach taobh gu cùmhraidh, fallain,
Tha 'n dùthaich eireachdail bhòidheach.
Ged tha mi, &c.

Iomhar-asdail mo ghaoil, le raointean maiseach,
'Na laighe gu caoin ri taobh a' chladaich;
Gach seòrsa de bhàrr a' fàs 'sa mhachair,
'S dealt mhìn na madainn dha 'n comhdach.
Ged tha mi, &c.

Bidh an crodh air an àraidh am bràigh a' bhaile,
'S am buachaille bàn dha 'n tàladh dhachaidh;
Bidh bhanarach uallach, ghuineil, bhanail,
Toirt uatha bhainne gu h-òrdail.
Ged tha mi, &c.

Mus éirich a' ghrian bidh an t-iasgair fearail
A' taruinn nan lion gu rianail geanail;
Bidh sgadan is iasg gu sgiathach, lannach,
Gach bliadhna sailleadh 'sa chlòsaid.
Ged tha mi, &c.

Gur trie 's mi òg le cròcan camain
A ghoid mi gun chòir fo shròin a' chlachair;
Ag iomain air lòn 's e spòrs bu mhaith leam
Bhi an cùl ann thall an comhnaidh.
Ged tha mi, &c.

Nuair thig feasgar bliadhna ùir bidh sùrd air balaich,
Le rannan de dhuan mu 'n cuairt air challainn;
Nuair chluinneadh bean sgùideig fuaim nan caman
Bhitheadh cruachag bhonnag air dòigh aice.
Ged tha mi, &c.

Thoir beannachd an dràsda a Gheàrrloch dhachaidh,
'S mo dhùrachd dha 'n t-sluagh tha shuas 'sna srathan;
Ged chaidh mi thar sàl 's e b'fheàrr leam fathast
Tìr àluinn channach nam mòr-bheann.
Ged tha mi, &c.

IAIN DUBH MACDHOMHNULL 'IC IAIN.

ORAN MOLAIDH AN T-SAIGHDEIR GHAIDHEALAICH.

AIR FONN—"*Cruachan Beann.*"

Seisd:
Seinnibh cliù nam fear ùr,
Gillean glùn-gheal nam breacan;
B'e mo rùn bhi 'nan cùirt,
'S miann mo shùl bhi 'gam faicinn.

Rann:
Seinnibh cliù an Tìr a' Cheò
Do na seòid nach robh gealtach,
Chaidh a null do Neuve Chapelle;
'S cuid cha till dhiubh gu'n dachaidh.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

'S lionmhor màthair tha fo leòn,
Agus òigh tha gun leannan,
Leis a' bhatal thug na seòid
Far na dhòirt an cuid fala.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi leibh 'san Fhraing,
'S ann am Flànras car tamuill,
Chithinn sin mu'm faighinn bàs
Gniomh nan àrmunn 's nan gaisgeach.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Chithinn sealladh ann le 'm shùil
A bhiodh cliùiteach ri aithris;
'S dh' innsinn ann an cainnt nam bàrd,
Gniomh nan sàr a' dìon nam bratach.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Dh, innsinn dhuibh mar chaidh an leòn,
Mar a dhòirt iad an cuid fala,
'S mar a dh' fhulaing iad am bàs
Dìon na dh' fhàg iad aig baile.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Seinnibh cliù do 'n dh' fhalbh á Sléibhte,
Gillean treun nach robh meata,
Chaidh a dhìon ar cliù 's ar tìr,
Bho 'n a' mhilltear gun cheartas.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Seinnibh cliù do'n dh'fhàg Port-rìgh
Fo 'n cuid phìoban is bhreacan;
Feile beag os cionn an glùn,
Eideadh sunndach nan gaisgeach.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Biodh ur cliù 'ga sheinn gu bràth,
Fhad's bhios tonn is tràigh air cladach;
Fhad's bhios grian air àird nan speur
Biodh cuimhn' le spéis air euchd nan gaisgeach.
Seinnibh cliù, &c.

Iain MacLeòid, Tor-mór, Sleibhte.

THIG COBHAIR Á CRUACHAINN.

LE ALASDAIR MAC DHOMHNUILL.

Bho chìonn àireamh mhòr bhliadhnaichean air ais, air latha deireadh foghair, bha gille òg. sgairteil, de mhuinntir na Gàidhealtachd gus an làimh shuas, a' gabhail a shlighe dhachaidh bho mhachair na Galldachd, far an do chuir e seachad greis de a bheatha ann an cosnadh maith. Bha cillein laghach airgid air a shiubhal, priobaidean a bha e 'cur ma seach a chum Croit-an-t-seanair—gu h-àraid an seann tigh 's an aitreabh—a chur ann an gnè òrduigh mus toireadh e a stigh Annag Dhonn a' Bhlàir-Bhuidhe, a bha e a' dol a phòsadh air bheagan dàlach. Bha inntinn air a lionadh le smaointeanan mar so air a leithid de dhòigh is nach d'thug e an aire gu'n do thuit an oidhche gu trom, dorcha mu 'n cuairt air; 's an uair, a thàinig e d'a ionnsuidh féin 's e a chinn 'na bheachd deanamh air an tighteàmh a b' fhaisg air làimh, ged bu docha leis gu mòr gu'n ruigeadh e dachaidh caraide anns am biodh e dibh-beathte ged a dh'fhanadh e seachduin is còrr; ach a bha fathasd fada, fada bhuaidhe. Chual' e uair agus uair, fior dhroch sgeula air an tighteàmh so gus an robh e nis' a' stiuradh a cheumannan. 'Na aonaranach leis fhéin ann an gleann fàsalach, sàmhach, siarachail, fad air chùl an t-saoghail, gun tigh eile mar uidhe mhiltean da, bhiodh luchdsiubhail de gach seòrsa a' cur seachad na h-oidhche ann bho thìm gu tìm—ciobairean 's dròbhairean; luchd-gnothuich an dràsda 's a rithisd air thurus; agus, gu bicheanta, luchdpaca a bha 's an àm ud ri 'm faotuinn 'nam ficheadan air feadh na Gàidhealtachd. Ach bha e air a raite, tha e coltach, gu'n do ghabh neach is neach an rathad air an robh an fhàrdach ainmeil ud, air nach d' fhuaradh cùnntas mòr as a dheidh sin; agus ged nach robh 'm faireachadh bu lugha aig an laoch òg làidir so, a bha a' greasad gu 'dhachaidh 's gu Annaig Dhuinn, bha guthan beag air choireiginn a' sanas 'na chluais air dhoigh a dh' fhàg inntinn luasganach. Ach coma, codhiùbh, cha robh doi-as aige; agus a stigh do 'n tigh-thaimh a ghabh e le ceum foghainteach a' Ghàidheil.

Ghabh e a leabaidh agus a shuipeir, agus an dèidh sin shuidh e, a chur a sgiths dheth, ri taobh an teine ann an seòmar beag eadar an rùm-còcaireachd agus far an robh e 'dol a chodal. Cha robh coltas gnothaich mhòir air bith a' dol air aghart air feadh an tighe; bha boirionnach mór, gràisdidh, sìos agus suas gu dripeil ag obair mar gu'm b'ann air sud 's air so, agus caileag shearbhanta 'na cois, ach beag na h-uile ceum. Thug an gille an aire do 'n chailinn òig so a' toirt sùil-bheachd air fhéin mar a gheibheadh i cothrom air sealltuinn a stigh far an robh e 'na shuidhe; agus chunnaic e briaghad air leith 'na h-aodann agus maise ainneamh 'na pearsa. Ach cha b' fhada bha e leis fhéin an uair a thàinig fear-an-tighe na 'chuideachd, mar gu'm b'ann a ghabhail a naidheachd.

"Có a th' agam an so a' gabhail an anmuich?" ars esan, 's e a' suidhe gu soisneach air bòrd tri-chasach air meadhon an ùrlair.

"Tha," arsa Raghnall—(oir 's e sin a b'ainm do 'n fhear-thuruis)—coigreach, anns an dùthaich so, a th' air a shlighe dhachaidh a dh' ionnsuidh nan garbh-chriochan gu shuas, bho Ghalldachd an Taobh-deas."

"Gabh do chomhfhurt an so an nochd," arsa fear-an-tighe, "ach 's coltach gu'm bi thu air falbh tràth 's a' mhaduinn."

"Gu tapaidh leibh," arsa Raghnall, "'s o mo bheachd moch-eirigh mhaith a dheanamh am màireach."

"'S fheàrr dhuit gun a bhi ro-thràth, mus caill thu an ceum, no mus fhaod all-tapadh air bith tachairt riut."

"Biodh sin gu léir mar a thogras; ach bithidh mise a' strith ri bhi am mach gu math mus tig fàireadh an latha."

"Ach na'n coinnicheadh ni talmhaidh no mi-thalmhaidh riut a chuireadh dragh ort, nach b' fheàrr leat an t-soillearachd na 'n dorcha?" dh' fharraid fear-an-tighe gu h-iargalt'.

"Cha 'n eil nì dhe a leithid sin a' cur cagail idir orm," fhreagair Raghnall. "Tha mi coma dé a thachras orm."

"Agus tu air t-aineol gun chobhair gun armachd?" a rithisd dh' fheòraich fear-an-tighe.

"Tha mo dhà làmh agam, 's tha cuaille math bata agam," fhreagair Raghnall.

"Ma thachras Cailleach Mhòr an Uillt'-Chaoruinn riut, cha dean a leithid sin dad a dh' fheum duit."

"Ged a thigeadh cailleach agus bodach as an Allt'-Chaoruinn no á allt eile air bith a ghabhail gnothuch rium, feuchaidh mise ri mo làrach a sheasamh, agus mur a bi mo dhùirn agus am bata daraich gu leòr a chum peanasachaidh, thig cobhair á cruachainn."

Ghabh na fir oidhche mhaith le chéile, agus rinn Raghnall gluasad, a dh' ionnsuidh a rumleapa; ach sùil gu'n d' thug e, chunnaic e a' chailinn òg shearbhanta mar gu'm b' ann a' sealltuinn a rithisd far an robh e, agus i a' séinn, le guth binn, siobhalta, ciùin:—

"M' eudail, na caidil idir;
M' eudail, na caidil trom;
M'eudail, na caidil idir;
M' eudail, na caidil trom;
M'eudail, na caidil idir;
M' eudail, na caidil trom;
Ma chuireas tu do làmh fo 'n leabaidh,
Gheibh thu lag e bha 'na shonn."

Agus na dhéidh sin, mar gu'm b'ann a chur neach sam bith a dh' fhaodadh a bhi 'ga h-éisdeachd de amharus, chaidh i air a h-aghaidh a' séinn:—

'Ille dhuinn, h-ùill-i,
H-ùill-i, h-ùill-ò;
'Ille dhuinn, h-ùill-i,
'S 'ille dhuinn, h-ùill-ò.

Bu tu marbhaich an fhéidh
Anns a' bheinn 's am bi 'n ceò.
'Ille dhuinn, &c.

Nuair a chaogadh tu 'n t-sùil
Gu 'm bu chiùrrte damh na cròic'.
'Ille dhuinn, &c.

Boineid bhreac air dheagh dhreach,
Air cùl bachlach gun phròis.
'Ille dhuinn, &c.

'S iomadh té thug dhuit spéis;
'S tha mi féin air do thòir.
'Ille dhuinn, &c.

Chaidh Raghnall a chodal; ach ge bu gu dé, a bha 'cur dragh air, laic codail cha tigeadh air. Chuir briathran na cailleige beagan smuain foidhe; ach 's ann a theann

e ri chuimhneachadh an cual' e iad fhéin no na fuinn riamh roimhe; agus anns an t-suidheachadh sin fàgaidh sinn Raghnall air feadh ùine bhig.

"Gu dé do bharail air an fhleasgach a th' againn an nochd?" arsa bean-an-tighe ri fear-an-tighe, is iad a' cneacaireachd gu sàmhach eadar iad féin, ri taobh an teine, anns an t-seòmar chòcaireachd.

"Cha 'n eil mi glé chinnteach mu chùisean idir," arsa Seòras Mòr (oir 's e Seòras a b'ainm do 'n duine). 'S e laoch anabharrach làidir, a reir coltais, a th' anns a' churaidh ud—ceatharnach ne'ar-uisgidh gun an teagamh is lugha. Chuir mise beagan cheistean ris mar is cleachdadh leam a bhi 'cur ri neach is neach; ach 's e fhreagair e dhomh mu dheireadh ge bu gu dé an deuchainn a thigeadh air a sheasamh ann am buaireadh, mur a deanadh a dhà dhòrn 's a bhata daraich a shaoradh gu'n tigeadh cobhair á cruachainn."

"Feuch nach e a thubhairt e gu'n tigeadh cobhair á cruaidhe?" dh' fharraid a' bhean.

"Cha 'n e, cha 'n e," fhreagair Seòras. "'S e thubhairt e "gu'n tigeadh cobhair á cruachainn." Ach ars esan, 's e ag éirigh, "bheir mi sùil a stigh air mus téid mi a chodal; math dh'fhaodteadh gu'n téid agam air an ulaidh air a bheil sinn an tòir fhaotuinn uaidhe air bheag dragh, agus mur téid, leanaidh mi a lorg 'sa mhaduinn, agus coinnichidh mi e 'sa Ghleanna-chumhang. Bidh fios an sin có 's treasa, esan na mise; fàg thus' a' chùis agamsa."

An oidhche sin cha robh an codal an dàn do Raghnall. Bha inntinn luasganach, agus bha e daonnan a' tionndadh bho thaobh gu taobh anns an leabaidh. Mu dheireadh thall, 's ann a dh' éirich e, agus an déidh sràc no dhà a thoirt mu 'n cuairt de 'n rùm, shuidh e air being na leapa. Cha b' fhada a bha e mar sin gus an d'thug e an aire do dhorus an rùim a' fosgladh gu sìobhalta, sàmhach, agus ann am priobadh na sùla a' dùnadh a rithisd.

M'eudail, na caidil idir;
M'eudail, na caidil trom;

arsa guthan beag, dìomhair, a shaoil leis a chual' e a' sanas 'na chluais; agus 'na dhéidh sin—

"Ma chuireas tu do làmh fo 'n leabaidh
Gheibh thu lag e bha 'na shonn."

Gun fhios ciod a dh' fhaodadh a bhi fo 'n leabaidh chuir e a làmh a stigh air a shocair fhéin; agus ged nach b' fhear e air nach robh e furasda eagal a chur idir, thàinig gné laigse mu chridhe, 's cha b' urrainn dha laighe na b'fhaide a dheòin no a dh' aindeoin. Chaidh e na 'uidheam gun dàil; agus a' glacadh a' bhata dharaich 'na laimh dheis, sheas e air cùl an doruis, ealamh gu buille bhàis a thoirt do neach air bith a thigeadh—no a bheireadh iomsuidh air a thighinn—a stigh do 'n rùm. Agus cha b'fhada an déidh sin gus an d' thug e 'm baile muigh air, toilichte a bhi cuibhte 's an t-suidheachadh ghràineil 'san robh e, ged a bha e gun bhiadh-maidne, agus gun deasachadh idir mar bu mhaith leis a dheanamh a thaobh an t-slighe a bha roimhe. Ach thug e 'n deagh thoighe gu 'n robh a' chuid airgid 's a chuid armachd—a leithid 's a bha e—air a shiubhal.

"A bhean, a bhean," arsa Seòras, 's e a' tighinn an cabhaig mhòir a stigh far an robh ise 'na leabaidh, "ciod a nise a ni sinn? Tha 'n ceòl air feadh na fidhle."

"C' ar son nach 'eil thu a' tighinn a chodal? ars a' bhean? Mur téid agad air sithioun fhaotuinn an nochd fàg an t-sealg gus am màireach."

"Tha eagal orm," arsa Seòras, "nach bi sealg no sithionn againn an tràth so, tha 'n gill' òg an déidh trusadh air; agus cha 'n e sin is miosa, ach c'àit' an deachaidh e a chodal gu tubaisteach ach far am bheil am bodach a thàinig an dé.

"'S i 'n droch uair a tha 'n sin," ars a' bhean; "feumar a' ghlas-ghuib a chur air a' ghill' òg, ic-ac, agus cha 'n eil tim ri chall."

"Bithidh mise suas ris aig an Allt-Chaoruinn fhathasd," arsa Seòras, is e a' toirt as gun an corr dàlach.

Bha camhanaich na maidne a' briseadh air na mullaicheanan uair a bha Raghnall an déidh dol thar Allt-Chaoruinn, agus a' teannadh air a' Ghleanna-chumhang. An sin, gun fhios gun fhaireachadh dha, thug e 'n aire, aig a thaobh dha, cailleach mhòr, ghrànda, gharbh, a' cumail ceum air a cheum ris. Cha b' urra dha a ràite nach d'thug a chridhe clisgeadh beag as; ach, coma co-dhiùbh, chunnaic e gu'n robh aige ris a' chuid a b' fhèarr a thoirt as a' chuid bu mhiosa. Thàinig 'na chuimhne an seann sgeulachd a chual e uair agus uair mu dheidhinn fear de fheaghlach Loch-iall agus a' chailleach a rinn iomsuidh dhùrachdach air buideseachd a chur air, is e air turus eadar Ionbhar-nis agus Loch-abar, agus mar a thubhairt Loch-iall is e 'cumail ceum toisich air a' chaillich:

"Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach," 's a fheagair ise:

"'S ceum thairis ort, Eóghainn";

'S a thubhairt Loch-iall a rithisd.

"Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach,

'S an ceum thairis aig Eóghann,"

Cha b'fhada gus an do bhruidhinn a' chailleach mhòr, ghràisdidh, fhiadhach, chraosach, gharbh-fhiaclach, phreasach, chrom, chrotach, ri Raghnall, is i a' farraid:

"Nach 'eil eagal ort a bhi an so leat fhéin?"

"Cha 'n eil fiamh no eagal orm fhathasd," arsa Raghnall."

"Nach cuala tu gu tric mu dheidhinn droch laimhseachaidh, le mo leithid-sa?"

"Cha'n urra mi ràite nach cuala," fhreagair Raghnall, 's e 'gabhail gréim chruaidh air a' bhata dharaich 'na làimh dheis.

"Agus 's e mo chuid-s' thusa," ars a' chailleach.

"Chunna' tu rud 's a chùl-thaobh riut," arsa Raghnall.

Anns an fhocal chuir a' chailleach car no dha dhi, agus thilg i a' bhoineid de Raghnall, agus theann i ri dannsadh inntc.

"An uair a bhcir mise toll air so," ars a' chailleach, "tuitidh tusa marbh far am bi thu."

"Nach bochd nach 'eil mo mhial-chù dileas agam an so?" thubhairt Raghnall ris fhéin, 's e a' ceumadh air falbh. An uair a chunnaic a' chailleach nach robh e 'tighinn a thogail na boineide 's ann a thug i as a dhéidh. An glacan a chéile chaidh iad, agus air dhoibh car no dhà ghleachd a chur am measg nam preasbeag 's na luachrach a bha mu'n casan, fhuair a' chailleach àm air a' bhata dharaich a thilgeil á làimh Raghnaill.

"Gu dé ni thu nise? Bithidh do bheatha 's do chuid airgid agam-sa 's cas air d' amhaich," ars a' chailleach, 's i a' toirt tarruing air sgithinn chaoil chruadhaich a bha aice am folach.

"Thig cobhair á cruachainn?" arsa Raghnall 's e a' toirt am mach á truaill a bha an crochadh ri 'chruachainn biodag gheur shoilleir, a shàth e, ann an tionndadh na boise, le nile neart ann am broilleach na caillich.

"Mharbh thu mi," ars a' chailleach.

" Shaoil leam nach gabhadh marbhadh ort?" arsa Raghnall. " Ach nach tusa fear an tigh-thàimh shios an sud?"

" Cum do bheachd riut fhéin?" arsa fear an tigh-thàimh, " agus fàg an so mi."

Chum Raghnall air aghaidh air a shlighe. Chual' e an déidh làimh gu'n d' thug fear an tigh-thaimh ùine mhòr mus robh e slàn a rithisd agus gu 'n d' fhàg e 'n dùthaich air dha fàs gu math.

Tha e ri chreidsinn gu 'm b' ann mar fhear an tigh-thàimh anns an sgeulachd so a bha, co-dhiùbh, a' chuid mhór de na cailleachan agus na bodaich a bha 'tachairt ri 'uchd-siubhail agus a' gabhail gnothuich riutha bho thìm gu tìm anns na làithean a dh' fhalbh.

TUAINEAL A' CHNATAIN.

LE IAIN LOM.

Oran do Shir Eoghan Camshron Loch-iall (1629-1719).

This poem, extending to 24 verses, is included in Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair's collection of Iain Lom's poems, published in Antigonish in 1895. In his notes the compiler states that his version is taken from Gillies's collection of 1786.

The version herewith given, which extends to 30 verses, was taken down by the contributor from Mr Donald MacDonald, a constable in Glasgow, and a native of Lochaber. It will be noticed that the order of the verses is different from that in which they are given in Sinclair's collection, and I venture to suggest that it is at least an improvement, if not the correct order. For example, verse 25 loses its meaning completely when placed after the 23th and before the 26th verse, as it appears in the collection referred to, whereas as it is placed here it is quite apparent how it qualifies the two proceding verses.

In the order given here the 1st, 8th, 9th, 14th, 15th, and 24th verses are not included in Rev. A. M. Sinclair's collection, nor is it probable that they ever appeared in print as part of this poem. In a number of verses MacDonald's version occasionally differs from Rev. A. M. Sinclair's. Where such differences exist we have bracketed the words or phrases concerned, MacDonald's being shown first.

It would be interesting to learn whether any additional verses could still be obtained, or whether further light could be thrown on this poem from oral sources.

Eachann MacDhùghaill.

1

Rìgh gur muladach thà mi,
Siubhal iomall mo shràideau,
'S nach fhaic mi fear-turuis nan làirig
A Dun-éideann.

2

Cha b'e tuaineal a' chnatain
Chuir mi 'm dhùsgadh 'sa mhadainn,
Ach an tùchan-s' tha marcachd
Air n.' fhéithibh.

3

Fear do chéille bhi 'n Sasunn,
Gun fhios nach { faoidteadh do dhrapadh, }
{ b' éigneach a' bheairt e, }
Leis gach eucail tha 'n taice ri Seumas. }
Ma thig cug ort an taice Rìgh Seurlas. }

4

A chraobh stàilinn chruaidh, chuilinn,
Chaidh air sàil bhuainn do Lunnainn,
'S tearc mo ghàir gus an cluinneam
Deagh sgeul ort.

5

Do thigh'nn fallan, slàn, bhuaidhe,
Mar ruaig falaisg bhàrr cruadhlaich.
No bho gharadh a' ghnail.
'S nam balg-séididh.

6

Dh' fhalbh Mac Cailein, fear-buairidh,
Le sac gearrain de thuailcas,
Chur a ghearain an cluasaibh Rìgh { Seumas. }
{ Seurlas. }

7

Ged a sgriobteadh leat Muile,
Bhiodh tu 'g iarraidh gu tuilleadh;
Cha robh 'm bliadhna 's an uiridh
Cho réidh dhuit.

8

Ma 's e 'm bàs a fhuair t'athair,
Bhios a' feitheamh ort fhathast,
Bidh craos cam ort 's thu 'g amharc
Na gréine.

9

'S gu 'm bi nead aig a' chuileig
Ann an iochdar do shlugain,
Anns an t-sloc 'san do thuinich
Na breugan.

10

'S iomadh tigheadas òrail,
Mùirneach, aighearach, ceòlmhor,
A ghreas t' athair gu fòirinn
Na déirce;

11

Dh' an robh beathachadh bòidheach
Tha 'n diugh 'ga chaitheamh mu d' bhòrd-sa,
Cleas na famha cur fotha
Cheart éiginn.

12

Cleas a' bhagair mhóir làidir,
Rinn a shaidseach a chàradh,
Leis gach baidreag a thàthadh
Ri chéile.

13

Ach b'ait leam Duibhnich 'san dranndail,
Iad fo dhruim an Tùir Fhrangaich
Agus cuibhrich ro theann
Air am féithibh.

. . . . . .

14

Madainn dubh-riabhaich, smachdail,
Dh' fhàg i 'n t-Iarla gun mhairsinn;
Thug i 'm fiabhras á Marcus
Earr-Ghàidheal.

15

Caiptin caol Loch-nan-eala
Thug le foill as a' bhail' e
Gu 'n do chaochail e talla
'N àm éirigh.

16

Eóghain Oig Thorr a' Chaisteil,
Rinn thu chòir mar mo bheachd-sa;
Thog thu crò agus geata
Nach leum iad.

17

Is mairg a dhùisgeadh á cadal
An laoch nach mùchteadh le bagradh,
'S e borb, àrdanach, acfhuinneach,
Gleusta.

18

Ghabh thu bhràid air do mhuineal,
Nach gabhadh càch orra chunnart,
Thoirt do chàirdean á tonnaibh
Na féithe.

19
Thog thu { bàrc } ann an Dubhairt;
{ bàrd }
Streap thu 'm bàrr a' chroinn ghiubhais;
Leat bu mhiann a bhi 'n cruitheachd
An dréagain.

20
Fhuair thu garbh bhata cuilinn,
Cheud là dhearbh thu bhi d' dhuine,
Mu 'n d' fhàs calg ort de dh' fhionnadh
No dh' fheusaig.

21
Thog thu 'n t-sròl-bhratach bhuidhe,
Os ceann stòl nam pìc iubhair;
Caol chòrcach an siubhal
Gach té dhiubh.

22
Na 'm biodh a' chùis mar a theirinn,
Bhiodh tu d' dhiùc thar nan Eilean;
Leat bu mhiann a bhi d' speireig
'Sna speuraibh.

23
{'N latha mór bha 'n Sròn-Nibheis, }
{Is ann latha Sron-Nibheis, }
{B' olc an còcaire gill' thu. }
{Bu droch cocaire gill' thu, }
{Thug thu feòil dhoibh air bhioraibh, }
{Chuir thu spògan air bhioraibh }
{ S dhroch ghréidh thu.

24
La eile 'na dheadhaidh,
Ann an Acha-da-Shleighe,
Chuir thu feachd agus faghaid
Mu 'n treud ud.

25
Le luchd nam feadanan dùbh-ghorm,
Do 'm bu fhreagarrach fùdar,
Nuair a spreigeadh na h-ùird
Ri spuir gheura.

26
Bheireadh dùsgadh le an-iochd,
Air garbh ùdlaich an langain;
Triath àrd-stùcach, mór, eangach
An t-sléibhe.

27
Thug thu faragradh fairge
Do luchd nam fallainnean dearga;
Bha ruith fala bha searbh dhoibh
Mu 'n sléisdean.

28
{ Cha bu shùgradh do sgoileir, }
{ Greim cùil thoirt á d' choileir, }
{ Dol a dhranndan ri d'choileir, }
{ Nuair a { rùisgeadh { tu chorr-fhiacail }
{ thionndadh }
{ Gheur ris.

29
Cha { mho thigeadh } do sheana-chu,
{ bu shùgradh }
An cnaimh smuais thoirt á d'dhream-chraos.
Nuair a theannadh tu teannachar
Do dheudaich.

30
'N àm drùigheadh na h-eanraich,
Bhiodh an t-sùil as no 'n t-eanchainn,
{'S cha bhiodh tuille de sheanchas mu }
{ dhéidhinn, }
{Cha bhi nuise ga sheanachas }
{ Na 's léir dhomh.

TAIBHSE NA COIMHLIG.

LE MAIRI B. COPLAND.

Anns an tim a chaidh seachad bha na Gaidheil a' creidsinn gu làidir an taibhsean; agus cha bhithinn idir dearbh-chinnteach nach eil iad a' creidsinn annta fathast an cuid ceàrnan de 'n Ghaidhealtachd. Tha fios agam, mu cheann tri fichead bliadhna air ais, gu'n robh muinntir Chill-fhinn a' creidsinn an Taibhse na Coimhlig. 'S b'e 'n taibhse ladarna borb e. 'S iomadh duine bochd a' dol dachaidh, air ghlac leis an dorchadas agus a theagamh le rud beag de 'n stuth làidir do 'n do thug e slacainn ghoirt.

Nuair bha 'n taibhse so an tir nam beò, 's e tuathanach beag bha ann. Pàruig Mac-ill-bhriuthain b' ainm dha ach 's e Par Lonach bu trìc ghoireadh ris. Dh' fhalaich Pàruig soc-croinne anns an talamh; 's air son sin cha robh fois anns an uaigh dha, 's ann mar a leanas bha 'n sgeul.

Anns na làithean sin bha móran theaghlaich-ean far nach eil nis ach aon bhaile-fearainn mór ann am bràigh Ghlinn-Lòchaidh. Bha 'n t-airgead gann, 's cha robh innealan tuath-anachais cho lionmhor 's a tha iad air an latha 'n diugh. Bha crann aig aon duine, chiathan aig duine eile agus cairt aig an treas duine; agus bheireadh iad coingheall do chéile gu deas toilichte. 'S ann aig Par Lonach bha 'n crann. Latha bha 'n so bha e air falbh aig a' mhargadh agus cheannaich e soc ùr. Thubhairt e ris fhéin: "Cumaidh mi so as an t-sealladh aig na coimh-earsnaich; tha 'n seann soc math gu leòir daibh." Dh' fhalaich e 'n soc anns an talamh agus goirid an déidh sin, ghabh e a leabaidh, agus cha d'éirich e tuillidh.

Beagan tim an déidh a bhais, thòisich taibhse air Coille na Coimhlig a thathaich. Cuid uairean bhiodh e an riochd coin mhóir dhuibh, agus uairean an riochd buic-earba, agus uaire eile an aogas duine. Agus mu mheadhon oidhche leanadh e neach 'sam bith a bha gabhail an rathaid mhòir, bho cheann gu ceann na coille, agus daonnan ri gleangartaich mar iarann bualaidh air a chéile.

Thachair air oidhche Féille-Faolain gu'n robh na h-uibhir de na seòid cruinn an Tigh-Osda Drochaid-Lòchaidh. Thionndaidh a' chrac-aireachd air an taibhse agus mar a bha e 'na chùis-eagail do mhuinntir a' ghlinne. Mu dheireadh dh'éirich Alasdair Mór, 's ars esan. "Cha robh meas agam air Par Lonach beò agus cha 'n eil eagal orm roimh mharbh, ge b'e taibhse no donas e bheil mi aghaidh air."

Dh' falbh Alasdair agus ruig e Choimhlig mu'n dà uair dheug dh' oidhche, agus troimh na coille thug e air. Sheas an còrr dhiubh air astar, agus an uine ro ghoirid chual iad fuaim strith, beucail 's donnalaich. Lean sin gus an do ghoir an coileach. Thàinig Alastair 'na ruith 's 'na leum mach as a' choille, an aghaidh aige a' sruth fala, agus eudach 'na luideagan. Ciod a chuala no a chunnaic e cha d'innis e dho dhuine beò; ach bho'n latha sin mach cha 'n fhacadh 's cha chualadh an taibhse tuillidh. "Am fhac sibh féin riamh an taibhse?" arsa mise ris an seann duine chòir a dh' innis an sgeul dhomh.

"Cha 'n fhac mi fein e 's cha ghabhainn na chunnaic mi do 'n t-saoghal agus dol troimh 'n Choimhlig aig meadhon-oidhche."

"Theagamh mata nach eil e fior idir."

"Cha 'n eagal nach eil e fior. Nach b'e Para Lonach m' fhear-cinnidh féin ged 's nàr leam bhi 'ga innseadh."

Nis cha 'n e creutair truagh aineolach a bha an so; ach seann duine geur-fiosrachaidh: agus bha e creidsinn na h-uile facal de'n sgeul a dh' innis e.

A BHANA-BHUIDSEACH LEODHASACH.

LE ALASDAIR CAMSHRON.

Mu'n d'fhuaireas a mach innleachd na toite gu cur bhàtaichean is shoithichean 'nan siubhal troimh 'n fhairge, 's i soitheach bheag aon chroinn a bha 'giùlan litrichean is paipearan Leòdhais eadar an t-eilean is tir-mòr.

Theirteadh "pacaid-nan-litrichean" ris an t-soithich bhig, ghleusda so. B'e Mac Rairidh ainm an sgiobair a bha air a' phacaid mu'n àm mu'm bheil mi sgrìobhadh. Is iomadh turas dosguinneach is caol-thearnadh a bha aig an sgioba ghaisgeil, chruadalach so, 'nan turas-aa thairis air a' Chuan-leòdhasach.

Uair de na bh' ann, bha iad ri port ann am baile Steòrnabhaig 's na gaothan 'nan aghaidh. Bha 'n sgiobair le sùil luainich is inntinn iom-aganaich a' ceumadh clàr-uachdair na soithich, le aghaidh ris na speuran, nuair chunnaic e dlùthadh air fìor charaid dha. Thug an dume so a leum de 'n laimrig air bòrd, far an robh an sgiobair, Dh'altaich iad beatha 'chéile ann am briathran caoimhneil, càirdeil, agus iad araon cho toilichte cach a chéile fhaicinn.

"Tha thu ri port," ars an caraid.

"Cha'n ann le m' dheòn," ars an Sgiobair. "Tha i séideadh 'nam aghaidh cho direach is ged nach biodh aice troimh 'n tigeadh i ach aon phioban."

"Ciod a bheireadh tu do neach a dheanadh soirbheas fàbharach dhuit, ge b'e taobh an iarradh tu 'dhol?" thuirt an caraid.

"Tha mi smuaineachadh gur e taingealachd threibh-dhireach agus ùmhlachd an dà ni a b'fhèarr a b'urrainn mi iocadh; oir tha na gaothan 's an fhairge ann an laimh an Uile-chumhachdaich."

"Am bheil fios agad gu'm bheil cuid de chloinn-daoine aig am bheil cumhachd thar gaoth is sion?"

"Cha chreid mi lide dheth," ars an Sgiob-air

"Leugh an sgriobtuir, is chì thu an sin gu'n robh cumhachd aig feadhainn thairis air na mairbh, is gu'n togadh iad an coslas as an talamh."

"Tha mi tuigsinn gu'm bheil thu 'n drasd aig a' chaillich a bha 'n Endor; ach am bheil thu de 'n bheachd gu'm bheil an cumh-achd sin aig sluagh an latha 'n diugh?"

Fhreagair an caraid. "Tha dh'aon fhìos gu'm bheil iad anns an eilean so aig am bheil an comas gaoth is sìon a dhùsgadh 's a chasgadh aig an uair is àill leotha; agus is ann a chur impidh ort a thàinig mi, agus a dh'innseadh dhuit c'ait an teid thu gus am faigh thu soirbheas fàbharach deanta dhuit, oir bha mi duilich nuair chuala mi gu'n robh thu cho fada ri port."

"Tha mi 'ga do chluinntinn," ars an Sgiobair.

"Ma tha, thoir fainear mo bhriathran, agus rach gus a leithid so de the. Thoir leat beagan de bhuinn bhòidheach, ghèala. Ma bhios i arralach seall dhith na buinn; agus thoir a' chluas dheas a bhàrr mo leth-cheann mur dean i dhuit an ni tha mi cantainn."

"Tha thu cur uamhais orm," ars an Sgiob-air.

"Dean do thoil féin," ars an caraid, "tha mis a' falbh; ach cuimhnich mo bhriathran dealachaidh."

"Is daoi nach gabh comhairle." ars an Sgiobair. 'S ann tha mis an dùil gur daoi a ghabhadh a' chomhairle tha thusa toirt seachad an tràth so."

"Dean mar 's àill leat, agus là math leat. Bha gnothuch agamsa tighinn gad chomhairl-eachadh."

Nuair bha 'n Sgiobair a' gabhail fadail nach robh 'n soirbheas a' caochladh, thog e air a shealltuinn air a' chaillich, is gu fortanach cha do dhi-chuimhnich e na buinn bhòidheach. Rainig Mac Rairidh, is thuirt e ris a'bhoirionn-ach gu'm biodh e fada 'na comain na'n deanadh i gaoth fhàbharach a bheireadh e dh'ionnsaidh a' chala gus an robh e 'g iarraidh.

"A dhuine ladarna gun nàire, c'àit an gabhadh tu de chraicionn aghaidh ort tighinn a dh'fhanaid air creutair bochd mar tha mise. 'S ann a tha thu toilltinn na coin a chur riut."

Fhreagair e, "Cha chiosinn sin na buinn bhòidheach, ghèala, chuir mise 'na mo phòcaid air do shon."

"Dé eil ach buinn. Bu chaomh leam am faicinn," ars a' chailleach.

"Ma ni sin feum dhuit seall riutha; amhairc orra."

"An robh thu ciallachadh na tha 'n sin dhomhsa?"

"Is leat gach bonn dhiubh ma dh' atharraich-eas tu ghaoth mu 'm fàg mis an taigh so."

"Tha thu cheart da-rireadh," ars a' chailleach, 's i dol car beagan ùine as an t-sealladh. Thill i is sreang chaol, chruaidh dhubh aice air an robh trì snaimean. Ars a chailleach—

"Fuasgail thusa an ceud snaim,
'S gheibh thu soirbheas a bhios grinn;
'S ma's a beag leat a bhìos ann,
Ni 'n dara fear gaoth le sramn,
Ach air son na chunnaic thu riamh
Fag an treas fear mar a dh'iarr."

Mu 'n deachaidh e mach as an taigh thionndaidh a' ghaoth. Chaidh Mac Rairidh air bòrd, thog iad na siùil, 's a' ghaoth a bha roimhe 'gam bacadh, bha i nis gu ciùin séimh 'nan cùl. Dh'fhuasgail iad an ceud snaim. Fhuair iad soirbheas a bha grinn; caitean ciar reir miann an t-seòladair, g'a ghreasadh dhachaidh gus a' chailleig a dh'fhàg e, 's i 'n geall a cridhe air fhaicinn.

Air dhaibh bliì leathach-slighe thairis, dh'fhuasgail iad an dara snaim. Mur robh cus aca, cha robh e idir ro bheag. Bha aice na ghiùlanadh i, 's iad a' deanamh iùil air a' chala 's an robh am miann. Nuair a bha iad a' dol seachad aig Camus-an-uisge dlùth air àit' acaireachaidh, dh'fhaighnich an Sgiobair r'a ghillean: "Ciod i bhur barail, 'illean, an i 'chailleach a rinn an soirbheas no 'n ann air thuiteamas Freasdalach a bha e?"

Fhreagair iad gu h-aonsgeulach: "Co eil a rinn an gnothach ach i?"

"Tha mise de chaochladh beachd ribh; ach gus a cumhachd a dhearbhadh fuasgladh sinn an treas snaim; oir cha'n eil beud gu éiridh dhuinn tuillidh, is sinn aig àit' acaireachaidh." ars an Sgiobair.

"Gu ma h-é dhuit nach gabh thu aithreachas," arsa fear de na gillean.

Chaidh an treas snaim fhuasgladh; ach 's ann am bràighe 'chladaich aig bonn na Dalach-Cruaidhe a stad a' phacaid. Agus lorgaichear an làrach aig a' chladhach a rinneadh gus a faighinn a rithist air sàil. Cha robh taigh no sabhal 'san àit' air an d'fhuirich riob thughaidh. Chaidh taigh Mhic Rairidh féin a mhilleadh 's a rùsgadh na bu mhìosa na aon de chàch; oir bidh e coslach gu'n robh a' chailleach an diomb ris air son e dh'fhuasgladh an treas snaim.

Bha mi bruidhinn ri seann sluagh air an robh cumhne mhath air an stoirm ud. Agus tha stoirm na Bana-bhuidsich 'na ghnath-fhacal am measg an t-sluaigh gus an là 'n diugh.

FIÙRAN SGIR UIGE 'SA BHLÀR.

Le Seirdsean Calum Mac Aoidh a bha ri aghaidh bualaidh o na thòisich an cogadh. Dh' éirich e da cheum anns an arm agus choisinn e le fhoghainteachd 'sa bhlàr "D. C. M."—Suaicheantas mu choinneamh deagh-shaighdearachd.

Air Fonn: "*Mo Dhomhnullan féin.*"

Seisd:

Tha mise fo mhulad, 'nam shìneadh ri tullach,
Ri giùlan a' ghunna gach oidhch' agus là;
Gur mis' tha fo fhadach 's mo chridh' air a sgaradh,
Ri 'g ionndrainn nam ballach a thuit anns na blàir.

Seirdsean Calum MacAoidh.

Bu bhòidheach na fiùrain a dh'fhalbh á Sgir Uige,
'S ged 's goirid an ùin' tha bho dh'fhàg iad an t-àit',
Tha 'n diugh air an sgapadh an cèarnaibh de 'n talamh,
Is mòran dhiubh paisgte fo fhasgadh nam fàd.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

'S iomadh fear calma dh'fhàg baile Tholastaidh
Cho snasail 's cho dealbhach 's a dh'fhalbhadh air sràid,
A chaoidh nach dean pilltinn a dh' ionnsaidh na muinntir
Tha 'n diugh air an claoidheadh le naidheachdan bàis.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

'S ann tràth air a' mhaduinn, mu bhriseadh an latha,
A leagadh ri talamh Dòmh'ull Anna Bhàin;
B'e sud ballach cho ciatach 's a thachair a riamh rium;
'S ann air nach robh fiamh dol an coinneamh a nàmh.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Chaidh Calum mo charaid a bhualadh 'sa bhroilleach
Gu moch air a' mhaduinn an naodhamh de 'n Mhaigh;
B'e sud saighdear cho bòidheach 'sa dh'fhalbhadh cho còmhnard,
'S na's fearail 'na dhòighean cha 'n fhaic sinn gu bràth.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Cho siobhalt 'na nàdur, cho cridheil, cho càirdeil,
An caoimhneas ri chairdean cha dugaist air bàrr;
'S gur mise bha dòigheil an uiridh air forladh
Nuair bhithinn ris còmhla measg òigridh an àit'.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Bu neo-thaitneach am feasgar 'sna rinn iad ar *gasadh*,
Dh' fhag sud mi ro lapach fad seachdain no dhà;
'S e leag Tormad ro ìosal, 's mu dheireadh chuir crioch air;
'S a nis de an t-ioghnadh ged bhithinn fo chràdh.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

'S e César na malachd a dh'fhaobhraich seo dhuinn;
E fhein 's an tarachd a mhac, tha mi 'g ràdh;
'S na'm biodh e feumail gu'm faigheadh sinn greim orr'
Rachadh teine gu leir riu le bìth agus teàrr.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Ach sibhse tha 'n diugh mùirneach, duilich, is tùrsach,
Nis cuiribh ar cùrs air an dùthaich is feàrr;
'S ged 's cruaidh tha an éiginn cur suas leatha dh'fheumar,
'S tromh Rioghachd nan Speuran thig furtach gach là.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

Ged 's goirid gu maduinn tha 'n oidhche leam fada;
'S mi smaointinn mu m' dhachaidh gach mionaid 's gach tràth;
'S na'm faighinn gu m'òrdugh, gu'm pillinn gu m' còlas,
'S bhi tuilleadh ri comhnuidh an Lcòdhas mo ghràidh.

Tha mise fo mhulad, &c.

EOGHANN AM FIGHEADAIR.

LE SEUMAS MAC DHIARMAID.

Bha Eóghann Bàn 'na fhigheadair cho math is a ghabhadh faotainn air fad is air leud Bhraid-albann; a thuilleadh air sin bha e 'na fhidhlear ealanta, is cha robh banais no cruinneachadh chum dannsaidh air an cunntadh iomlan mur biodh Eóghann an sin le fhiodhail. Faodar a ràdh gur math a bha fhios aige air sin, is cha b' ioghnadh ged a bha e car uallach.

Mar a thuirt am bàrd, bha Eóghann "na dhuine foinneamh fìnealta," is cha robh gaoid 'na chorp; ach bha e leth-char bodhar, is bha bhuidhre ro dhona nuair nach robh iarrtas aige air rud éiginn a chluinntinn! Nuair a bhiodh e reiceadh aodaich aig an fhaidhir 'sa Cheann-mhór bha e ro bhodhar, is cha chluinneadh e dad; is ris gach facal theireadh duine ris-san cha robh aige ach an langan so—"Leth-chrun an t-slait; cha'n urrainn domh a thoirt na's saoire." Cha robh ann ach an t-airgead a thoirt as an sporan; ach creidibh mise bha am bargan an còmhnuidh air a dhùnadh le cuaich de dheagh uisge-beatha.

Bha Eòghann 'na dhuine tuigseach, is bhiodh e meòrachadh air oibribh nàduir, is cha robh seillean, cuileag, seangan no biasdag eile air nach robh e gabhail eòlais mar a b' fhèarr a dh' fhaodadh e. Dh' fhàgadh e an spàl na thàmh, is rachadh e diomhanach ré seachduin an dràsda 's a rithist, is chiteadh e air dhà ghlùn is e ag amharc gu dùrachdach air gach dùile a bha fo chloich. No shuidheadh e 'sa chathair da làimh 'san tigh a' smuaineachadh fad uairean de thìm air beatha iongantaich nan creutairean beaga sin.

Ach bha bean Eóghainn air a sàruchadh is air a cràdh 'na cridhe leis nuair a bhiodh e caitheadh an ùine 'san dòigh sin; oir bha i féin sùrdail is cùramach anns gach gnothuch. Là de na làithean bha Eóghann 'na shuidhe gu socrach 'na chathair, is a bhean gu trang, mar bu ghnàth dhith, feadh an tighe. Thàinig ministear còir a bha 'sa chòmhearsnachd fagus do'n tigh, is chunnaic a stùl e, is mach a ghabh i le cabhaig 'na chòmhdhail, is an déidh dhi innseadh dha mar a bha cùisean ghrios i air e thighinn a steach a shealltuinn an robh e 'na chomas Eòghann a ghluasad chum oibre. Dh' aontaich am ministear, is air dol do'n tigh dha dh'iarr e Leabhar nan Salm is nan Laoidhean 'sa Ghaidhlig a thoirt da. Fhuair e sin, is dh' fhosgail e an leabhar aig laoidh an leisgein, is thòisich e air leughadh an guth àrd—

'Eirich a lunndaire gu grad;
Thoir ort an seangan beag gun stad;
Oir ged nach d' fhuair e riamh fear iùil,
No neach 'ga ghreasadh air a chùl,
Fa chomhair gcamhra'dh ni e deas,
A' cuimhneachadh gun tàmh a leas;
'San t-samhradh trusaidh e a lòn;
'San fhoghar iomlan tha a stor."

Chuir Eóghann a làmh ri chluais, is a' tionndadh r'a mhnaoi thuirt e—"Dé tha am ministear a' leughadh?"

Dh'innis i dha gu'n robh:—

"Eirich a lunndaire gu grad;
Thoir ort an seangan beag gun stad;"

Is mar sin gu deireadh an rainn.

"Ma tà," fhreagair Eóghann, "rachadh e féin dh' ionnsuidh nan seangan ma tha iad cho measail aige; fhuair mise na's leòir dhiubh cheana, beathaichean cho puinnseanta 's a tha an Albainn." Is cha 'n eil e fior gu'm bheil iad truadh an lòin 'san t-samhradh fa comhair a' gheamhraidh. Tha còlas na's fearr agam fhéin na sin; oir is trie a bheachdaich mi air an obair aca. Chun nan seangan," arsa esan, "'s mi nach téid ceum. Nach 'eil cuimhne agad an Di-dòmhnuich a bha sinne le chéile dol do'n eaglais, is gu'n do shuidh sinn air cnocan bòidheach uaine a' gabhail ar n-analach. B'e sin an suidhe tubaisteach is cràiteach dhuinne, is do'n truaghan coin a bha mailie ruinn. Bha na seangain 'nan ceudan 'gar teumadh; is dh' fheum thusa dol cùl cruic chum an gartlan dhiot; is chuir mise dhiom mo bhriogais is bha mi 'ga bualadh air cloich; is an cù donnalaich, is 'ga chagnadh féin, is a' cur nan car dheth féin air an talaimh nuair thàinig bean uasal seachad, is shaoil i gu'n robh sinn uile air a' chuthach."

"Bha dùn nan seangan, is bheir mise mo mhionnan nach bi e cho deas tuilleadh air duine chomhairleachadh dol dh' ionnsuidh an t-seangain; 'se nach bi."

Chunnaic am ministear gasda nach robh aige ach obair dhiomhain, is thog e ad, is an déidh "là math," a ràdh, mach as an tigh chaidh e.

Bha Eóghann cho bodhar ri cloich, is cha chluinneadh e facal theireadh am ministear!

FIOR CHEILTEACH.

Is aonarach a tha mi 'n diugh,
'S mi 'm shuidhe taobh na tràighe
A' caoidh na dh' fhalbh bho ghlinn an spéis:
Clann mo chridhe—Clann nan Gaidheal.

Gur muladach a tha mi 'n diugh,
'San àite seo, is mi leam fhìn,
Ag éisdeachd gàirich thruim a' chuain;
Cha'n eil mu'n cuairt ach sith.

Cha 'n eil fonn 'nam chridhe nis,
Bho 'n chaidh na glinn a dh' fhàgail lom;
'S mi cianail truagh as leth nan daoin',
Nam màthraichean 's a' chlann fo bhròn.

Gur muladach a tha mi 'n diugh
Air sgàth an t-sluaigh do 'n d'thug mi spéis;
Cha 'n eil Gaidheal nach d' fhalbh uam
Mar shaighdear dh' ionnsuidh tirean céin.

Tha iomadh cridhe trom 'sa ghleann
Bho 'n là dh' fhalbh uainn na seòid;
'S ged nach tog mi lamh 'sa chùis
Is fior gu'm bheil mo bheannachd leò.

Ged tha còmhstri fhuilteach ann;
An Slàbh 's an Tentonach a' streup;
Tha Ceiltich bochd gun roghainn ac'
A' cuideachadh an naimhdean féin.

O, nach cluinn sibh gaoth an Iar
Aig osnaich measg nan craobh;
'S a' farraid de na h-alltain bhaoth;
"O, cuin, O, cuin, bhios na Ceiltich saor?"

Gur muladach a tha mi 'n diugh,
'S mo thlachd an gàir na tràigh;
No falbh mar mheanndran measg nan uaigh,
A chaoidh nan laoch a thuit 'sa bhlàr,

Seumas MacGaradh.

COMHRADH EADAR DA CHROITEAR AIR "COR NA GAIDHEALTACHD AIR AN LATHA AN DIUGH."

LE ALASDAIR CAMSHRON, BARD THURNAIG POLL-IUBH.

COMHRADH EADAR "IAIN DONN" AGUS "COINNEACH FIAL."

Iain—Fàilte na maidne dhuit, a Choinnich.

Coinneach—Fàilte chridheil dhuit fhéin Iain; crathadh do d' làimh. Am beil sibh uile slàn 'san Torran-odhar?

Iain—Mur biodh aon rud, tha gach aon an deagh ghleus.

Coinneach—Ciod e 'n rud a tha cur dorrain oirbh aig an àm?

Iain—Tha olcas na h-aimsir, gaoth mhór, is uisge trom, air chor is nach urrainn duine dol gu muir air son beathach èisg a ghlacadh, mar annlann leis a' bhuntàta, no cliabh de mhòine thioraim fhaotainn an cruaich gus am blasad béidh a dheasachadh.

Coinn—A dhuine dhona, an ann a' dol a ghearan air na suidhichean Freasdalach a tha thu? Tog dheth, a dhuine.

Iain—'S tu dh' fhaodas sin a ràdh. Fhuair thu do theaghlach air a toġail air chosg nan daoine móra, ged tha thu 'n diugh 'na do chroitear, is tu 'n dùil gu 'm bi 'n saoghal agad air bhalg-mheadhon.

Coinn—Ma tha mi 'na mo chroitear cha 'n ann gu mo shocair. Cha do shaoil mi riamh gu 'n robh 'leithid de upraid 's de othail an lorg croite; agus na 'n cumadh a' chroit suas duine cha bhiodh an gnothach co dona. Ach 's ann a tha chroit a thuit orm-sa sìor chur cosgais orm.

Iain—Ha, hà, hà; cha 'n fhèarr thu na mi fhìn 's ann a' dol a thòiseachadh ri gearan is talach air do shuidheachadh a tha thu. Ach dean thus' air do shocair gus an tòisich sinn ri roinn an fhearainn leis an Achd ùr. Nuair a gheibh sinn a' Bheinn-ghobhlach, Srath-na-cioba 's Rubh-na-h-àirde agus gach àit' eile roghnaicheas sinn, faodaidh sinn gnothaichean a ghabhail air ar socair.

Coinn—Tha thu féin is mise fada o 'n aon bharail, cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam-sa nach faigh cuid de mhuinntir staillan de 'n fhearann; ach is iomadh neach a gheibh seilbh aig am beil fior bheag breithneachadh m'a thimchioll, agus aig a' cheann thall leis am bu mhath nach fhaiceadh e riamh le 'shùil e.

Iain—Tha thusa mar a bha thu riamh air taobh nan Uachdaran agus nan daoine-móra. Ach bheir sinne 'mhil as an t-sròin agad. Bidh tu air t' fhàgail 'na do chroit bhochd féin air am beil thu 'gearan, agus mis is mo leithid a' stri có is luaithe bhios air mullach Beinne-feusaig a chuairteachadh ar cuid spreidhe, far roimhe so am biodh Forsair is Fear-faire air gach tom is cnocan, le 'n cuid gloinneachan fad-sheallach a' spleucadh ruinn, 's a maoidheadh nan dòrn oirnn na'n cuireamaid cas a bhàrr rathaid mhóir an righ.

Coinn—Fòil Iain; tha thu ro bhras. Cha 'n 'eil mis air taobh nan Uachdaran; ach tha mi air taobh còire is ceartais; agus seasaidh mi aobhar na céille 's na tuigse, ma dh' èisdeas tu riumi?

Iain—Eisdidh mi riut gus an cluinn mi do bharail—ach tha fior amharus agam gur ro bheag ciall no tuisgse tha 'na do chlaigionn maol.

Coinn—Ge do tha mo cheann-sa air bheagan fuilt na toir thusa breith sgallaiseach air, is cuiridh mise ceisd no dhà riut. Ciod a' chiall is urrainn a bhi aig gillean òga thogadh 'sa dh'àraicheadh anns na bailtean móra cionnas a dh'àiticheas iad gleann no srath, no riaghlas iad stoc air beinn no aonach?

Iain—'S ann aca féin a tha 'n sgil, oir cha 'n eil ni tha feumail aig son na beatha tha 'n làthair, no ri tighinn, nach d'fhoghluim iad ann an òil-thaighean bho Ollachan 's troimh leabhraichean.

Coinn—Tha thu toirt 'na mo chuimhne maighstir-sgoile air an robh mi tur eòlach. Bha e 'na dheagh fhear-teagaisg, rinn e sgoileirean matha agus tha cuid dhiubh am posdaibh matha feadh an t-saoghail.

Iain—Bi aithghearr, a dhuine mhath.

Coinn—Cha chum mi fada thu. Bha 'n duine so glic, grunndail, is ghleidh e rud math airgid. Thòisich e ri leughadh is meomhrachadh obair-tuathanais. Bha e fior shoirbheachail anns a' chùis. Choisinn e na ciad duaisean air obair-tuathanais ann an leabhraichean a bha air clo-bhualadh air son an aobhair sin. Shaoil e 'n sin gu'n deanadh e fortan ann an uine ghearr na'm faigheadh e greim air mìr math fearainn. Le pailteas fearainn àitich shaoil e gu'm fàsadh e co àrd san t-saoghal is gu'm faodadh e 'mheur a chur air a ghealaich. Bha 'n talamh air an eanchainn aige mar tha agad féin is aig móran eile 'n diugh. Chunnaic e ann am paipear àite math a bha gus a bhi ri shuidheachadh is thainig e far an robh mi. Gabhaidh (thuirt e rium) mi an t-àite ud, is theid thu féin g'a riaghladh, is bheir sinn air bàrr fàs ann nach bi 'leithid an taobh tuath na h-Alba. Bidh sneipean againn is cha bhi aon na's motha na cheile dhiubh, eadar dà cheann an raoin; agus a laochain, bheir mise dhuit deagh dhuais is bidh mi fior mhath dhuit.

Thuirt mi ris: Dleasaidh am fear a ni gach rud dhiubh sin duais mhath gun teagamh; ach tha mise na's freagaraiche far am bei mi; oir cha ghabh mi os làimh gu'n oibrich mi miorbhuilean.

Iain—Am beil thu deas a nis?

Coinn—Eisd rium car tiotain ach an cluinn thu mar a thachair do na mhaigstir-sgoile.

Ghabh a tuathanas an àit eile, chuir e fios air dluth charaid dha gus a bhi 'na riaghlair aige. Cha d'fhuirich e fad aige. Thachair an duine rium an deidh dha tighinn dachaidh. Chuir mi ceisd no dha ris, is thuirt e rium. Bha e glé mhath dhomh ach bha e 'n dùil gu'm bu chòir do'n talamh toradh a ghiùlan mar theireadh an leabhar, is cha b'urrainn mise fuireach aige. B'e deireadh na cùise gu'n d'aslaich e air an uachdaran an t-àite ghabhail de a làimh. Cha 'n eil mi cinnteach nach do phaidh e suim bheag a chionn faotainn as an lion. Ach cha bu chaomh leis sin aideachadh.

Iain—Tha mi faicinn gu'n coimhneasadh thus, is gu'n cothromaicheadh thu sluagh na h-Alba le rùin is deanadas aon duine. Cuir thus am fear sin ann an aon slige-tomhais. agus an sluagh air fad ann an slige eile, agus chi thu c'àit an stad thu féin is esan. Ach tha e soilleir dhòmhsa gur ann an aghaidh an fhearainn a thoirt do'n t-sluagh a tha thusa daonnan.

Coinn—Tha thu cur euceart as mo leith de nach eil mi idir ciontach.

Tha fios agam-sa co math ri neach 'sam bith, gur fada le 'm bu chòir stad a chur air gach fuadach sluaigh, is losgadh thaighean a bha dol air aghaidh air Ghaidhealtachd na h-Alba; ach 'se tha cur an eagail orm, àrd bheachdan sluaigh aig nach eil ni 'san amharc ach greim fhaighinn air fearann, agus iad tur aineolach air brigh is gnè an ni air son am beil iad ri gleadhraich, 's iad gun fhiosrachadh, no breithneachadh air an t-saothair 's a chosgais a tha 'na lorg.

Iain—Nach ann agad, a dhuine, tha bharail ort féin. Am beil thu 'n dùil nach eil eòlais no foghlum aig neach 'sam bith ach thu féin?

Gheibh sinne airgiod mór, air riadh beag, no eadhoin gun riadh idir. Gheibh sinn uine fhad air son a phàidheadh a lion cuid is cuid a réir is mar a bhios sinn comasach. Stocaidh sinn an talamh àrd le caoraich, na glinn le crodh, is theid gach srath is dail àiteach.

Coinn—Cha 'n ann gun saothair.

Iain—Cha'n ann gun saothair thig an fhaochag as an tràigh, mar a thuirt an sean fhacal. Dh' éisd mise riutsa is éisd thusa riumsa gus an abair mi mo ràdh. Ni sinn rathaidean móra troimh na frithean, is fosgailidh sinn suas gach dùthaich do mharsantachd chumanta, 's cha bhi bochdainn idir ann, no foirneart 'ga dheanamh air sluagh mar ann an linn an fhògaraidh nuair a bha iad air an tilgeadh am mach mar bhàrlach gun fheum, na taighean air an cur ri theine fa chomhair sùil na muinntir da 'm buineadh iad, is iad a' losgadh air Shàbaid.

Coinn—'S e tha agad "Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd." Cia as a gheibh sibh an t-airgiod? Cha 'n eil neach 's an tir leis am fèarr gu 'm biodh cùisean air an suidheachadh mar a thubhairt thu na mise; ach tha fios agam air na croisean th'ann 'san rathad na's fèarr na th' aig móran.

Iain—Cuisd? Bha mi 'n dùil gu'n robh fiosrachadh agad. "C'ait" ars thus' "am faigh sinn an t-airgiod?" Gheibh, a Choinnich, á sporan mor na stàit. Tha cùig mile fichead punnd Sasunnach gu bhi air chur air leth gach bliadhna gu feum an t-sluaigh. Cha 'n fhada gus an tig faidheadaireachd Choinnich Uidhir gus teach: "Taigh geal air gach cnocan sléibhe, 's muileann air gach allt a leumas." Bidh na taighean bochda, dubha mar ni a chaidh á cuimhne.

Coinn—Tha gnothaichean dol a bhi soirbheachail, tha mi cluinntinn, ach 's ni eile creidsinn. Freagair so. Ciod is coireach ris mar a chaidh Gabhalaichean móra an èis? Far ri mo chiad chuimhne an àraicheadh tu ciad caora, cha toir e 'n diugh dà fhichead dheth agus cha bhi 'n aireamh sin féin ach truagh; bidh pluc is caoile 's crith nam measg. Na h-àitean an robh mi buachailleachd stuic ri toisich mo latha, cha 'n eil ni ann an diugh ach raineach agus cuid dhi seachd troidhean air àirde, 's i co dluth is nach eil rian aig beathach, no duine coiseachd troimpe. Cha 'n eil achadh a bha briagha, gorm air nach eil an rainneach a' buadhachadh a chuid 'sa chuid, agus i gach bliadhna dol nis miosa. Na 'm faigheadh tu rian air èis agus bacadh a chur fàs na rainich Iain, bhuinnigeadh tu bonn-suaicheantais no crochadan òir mu do mhuineal.

Iain—Gearraidh sinn i òg, 's cha leig sinn leatha fàs, agus cha 'n fhaod i brath a ghabhail oirnn.

Coinn—Tha beagan tuisge 'na sheanachas; ach gabhaidh sibh sgìos, is gabhaidh sibh gràin dith. B' aithne dhòmhsa duin-uasal a bha pàidheadh daoine fad na bliadhna gus an raineach a chumail fodha; bha iad 'ga gearradh, cuid dhith tri uairean 'sa bhliadhna: ach b'e deireadh na cùise gu'n d'thug iad suas an obair ann an eu-dochas; agus tha 'n talamh a bha iad a' fiachainn ri chumail glan an diugh fo rainich co fada rinn fhìn.

Iain—Am beil an rabaid ann?

Coinn—Tha: cunntaidh tu leth chiad diubh fo'n aon sealladh.

Iain—Ceart gu leòr, marbhaidh sinn an rabaid an toiseach, is an sin an raineach.

Coinn—Tha thu ceart, Iain, 's e ni iongantach a th'ann gu'm fàs an raineach co bras far an d'fhuair an rabaid buaidh; oir is trìc a bha mi smuaineachadh air; a theagamh gu'm beil i 'na meadhon gus toirt air an rainich fàs.

Iain—'Saoil thu na'n treabhadh sinn na h-iomairean air am beil i fàs nach cuireadh sin as dith.

Coinn—Cha chuireadh idir, dh' fheumadh sibh na freumhan a spionadh as am bun. Chunnaic mi talamh air ùr thoirt a steach, is bha beagan de'n rainich 'ga taisbeanadh féin anns a' cheathramh bàrr a chaidh a thogail as.

Iain—Agus ciod iad na cnapain-starra eile, tha thu faicinn air thoiseach oirnn?

Coinn—Tha iad lionmhor, cha 'n eil càil no sunnd aig gillean òg an latha 'n diugh gu obair tuathanais: cha 'n fhuirich iad air croit no fearann. 'S e tha uath' an diugh cluichean, camanachd, ball-coise, iomain-ghalld' is sgoileireachd. Cha luaithe dh' fhàgas fear an sgoil na ruitheas e air falbh gu aon de bhailtean mór an taobh-deas, far an ionnsaich e cluichean mu nach cuala na daoine còire o'n d'thainig e facal riamh. Cha 'n fhiach le fear fuireach aig an taigh a thoirt a steach mir de thalamh mar leasachadh ris a' chroit air an d'rugadh 's an d' àraicheadh e. 'S fèarr leis gu mór airgiod a chur dhachaidh gu ceannach nan rudan a b' àbhaist a bhi air an togail air a' chroit. Tha mise 'g innseadh dhuit nach cuingealaich gillean òga ri obair tuathanais. Nuair a chi iad each trioblaid is cosgais a tha 'na lorg, cha bhi iad a strì ris.

Iain—Air do shocair, nach faod mi fhìn facal idir a ràdh.

Coinn—Fòil bheag, Iain, gus an inns mi beagan fathast de na cnapain-starra mu 'n d' fheoraich thu is gheibh thu 'n sin rùn is réim.

Mar a bha mi 'g radh: Anns na seann timean bha na teaghlaichean cruinn cuideachd 's a' toirt am beò as an talamh. Cha 'n fhaodadh a' chlann an spréidh fhàgail gus dol do 'n sgoil. Saoilidh cuid nach i so an fhirinn.

Iain—Cha 'n eil coslas 'sam bith air do sheanachas a nis. Na bi 'n dùil gu'n creid neach 'sam bith thu.

Coinn—Bheir mi dearbhadh soilleir gur i sùil na firinn a th'agam. Tha seann mhaighdeann làimh rium a tha stiall mhath thar na ceithir fichead. Tha tart 'na h-inntinn gu leughadh. Bidh mi leughadh dhith earrannan a tha fios agam a chòrdas rithe. Air an t-seachduin a chaidh seachad, dh' fhoighnich mi rithe, an robh i féin idir an sgoil? "Bha aon latha" thuirt i, "is tha cuimhne agam fathast mar a ghabh mo mhàthair orm, is thuirt i rium gun a bhi gabhail gnothaich ri ni 'bha tuilleadh 's àrd air mo shon, is gheall mi dhith nach rachainn ann tuilleadh.

Iain—Cha robh 'm boirionnach sin glic.

Coinn—Bha i mar a bha ruith a' chumant. Thog is dh' àraich i teaghlach fìor eireachdail, is bha i féin glic grunndail.

Iain—Thuirt thu na's leòr, 's beag nach eil m' fhoighidinn air a claoidh.

Coinn—Tha beagan agam ri ràdh mu thimchioll oibreachadh stoc chaorach air a mhonadh.

Iain—Eisdidh mi ri sin, ach tha eagal orm nach e math a chuireas tù air mo rath ach ole.

Coinn—Bheir mi seachad mar tha m'inntinn a breithneachadh troimh fein-fhiosrachadh. An toiseach; cha bhi sibh réidh ri cach a chéile. Cha 'n eil sgil agaibh gus na caoraich a chumail glan. Faic mar a tha 'n dùthaich aig an àm. Cha 'n eil là nach bi maor-sith is constabal air ais 's air aghaidh, cloimh 'sna caoraich air taobh thall na duthcha ma chaidh beathach a null no nall thar an criochan feumaidh sinne (ge do tha na caoraich againn co glan ri ribean) an tumadh co tric 's a dh' iarras am maor lagha e.

Iain—'S e gnothach duilich is cosgail a tha 'n sin, gun teagamh; ach tha mis' de 'n bheachd gur ann bu chòir am peanas a dheanamh: 's an t-unlagh a leigeadh air na daoine tha reic stuth-tumaidh fo ainm rud ceart, is nach cùm an t-seilbh glan.

Coinn—Cha 'n 'eil thu fada cèarr an dràsd ach is iomadh mearachd a dh' fhaodas a bhi deante ann am measgachadh an stutha. Agus is duilich an ni bhi toirt dhaoine bochd, aineolach air falbh o'n dachaidhean gus an ùbhadh ann an ceann bhaile na siorramachd, is iad féin an dùil gu'm beil iad neo-chiontach. Cha bu bheag am peanas dol ri fior dhroch aimsir barrachd is deich mile-fichead, mus am faigh iad greim air rathad iarruinn.

Iain—Abair féin e. Cha léir dhomh car son nach faodadh sluagh an cuid chaorach a smiùradh a réir an t-seann dòigh, 's cha bhiodh facal mu chloimh no càrr, ach an uair a stocas sinne an talamh as ùr, bidh ciobairean sgilear againn a chi cùisean ceart.

Coinn—C'àit am faigh sibh iad, agus gu'n do sguir a mhuinntir òg de fhoghlum na ciobaireachd?

Iain—Gun teagamh thuirt am fiosaiche "Cuiridh na caoraich mhòra na croinn threabhaidh air na sparan." Thachair sin. A nis tha'm fiadh air cur fuadach fo na caoraich, na bha de na ciobairean ann an deagh ghleus, ghabh iad 'nam forsairean; a nis bheir sinne dhaibh cothrom tionndaidh gu bhi rithist 'nan ciobairean.

Coin—An gabh iad an cothrom uat?

Iain—Mur gabh ni sinn riutha mar thuirt Bard Cheann-loch-iùbh:

Theid na forsairean a sgiùrsadh
Le 'n cuid ghloinneachan 'san giùlan,
Bho nach faic iad ceart le 'n sùilean,
Gheibh iad stràc an cùl a' chinn.
Mur fiach leo 'n tairgse is fearr a th' againn deanadh iad air an son féin, ach cha toigh leinn fòirneart.

Coinn—Tha thu gus a bhi truacant, Iain. Ach ciod a ni thu ris na h-uachdarain an uair a bheir thu uap' am fearann?

Iain—Cha toir mi uap' ach roinn dheth is ge do bheirinn as an làmhan an t-iomlan deth cha bu dhroch cheartas e: tha e aca fada gu leòr.

Coinn—An dean thu 'n t-aon dìol air an fhear a cheannaich an talamh gu daor le chuid airgiod is am fear a thug am mach e le faobhar a chlaidhimh? Tha mi ciallachadh gu'n d'thug a shinnsir a mach dha e.

Iain—'S i sin ceisd nach do shocraich sinn fathast. Shaoileadh tu gu 'm bu chòir a bhi na bu bhàigheile ris-san a chosg ris. Ach an uair a sheallas tu steach ann an cùisean, co aig a bha còir air an talamh a reic, no cheannach idir?

"'S le Dia an talamh is an làn. 24mh—Sailm." A ris: "An talamh thug do chloinn nan daoin"—Sailm—115.

"'S leis fein àrd nèamh nan speur." Rann—16.

Coinn—'S e sin sgriobtuir gun teagamh.

Iain—Cha 'n ann a nasgaidh tha sinn ag iarraidh an fhearainn ach air mhàl iomchuidh, réir 's mar shuidhicheas na cumhachdairean no 'n comunn riaghlaidh e.

Coinn — Feumaidh mi cur leat ann an tomhas; ach cha 'n ann gu h-iomlan.

Iain—Ma chuir thusa ceisd riumsa, cuiridh mise ceisd no dithis riutsa. Ciod a' chòir a tha aig uachdaran fearainn air iasg a' chuain mhòir? maorach a' chladaich? is eunlaidh nan speur? Leugh an 6 mh 's an 7 mh rann de 'n ochdamh Sailm Nuair tha e 'g ràdh "duine." Cha 'n e uachdaran a mhàin a tha e ciallachadh, ach clann nan daoine air fad 's air leud an t-saoghail.

An 8 mh Sailm an 6 mh san 7 mh rann:—

"Air oibribh fòs do làimh
Thug thu dha uachdaranachd air fad,
Gach duile chuir fo chasaibh dha,
A chruthaich thusa riamh;
Caoraich, is buar, 's gach ainmhidh fòs,
Tha 'g imeach air an t-sliabh;
An eunlaith tha 'san adhar shuas,
An t-iasg a tha 'sa chuan,
'S na shiùbhlas fòs air slighe tuinn,
Sin thug thu dha gu buan."

Coinn—Cha do smuainich mi riamh air na briathran anns an dòigh sin ged 's minic a chaidh mi thairis air na facail. Chuir thu solus ùr orra dhomh.

Iain—Nach cruaidh mi-cheart an lagh, na 'n tachradh gu'n rachadh breac anns an lion sgadanaich, no geadag 'san lion throsg, gu'm feum mi 'n tilgeadh am mach thar bòrd, air eagal 's gu'm faic am maor-uisg' iad. Tha 'm maor sithe 's am bàillidh fearainn air mo lorg gus mo ghlacadh 's mo pheanasachadh. Bha latha ann agus na'n togainn eisire anns an tràigh, bha 'm bàillidh 'na mo dhruim 's an t-uachdaran air mo mhuin. Bha gach eisire is eile suidhichte air mhàl aig an aon duine. agus na 'm faiceadh e thu togail eisire bha 'm priosan air a mhaoidheadh ort. Ciod a tha thu 'g ràdh ris an sin?

Coinn—Cha chuala mi 'n t-iomlan de sin riamh; ach gabh air a aghaidh.

Iain—'S e thachair: Chunnaic am Freasdal iomchuidh galair a chur anns na h-eisirean. Dh'fhosgail na h-uile aon diubh, is thainig iad air tir 'nam bàrlach gun fheum gu bonn a' mhara-thràigh far am beil iad ri 'm faicinn aig an àm. An sin sguir gach màl is dioladh air son maoraich, agus a nis tha choslas air an eisire gun siolaich i as ùr, agus có aig tha fios nuair gheibh an duine bochd seilbh air an fhearann, nach sguir an raineach a dh' fhàs mar an ceudna.

Coinn—Tha mòran firinn 'na do sheanachas; ach tha cuid de dhaoine aig nach eil reusan iòir, a tha co borb is gu 'n iarradh iad na h-uachdarain a sgiùrsadh am mach air a mhuir, agus aig nach eil facal math air son neach 'sam bith, ach a sìor èigheachd: "Mi fhìn! Mi fhìn!" Is fada on a chuala mi; "'S ann air a shon féin a ni 'n cat an crònan"; ach tha 'n crònan a nis air fàs labhar is cha 'n eil fios c'àit an stad e.

Iain—Ge b'e air bith c'àit an stad an crònan, tha 'n t-àm èis a chur air do mhanran. Nach léir dhuit am feum a rinn Guim, no Cobhann an fhearainn (Land League).

Coin—Gu firinneach, Iain, bha mi fhìn an dùil nach robh feum air bith gu tighinn as, ach faic an diugh a' bhuannachd tha sruthadh uaithe: "Gabhaltais bhunailteach," "Màil-iomchuidh" "Làn dioladh air son feabhas no leasachaidh," air an fhearann. Sin agad sochairean móra ris nach robh dùil agamsa. Ach cha 'n eil uachdarain an latha 'n diugh co

dioghaltach ris a' mhuinntir o'n d'thàinig iad no ni coslach ris.

Iain—Tha fios math ciod is coireach: "Cha tig as a' phoit ach an toit a bhios innte agus "Theid an dualchas an aghaidh nan creag" agus mur a b'e na Paipeirean Gallda 's iomadh fear a rachadh a thilgeadh am mach air an dorus.

Coinn—Ach, Iain, ciod è do bheachd air "Saor-dhuais" na sean aois?

Iain—'S e mo bheachd, a Choinnich, gur e ullachadh saoghalta is motha rinn Freasdal 'na thròcair do chlann-daoine.

Coinn—Fiach nach eil thu dol ro fhada?

Iain—Cha 'n eil mi. Thoir fainear so! Tha air gach taobh dhinn, seann daoine, is mnathan mu 'n robhar a' fàs fìor shuarach, gu h-àraidh fleasgaich is maighdeannan aosda. A nis is ann a tha muinntir a' stri co aig a bhitheas iad. Agus ma tha dithist no triùir ann an aon taigh a' faighinn saor-dhuais is mór a' chobhair e; agus mar thuirt an sean fhocal: "Air sgàth an leanaibh bhig pògar a' bhantrum."

Coinn—Gun teagamh 's mòr a' bheannachd e do 'n aois. Na 'n rachadh rian a dheanamh gu 'm biodh daoine agus mnathan 'ga fhaotainn cùig no deich bliadhna na's tràthaile: oir cha luaithe chluinneas mi gu'n d'fhuair fear note saor-dhuais, na bhios fios am mach gus an àdhlac.

Iain—Ciod i do bharail mu'n Bhann-urrais aig Leòd Mac Sheòrais?

Coinn—Tha iad an déidh mo cheann a chur troimh a chéile, leis gach bann, is stad oibre is grabadh, is mi-laghalachd, air chor 's gu 'm feumainn ùine mhór gus mo smuaintean a thoirt dhuit air gach cùis. Tha earrannan anns a' Bhann-urrais a tha fìor mhath: ach tha i co domhain ris an "Achd mhineachaidh" a rinn Dr Réinidh do 'n Eaglais. Cha do ghabh mi gnothuch riamh ris.

Iain—Na can smid mu na h-Eaglaisean air neo cha 'n 'eil fios cuin a gheibh sinn dealachadh; bha argumaid gu leòr 'sna bliadhnaibh a chaidh seachad air na puincean sin.

Coinn—'S e tha duilich gur ann a tha 'n fheadhainn a bu chòir a bhi 'gar treòrachadh, 's gar stiùireadh air slighe na firinn, iad féin co fad an aghaidh 'cheile 's nach eil fios aig an duine tha aineolach ciod a ni, no c'àit an téid e.

Iain—Thuirt thu gu leòr air a' phuinc sin; oir ma thòisicheas sinn air deasbud, cha 'n aithne dhuinn sgur. 'S ann a tha cail agamsa gu blasad bóidh a ghabail, oir ruith an ùine gun fhios duinn.

Coinn—'S tu 's feàrr cuimhne. Thig leam gus an taigh. Theagamh gur ann tha Mòrag an ire foighidinn a chall a' gleidheadh a' bhuntàta bho bhi ròiste ri cliathaichean na poite.

Iain—Nach ann agaibh a tha 'm buntàta tioram. 'S cinnteach gur anns an Uchdan-ghrianach a dh' fhàs iad.

Coinn—'S ann gu dearbh. Ach na 'm faiceadh tu 'm buntàta a bha againn anns a Choire-dhuibh, an uiridh bha iad co fliuch is gu'n robh iad car coslach ri buntàta ghobhainn: an àite bhi 'gan itheadh 's ann a bha e 'gan òl.

Iain—Tha mi 'ga chreidsinn. Nuair a chaidh mi gus mo dhinneir an là roimhe, choinnich dithist de na pàisdean mi 'san dorus agus rubair aca 'ga thoinneamh, is ga fhàsgadh eatorra. Dh' fhoighnich mi ciod a bha iad a' deanamh? Thuirt iad gu'n robh iad a' cur an uisg as a' bhuntàta.

Coin—Cuisd! is innis dhomh am beil an stad 'san obair ghuail air tighinn gu crìch?

Iain—Tha thu féin 'na do sgoilear na's feàrr na mise. Ach chaidh crioch air an ni sin; agus ge do chaidh, tha aobhar smuaineachaidh nach fad gus am bi stad eil' ann.

Coinn—Na h-uile, 's ann bu chòir peanas a dheanamh orra, agus Achd-pàrlamaid a dhealbh leis am b'urrainear ùnlagh chur orrasan a tha spuireadh an t-sluaigh gu ceannairc; oir ma leanas cùisean ri dol air aghaidh mar so, cha 'n fhada 's feàrr sinn na na daoine buidhe air taobh thall an t-saoghail.

Iain—Leigidh sinn seachad e, ma ta, agus their sinn beagan air na mnathan Guth-thaghach (Suffragettes). Ciod i do bharail; am buadhaich iad anns na th' ac' 'san amharc?

Coinn—Bha dùil agam uaireigin gu'n rachadh leotha, agus bha seòrsa de bhàigh agam riutha 'na mo chridhe; ach chuir iad an cas troimh na bhròig tur buileach a nis.

Iain—"Bàigh 'na do chridhe riutha gu dearbh!" An aite bàigh a bhi riu, 's ann bu chòir am brangas chur 'nam peirclibh agus sgiùrsadh beag a thoirt dhaibh.

Coinn—Tha thu ro chruaidh orra, Iain. Ach thoir an aire nach cluinn Catriona gu 'n sgiùrsadh tu na mnathan guth-thaghach.

Iain—Na h-òinsichean a tha iad ann! An cuala neach 'sa'n bith riamh amaideachd is motha na creutairean truagha, falbh le ùird air feadh bhailtean, gu briseadh nan uinneagan is luachmhoire chi 'n sùilean; agus aig an àm cheudna deanamh uaill ann a bhi 'g innseadh cho làidir duilich 's a bha feadhainn diubh ri 'm briseadh. Cha'n urrainn gu'n tig math as an olc aig àm air bith.

Coinn—Tha sin fìor. Cha 'n fhiach an rian a tha iad a' gabhail gu èisdeachd fhaighinn; agus 's e mo bheachd-sa nach faigh iad i.

Iain—'S ann a tha iad ceannlaidir, andàna, ladarna, agus na'n sealladh iad rompa dh' atharraicheadh iad cleachdaidhean a' falbh le inneal brisdidh am falach ann am pòcain! 'S coma leam dhaibh! Ag iarraidh na phrìosan gus an deanamh iomraiteach! Na h-òisgean bochda tha iad ann!

Coinn—Air do shocair, Iain, eagal gu'n cluinn na mnathan againn fhin na thubhairt sinn. Tha 'n ni gabhaltach. Agus na'n cluinneadh Catriona agus Mòrag thu ruith sios nam ban a tha deanamh spàirn dhùrachdaich gus an cor a leasachadh, cha d'thuirt mise nach biodh cluasan teth aig an dithist againn.

Iain—Gu dearbh, cha chreid mise gu'm biodh Catriona co amaideach is sin. Ach mar thuirt am facal: "Fhad 's a dh' fhanas an t-olc uainn fanaidh sinn uaithe." Oir is mór luach na sithe. Air an aobhar sin bidh mi gabhail là math dhuit, a Choinnich, oir cha 'n eil thu idir co reasgach no co fada bho mo bheachan air an fhearann 's a shaoil mi. Tha mi creidsinn an àite d' fhàgail air do chroit bhochd féin mar a thubhairt mi cheana, gur ann a bheir sinn dhuit stiallag bheag, ge do b' ann 'san Fhrith-dhorch no 'n àit eiginn falachaidh eile.

Coinn—Cluinn so; 's thoir leat e, Iain. 'S ann bu chòir dhuinne aig an aois am beil sinn, a bhi smuaineachadh air an dachaidh bhuain, oir a reir cùrsa nàduir, cha 'n fhada gus am faigh an dithist againn na dh' fhoghnas da de 'n fhearann: 's e sin leud ar droma; agus an uair a dh' fhalbhas anail na beatha a chaidh a shéideadh air tùs ann an cuinneanaibh an duine, 's a dh' fhàgas i chèis chrè so, c'àit an sin an teid i? Co-dhùnaidh mi, Iain, le dà rann bho na bhàrd Iain Mac Odrum.

Faire! faire! 'dhuin' òig, cia do bharantas mór,
'N e do bharail bhi bcò 's nach eug thu?
Tha 'n saoghal 's an fheòil fior aontach gu leòr,
Air do chlaonadh bho chòir gu h-eucoir,
Ach air fhad 's do 'm bi 'n dàil.
Thig ort teachdair o'n bhàs—
Na creid idir gur fàisneachd bhreig i—
Biodh do gheàrd ort gle chruaidh;
'S cha taigh-còrabhaidh an uaigh da'n téid thu.

Ach fàrdach gun tuar, bhreun, dhaolagach fhuar,
Anns an càraich iad suas leat féin thu,
Is a mheud 's tha 'nad bheachd
De do stòr, cha téid leat:
Ach bòrdain bheag shnaighte is léine.
Ach 's e 'n cùram is mò dol a dh'ionnsaidh a' mhòid,
A thoirt cunntas an còir 's an eucoir,
Far nach seas do chuid ni dhuit dad
De d' chuid féich,
'S motha 'n t-eagal bhi 'm prìosan péine.

Iain—Is solaimte na briathran sin; agus beannachd leat. Na h-uile latha chi 's nach faic.

Coinn—Mile beannachd leat féin, Iain, is cuimhnich mise gu cridheil do Chatrìona. Ach air na chunnaic thu riamh, na leig ris dith gu'n d'thug sinn guth air na mnathan guth-thaghach.

LEODHAS ANN AN ÀM A' CHOGAIDH.

Tha Leòdhas cianail, s cha 'n ioghnadh dad deth;
Tha faire 's bròn ann 's mòran gearain,
'S tha mnathan òg ann ri caoidh nam fearaibh,
A chaidh do 'n Arm 's nach till air ais chuc.

Bho mhàs na Càbaig gu sàil na Hearradh,
Bho Rubha an Tiompain, 's an taobh an ear deth;
Gu cladach Lionail 's sliabh nan Lochan;
Thriall na daoin' as, 's gun sgeul air mac ac'.

Cha 'n fhaic thu cail' ann, ach mnathan laga,
'S bodaich chrom, agus clann na sgoile;
'S gach aon a' caoidh dhiubh, o dh'fhalbh na curaidh,
'S fios 's cinnt ac' nach till iad uile.

Air maduinn Shàbaid ri dol do 'n choinneamh
Cha 'n fhaic thu cail' ann ach òigridh bhoireann—
'S gach té le gruaim oirr', bho dh'fhalbh na gillean,
'S eagal mòr orr' nach till iad tuillidh.

Dar théid mi 'n dràsda gu bàrr a' chladaich,
Cha 'n fhaic mi bàta air bhàrr na mara;
'S ann tha iad diomhain an cliadhaich cala,
'S na fir gun sgial orr', a bhiodh 'gam fannadh.

Cha 'n fhaic thu iasgair a' tighinn bho chladach,
Le sguil is lion innt' air cùl amhaich;
'S ann tha 'd am bliadhna 'sna luingeis-chogaidh,
'S teine nàmhaid cha 'n fhàg e fois ac'.

Thuit mòran marbh dhiubh air fairg' 's air fearann;
Ri aghaidh nàmhaid gun sgàth roimh theine,
'S a cheart cho cinnteach ri grian is gealaich,
Bidh iomradh sgriobhte 'san tìm tha teachd, orr'.

Air oidhche gheamhraidh ged bhiodh i soilleir,
Cha 'n fhaic thu suirich, 's cha chluinn thu fead ac';
'S ann tha iad uile an traimns' a' chogaidh,
'S tha iomadh màthair le cridhe goirt aic'.

Cha 'n eil mi 'g ràdh, ma bhitheas tu furachair,
Nach fhaic thu'n dràsda fir chràiteach, chuirramach,
'S fear no dhà dhiubh ri falbh na h-ionnaraidh.
Le deise an t-saighdeir bho bhonn gu mullach orra.

Ach 's e mo dhùrachd 's m' ùrnuigh mhaidne
Gu'n tig iad sàbhailt dar bhitheas e seachad,
'S gu'm faigh iad nuair sin an luaidh is math leo,
Is tighean-còmhnuidh 's pailteas fearainn.

Ni mi dùnadh le dùrachd mhath chuca,
Is dòchas dùbailt gu'm bi iad flathail ann,
'S gu'm bi iad ag ùrnuigh ri Ughdair flaitheanais
Gu'm bi iad sàbhailt nuair thig an aiseirigh.

Murchadh Mac Leòid, Leòdhas.

IS LAITHEAN BRÒNACH A TH' ANN.

Rinneadh an t-òran seo le Mrs Nic Fhearghuis a tha ceithir fichead 's a dhà bhliadhna dh' aois. Rugadh i an Eilean Tarasaidh 's na Hearradh; agus tha i a chòmhnuidh an sin a'g an àm so.

Tha mac agus dà ogha dhith leis an Arm Bhreatannach 'san Fhraing.

Air Fonn—

"*Buaidh le comunn mo ghaoil.*"

Is làithean brònach a th'ann:
Dh' fhannaich gach coenadh a bh'ann;
Cha 'n fhaic mi an diugh tighinn do'n àite
Ach eallaich de phàipeirean Galld'.

Cha bheathaich sud mnathan is clann.
Feumaidh sinn Creideamh 's an àm.
'S iad innleachdan mallaichte a' Chésair
A tharruing gu léir oirnn an call.

Chuala sibh uile 's gach àit'
Mu'n chroich a rinn Hàman mar thà,
Tha an César a' togail dhuibh t'éile;
Ach cha 'n 'eil i gu léir aig a h-àird.

Cha do chruthaicheadh teang' ann an ceann
A dh' innseadh mu'n chogadh a th'ann;
Na tharruing e dh' olc air gach rioghachd
Is na dh' fhag e de dhilleachdain annt.

Thàinig an glaodh ud chum bàis;
Ràinig e iosal is àrd;
Dh' fhàg iad an dachaidhean rìomhach
Is leagadh na miltean 's na blàir.

Tha iomadh bliadhna is là
Bho 'n thòisich thu suidheachadh bhlàr;
'S a dh' aindeoin 's gu 'n cleachd thu de dh'innleachd
Cha tig thu d' ar rioghachd gu bràth.

Is iomadh bliadhna is linn
Bho 'n dh'innis an fhìrinn sud duinn;
Gu'n èirich cogadh 's gach rioghachd
Mu'n ruig sìth sinn a' mhaireas a chaoidh.

Na smuainichibh idir an ràdh
Nach 'eil iomadh Maois anns gach àit'
Tha tagradh a là is a dh'oidhche
Cho dileas ri saighdear aig blàr.

Nach tigeadh an cumhachd bho 'n Aird
A chaisgeadh na tuinn ann an tràth;
'S gun Aige ach am focal a labhairt,
Mar thachair 's an luing air an t-sàl.

Chuala sibh uile 's gach linn
Am mìorbhuil a rinn E 's an luing;
'N uair bha iad an impis bhi caillte
Chiùinich Esan doibh fairge is tuinn.

Mo chluas ri clàistinn gach tràth,
Chluinntinn na sìth 'tighinn bho 'n Aird;
Oir cha dean innleachan rìghrean
An nàmhaid a chlaoidh anns na blàir.

Is mìorbhuil iongantach th'ann
Ma thilleas eibh chugainn a nall
Am measg nan lasraichean puinsein
'S na peileirean dian ruith mu'r ceann.

Gur iomadh cridh' tha fo chàs
Cluinntinn thighean-leighis bhi làn;
Is a' chuid dhiubh nach gabhadh an giùlan
Chuir an nàmhaid gu brùideil gu bàs.

Cha d'àraicheadh cridh' ann an oom
Nach leaghadh an sealladh tha trom;
Tha spreadhadh nam peilear mòr ùra
A' dùsgadh dhoibh uaighean 's a' phòll.

Cha chuala mi leithid 'nam là,
'S mi nise ceithir fichead 's a dhà;
Is m'aghaidh gu dlùth air mo dhachaidh
A' feitheamh an aiseig gach tràth.

NA GAIDHEIL MU 'N CUAIRT BRATACH BHREATUINN.

AIR FONN—"*Màiri dhonn, bhoidheach, dhonn.*"

Rann:
Bho Chinn-tìr gu tigh Iain Ghròt,
Còmhdaichte 's gach seòrsa breacain
Chruinnich Clann nan Gaidheal suas
Dlùth mu 'n cuairt Bratach Bhreatuinn.

Seis:
Chaidh iad suas; bheir iad buaidh;
Dlùth mu 'n cuairt Bratach Bhreatuinn;
Chaidh iad suas; bheir iad buaidh
Mar bu dualach 'sa bhatail.

Cha d'fhuair nàmhaid riamh fo chìs
Tir nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach;
Ach fhad's a bhios a' ghrian 'san speur
Cha ghlac an César a bratach.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Tha Prionns a' Chrùin le mòran sluaigh
An dùil gun toir e buaidh air Breatunn;
Ach fhad's bhios Gaidheil 'san taobh tuath
Tir nam fuar-bheann cha 'n fhaic e.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Chaidh na Camshronaich a null,
Gillean làidir, lùthmhor, tapaidh;
'S gheibh na Gearmailtich an leòr
Mus till na h-òganaich dhachaidh.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Tha Clann Choinnich bho 'n taobh tuath,
D'am bu dualach bhi sgairteil,
Le pìobaireachd "Chabar-féidh,"
Choidhch' cha ghéill iad 'sa bhatail.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Chaidh muinntir Earra-Ghaidheal suas,
'S dlùth ri 'n guaillean na Cataich;
Bidh na Pruisianaich air ruaig
Nuair a ghluaiseas na gaisgich.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Nuair a théid iad uile null,
Luaidh is fùdar 'nan saitseal,
Bidh Von Clug is Prionns a' Chrùin
Dol 'nan cruban gu fasgadh.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Bidh Von Moltke 's Von Buelow
Air an glùincan am Frankfort;
'S gheidh an César àite blàth;
Thug an Sàtan dha passport.
Chaidh iad suas, &c.

Iain Dubh Mac Dhomhnuill ic Iain.
Indooroopilly, Brisbane, Queensland.

PIG' AN REITICH.

Bha caraid agam uair ris an abradh iad Ruaraidh 'Ghlinne—duine cho grinn 's air an do chuir mi riamh eòlas. Cha 'n eil e beò an diugh. Na 'm bitheadh cha 'n innsinn an sgeul beag so mu thimchioll.

Air là bha sin bha Ruaraidh 's mi fhéin a' tighinn dhachaidh cuideachd o'n bhaile mhòr. A' gabhail air ar n-aghaidh 's an t-slighe thàinig sinn gu bùth ceàird.

"Nach tadhail sinn," thuirt mi ri Ruaraidh, "air a chèaird so a lasadh ar piob 's a leigil ar sgitheas dhinn?"

Gu dearbh, a Dhòmhnuill, cha tadhail. Bha cho math leam tachairt air an t-Sàtan latha 's am bith ri tachairt air ceàrd. A dh' innseadh dhuit na firinn, tha gràin bàis agam air na ceàirdinnean."

"Feumaidh, a Ruaraidh, gu'n d' rinn iad eucoir air choreiginn ort; agus a chur seachad na tide nach feàrr dhuit innseadh dhomh?"

"O'n is tu 'm fear a th'ann, a Dhòmhnuill. agus o'n is e cogar innseadh do na clachan innseadh dhuit-sa, faodaidh mise sin a dheanamh."

Agus so an sgeul a chuir Ruaraidh Ghlinne, air an là sin an céill dhomhsa: —

Ann an làithean m' òige bha leannan agam —Mòr Bhàn—a b'i an saoghal uile dhomhsa. Gheall Mòr mo phòsadh, chaidh oidhche an réitich a chuir air leth, agus cheannaich mi pige de'n uisge-beatha a b' fhearr fa chomhair; ach cha robh e 'n dàn do'n réiteach a bhith.

Seachdain roimh oidhch' an réitich thàinig am Freiceadan Dubh do'n tir. Bha e dubh gu leòir dhòmhsa; oir le aon de shaighdearan theich mo leannan—Mòr Bhàn—agus cha'n fhaca mi riamh tuilleadh i.

Bha an Ceàrd Miannach 's an àm a' gabhail a chairtealan an àth a' bhaile, agus, mar ri daoin' eile, chual esan mar a thachair. Thàinig an ceàrd mòr so chugam là na'm b' fhìor a leigeil ris a cho-fhaireachdainn rium.

"'S mi tha duilich," thuirt e rium, "mar a thachair dhuit," 's na deòir a' ruith a nuas ri 'ghruaidhean "'S mi tha cinnteach, a laochain bhochd, gun deach thu gu cosdas mòr, 's gun ni agad air a shon!"

Do bhrìgh gu'n robh mis' an dùil gu'm bu chòir eadhon do na ròcais a bhi gal air mo shon, shaoil mi gur ann an làn dá-rìreadh a bha an ceàrd, agus thuirt mi ris: "Cha 'n e an cosdas is dorra leam, ged a cheannaich mi gun teagamh, pige de'n uisge-bheatha is fearr a th' ann, agus nach eil fhios agam ciod a ni mi ris."

"Innsidh mise dhuit, a Ruaraidh, dé a ni thu ris. Reic rium-s' e. Cha 'n eil an t-airgead agam leam; ach thig do'n àth am màireach agus bheir mise dhuit na phàigh thu fhéin air a shon—a h-uile peighinn ann ad bhois."

Bha mise cho socharach 's gu'n tug mi dha am pige.

Nuair a dh' éirich mi 's a' mhaduinn, 's a sheall mi mu'n cuairt, chunnaic mi nach robh duine 's an àth.

Cho luath 's a ghabh mi mo thràth-maidne chaidh mi air lorg a' Cheàird Mhiannaich, agus fhuair mi e 's a bhùth aige air a shuidheachadh làmh ri cruachan mòna, ri taobh aibhne, mu mhile bho 'n bhaile mhòr. Cha luaithe chunnaic e mi na chuir e an aoibh sin air, agus mar so dh' fhàiltich e mi:—"An tu fhéin a th' ann, a Ruaraidh, a charaid chaoimh? 'S e mo chuid-sa nis do phàigheadh air son a phige cheannaich mi bhuait. Bha dùil agam gu'n robh tuilleadh earbsa agad annam na gu'n nàraicheadh tu mi le ruith as mo dhéidh mar so."

Bha 'n aoibn air a ghnùis a nis a' dol ás, agus bha gruaim a' gabhail a h-àite.

"De tuilleadh a b'urrainn dhomh dheanamh?" thuirt mise.

"Innsidh mi dhuit dé a ni thu," fhreagair an ceàrd:—"Théid thu air t' aghaidh do'n bhaile mhòr, 's cha bhi fios aig duine nach robh turus agad ann. Agus bheir thu leat botul de'n stuth is laidire a gheibh thu. Nuair a dh'òlas sinn le chéil' e gheibh thu do phàighteadh."

A chum an ceàrd a chumail air a dhòigh gus am faighinn mo chuid fhéin uaidh, rinn mi mar dh' iarr e. Thàinig mi air m'ais leis a' bhotul, agus nuair a chaidh òl leis a' cheàrd 's a bhean—oir 's e glé bheag a thug iad dhòmh-sa dheth — thuirt an ceard rium, 's e sineadh dhomh noigean beag a gheibheadh tu air gròta:—"So dhuit soitheach beag a bheir thu dhachaidh gu d' mhàthair. Sin na bheil agamsa dhuit, agus na faiceam do ghnùis a' tighinn às mo dhéidh gu bràth tuilleadh. Thilg mi an noigean mu 'chasan 's dh' fhalbh mi dhachaidh.

Dòmhnull Mac Calum.

ORAN DO NA SAIGHDEARAN BREATUNNACH.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean gasda.
'S cuid leotha fo'm breacain.
Dh' fhalbh iad uainn air astar
An coinneamh feachd na Gearmailt.

Fonn:
Dh'fhalbh na gillean grinn fo'n cuid armaibh:
'S ann leam fhin is bòidhche
Thig an cota dearg dhaibh;
Dh'fhalbh na gillean grinn fo'n cuid armaibh

Dh' fhalbh iad uainn air astar,
Feara làidir, gasda;
'S tha ar dùrachd aca
Leis gach mac on dh' fhalbh iad.
Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

Dh' fhalbh na feara treubhach,
Gillean tapaidh, gleusda;
'S ge b'e àit an teid sibh
Gu'n dean sibh feum gu dearbha.
Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c

Dh' fhalbh na feara dìleas,
'S ann an aghaidh fuaraidh
Agus iomadh cruadal
Chaidh iad uainn thar fairge.
Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

Dh' fhalbh na feara dìleas,
'S ann an ceum an sinnsir.
Chosnadh buaidh na rioghachd
Agus sìth na h-Alba.
Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

'S nuair thig sibh buadhach,
'S gach fear agaibh uaill air,
'S cinnteach as ar duais sibh
Ged tha 'n uair-sa searbh dhuibh.
Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

'Illean gasda. dìleas,
Cumaibh suas ar n-inntinn
Gus an dean sibh pilltinn
Do gach tìr o'n d'fhalbh sibh.
Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

'S nuair a ni sibh pilltinn,
Sona bhios an linn so;
'S gu brath bith air chuimhne
Ur n-iobairt gu dearbha.
Dh' fhalbh na gillean, &c.

Mor Nic Amhlaidh.
Toronto, Canada.

AN T-AMADAN AGUS AN "RUDEIGIN."

Bha bantrach ann aon uair aig nach robh ach aon mac agus bha e 'na amadan. Chuir a mhathair e aon uair a chun na féille a reic mairt. Thubhairt i ris an uair a dh' falbh e: "Cha tachair riut air an fhéill ach muinntir onarach agus tha mi an dòchas gu 'n reic thu i agus gu 'm faigh thu a luach; na tigeadh i dachaidh a ris ma gheibh thu rudeigin 'sam bith air a son."

Dh'fhalbh esan leis a' mhairt. Ràinig e an fhéill. Ach nuair a dh' fheòraicheadh gin 'sam bith dheth-san gu dé bha e ag iarraidh air a' mhairt, fhreagradh esan, "Tha mi ag iarraidh 'Rudeigin' air a son." Dh' fhàs a' mhuinntir sgith, de 'n fhreagairt so, agus mu dheireadh cha robh iad a' gabhail feirt 'sam bith deth. Ach mu dheireadh thàinig bodach an sin agus air dha foighneachd pris na mairt thuirt e an aon fhreagart "Rudeigin." 'Cum mach do làmh ars am bodach agus bheir mise rudeigin dhuit." Rinn an t-amadan so, agus nuair rinn, thilg am bodach smugaid 'na bhois. "Sin rudeigin dhuit" ars esan; thoir dòmhsa a mhairt." Dhùin an t-amadan a dhòrn air an smugaid agus thug e seachad a' bhò. Dh'fhalbh e nis dhachaidh gu mhàthair le "pris" na mairt 'na dhòrn. Bha aige ri dhol troimh abhainn agus an uair a bha e mu'n mheadhon thuit e, agus chaidh an "Rudeigin" bha cho prisell air chall. Thòisich e nis air sireadh a null agus a nall air son an "Rudeigin." Nuair a bha e gu dian a' deanamh so, có thàinig ach ceannaiche siùbhla agus dh'fhoighnich e de 'n amadan gu dé a chaill e. "Chaill mi rudeigin" fhreagair e. Thòisich nis an ceannaiche air sireadh, agus an uair a bha e deanamh so thuit e 'san abhainn "Fhuair mise rudeigin co-dhiù, ars an ceannaiche."

"Thoir dòmhsa mo "Rudeigin," "ars an tamadan ach cha do thuig an ceannaich gu dé bha an so bho nach robh fhios aige nach e rud na bu luachmhoire a rinn a t-amadan a chall agus 's ann a rinn e gàire. Ach bha an t-amadan cho cinnteach gu'n d'fhuair an ceannaich an "Rudeigin" gu'n d'thug e thairis bhi sireadh, agus ghabh e greim dhe'n cheannaiche, agus cha leigeadh e as e gus am faigheadh e an "Rudeigin." Cha robh e an comas a' cheannaich so a dheanamh. Ghabh an t-amadan fearg agus mharbh e an ceannaiche agus thilg e ann am poll e. Chaidh e nise dachaidh agus dh' innis e da mhàthair gach ni mar thachair. Nis bha fios glé mhaith aig a' mhàthair nach ceileadh am mac focal de na dh' innis e dith féin, agus gu'n cluinneadh am maor e agus gu'n rachadh a mac a chur gu bàs. Fhuair i àm, agus dh'fhalbh agus thug i an corp as a' pholl agus dh' adhlaic i e ann an àite fàsail. Chaidh i nis agus thug i leatha boc-goibhre a bhàsaich, agus thilg i anns a' pholl 'san robh corp a cheannaiche. Cha robh an uine fad as déidh so nuair chaidh fuaim an leud gu'n do mharbh an t-amadan ceannaich siùbhla. Thàinig an sgeul gu cluasan maoir an àite agus bho 'n gu'n robh fios gu 'n deach ceannaiche fhaicinn là na féille agus nach deach fhaicinn tuilleadh, chruinnich am maor sluagh an àite agus an t-amadan còmhla riu. "Nis," thubhairt am maor ris an amadan "tha e air iomradh gu'm bheil thusa ag ràdh gu 'n do mharbh thu ceannaich agus gu'n do thilg thu anns an abhainn e." Theid thu nis am maille rinn agus chi thu duinn c'àit am bheil a chorp. Dh'fhalbh an tamadan gu innsinneach sùrdail, chun a' phuill anns an do thilg e an ceannaich; leum e sios do 'n pholl agus thòisich e air sireadh. Mu dheireadh thòisich e air slaodadh ni air choireigin. Sheas gach duine 'na chlosda, agus an aodannan air fàs geal le geilt. Mu dheireadh thog an t-amadan am boc goibhre air adhaircean agus ghlaodh e mach, "Sin agaibh e; ach dh' fhàs adhaircean air bho 'n a chuir mis an so e." Dh'fhalbh gach neach dachaidh agus am maor air an ceann, agus iad uile a' còrdadh anns an smuain: "Gu'm b'e dìomhanas a bha'nn a bhi a' toirt feirt air briathran amadain."

SEUMAS M. ROSS.

CALUM SEOLADAIR.

Bha aon uair a chòmhnuidh an Eilean a' Cheò, duine da 'm b' ainm Calum Seòladair. B' àbhaist do Chalum a bhi dol air turuis fhada a nunn thairis. Bha e aon uair air turus bho na h-Innsean an Iar gu Grianaig, air luing mhoir sheòlaidh da 'm b' ainm an "El Dorado." Bha a h-uile ni a' dol air adhart gu math ri car ùine gus na bhuail galar-marbhtach a h-uile duine de'n sgioba ach Calum fhèin. An ceann là no dhà chaochail iad fear mu seach, gus an robh Calum air fhàgail 'na aonar measg chorp a chompanaich. An déidh sin cha robh aig Calum truagh ach deanamh air a shon fhéin mar a b'fhèarr a b' urrainn dha. Nuair a thilg e na cuirp thairis air taobh na luinge, bha e an tubaist ro mhóir am meadhon cuain fhada, fharsainn.

Cha robh e fada mar so, nuair a thug e an aire do dhuine sgoinneil, fallain, a' tighinn a nuas bho gu h-iosal. Chuir so gu nàdurra ioghnadh air Calum bochd; agus bha an còrr ioghnaidh air nuair a thuirt an coigreach ris. "Ma bheir thu thu fhéin thairis dhòmhsa bheir mise do bhàta sabhailte gu tir."

Thug Calum sùil gheur air a' choigreach, agus bu mhór uamhas nuair a chunnaic e an àite casan, ladhran cruaidh, cruinn eich. Fhreagair Calum agus thubhairt e, "Ma ta, 'ille chòir, 's e mo dhùrachd sin a dheanamh, ma ghealltas tu fhéin dhòmhsa, a laochain, a h-uile ni a dh' òrduchais mi ort a dheanamh."

Is maith a bha Calum a' tuigsinn có fear nan ladhran. Air an aobhar sin thug am fear mosach an gealltanas da. An déidh so bha cùisean a' dol air adhart iongantach math le gaoith fhàbharaich agus aimsir mhaith, gus mu dheireadh gu'n robh iad a' teannadh dlùth air cala.

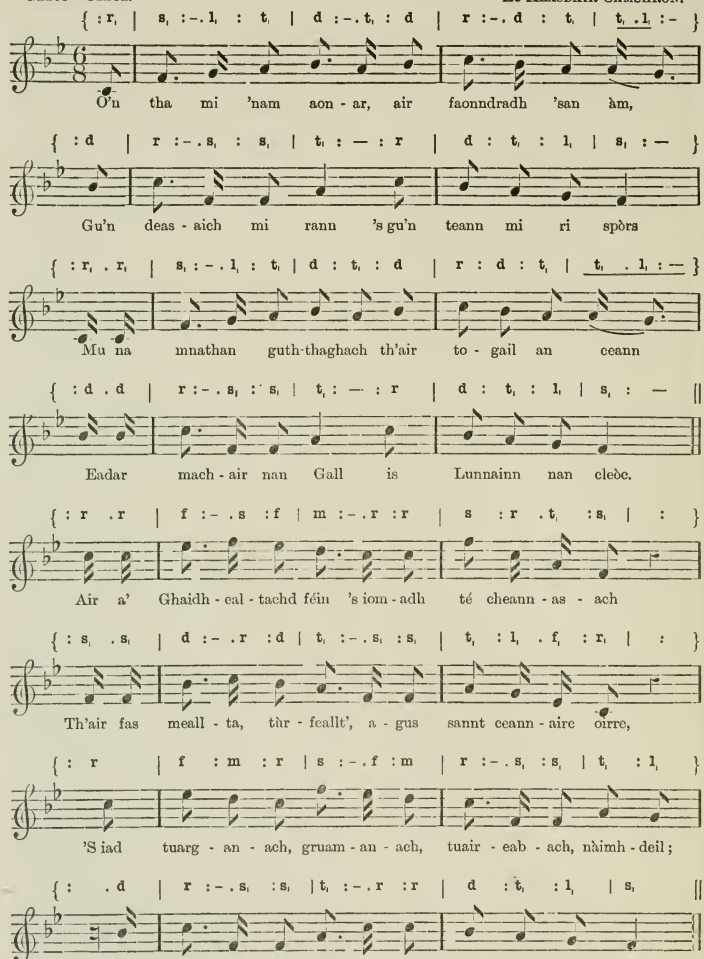
Cha do dhi-chuimhnich Calum a ghealltanas; agus là de na làithean, ars esan ri chompanach: "Smiar le ola agus im dhòmhsa slabhraidh na h-acair, gus nach cum an donas fhein greim oirre. Nis," ars Calum, agus e fàs dàn, nuair a chunnaic e fearann an sealladh, "Leig am mach an t-acair."

Rinn an donas so gu sgiobalta, agus e ann an dòchas mór; ach nuair shaoil le Calum gu'n robh an t-acair mu letheach am mach, "Cum air ais nis i," ars esan. So cha b' urrainn do 'n donas a dheanamh, aig a cheart àm a' toirt sùl cholgaich air Calum.

"Nis bho nach urrainn duit an ni a dh'iarr mise ort, a choimhlionadh," arsa Calum ris an donas, "cha toir mise mi fhéin suas dhut. Aig a cheart àm dh' fhalbh an donas as an tsealladh a' fàgail Calum 'na aonar a ris. Ràinig Calum Eilean a' cheò aon uair eile, am measg a chàirdean, agus a luchd-dùthcha; agus chuir e feasgar a bheatha seachad ann an sith agus sàmhchair

Niall Mac Gillìeathain.

NA MNATHAN GUTH-THAGHACH.

GLEUS B MAOL. — LE ALASDAIR CAMSHRON.

O'n tha mi 'nam aon - ar, air faonndradh 'san àm,
Gu'n deas - aich mi rann 's gu'n teann mi ri spòrs
Mu na mnathan guth-thaghach th'air to - gail an ceann
Eadar mach - air nan Gall is Lunnainn nan cleòc.
Air a' Ghaidh - eal - tachd féin 's iom - adh té cheann - as - ach
Th'air fas meall - ta, tùr - feallt', a - gus sannt ceann - airc oirre,
'S iad tuarg - an - ach, gruam - an - ach, tuair - eab - ach, nàimh - deil;
Gu'n chaill iad am bainnd - eachd, 's cha d' rinn iad a' chòir.

Nuair chruthaicheadh Adhamh an Gàradh nan geug
Cha robh aig ann creutair, chumadh ris còir;
Ach rinn Freasdal gu tròcaireach, còmhnadh da réir,
Nuair chunnaic e féin i, 's e bh'air a dhòigh;
Ach bha miann cho ro dhian, air biadh annasach,
Chreid i nàmh, shin i làmh, bhris i 'n aithn' bheannuichte;
Ghabh i, is dh' ith i, is thug i d'a céile,
'S duilich an sgeula: dh'eug iad air dhòigh.

Gach bean a tha subhailceach, 's nighean tha beusach,
'Cleachdadh an reusain, mar a bu chòir,
A' deanamh na dh' fhaodas, chum daoine thoirt spéis daibh,
Is cuimhn' aca fhèin air an t-olc thug iad òirnn,
Ann an ciall tha iad fial, 's ann an gnìomh acarach,
Deanamh suas gach diom-buaidh agus truaighe thachras duinn;
Toirt misnich do 'n fheumach, 's r'ar creuchdan cur plàsdan,
Le grinneas an làmh, 's le mànran am beòil.

Ach na h-òinseachan diblidh tha siordheanamh spàirn'
'S iad ag éigheachd 's gach àit': "Guthtaghaidh d'ar seòrs',"
Ma ni iad riut tachairt air faiche no sràid,
Mur cuir thu orr' fàilt', 's ann gheibh thu an dòrn;
A' falbh le ùird ann an sgùird agus rùn conais orra,
Iad aig nàmhaid air làimh agus blàth mallaicht orra.
'Briseadh 's a reubadh le déine gun chiall
Gach teud agus rian chaidh a dheanamh gu seòlt.

Thuirt Coinneach Odhar fiosaich' gu'n tigeadh an là,
'S gu 'm faiceadh an t-àl bha tighinn fadheòidh
An tir a' cur thairis le boirionnaich dhàna,
Chailleadh an naire: nis thàinig so òirnn.
Cuid dhiubh 'm prìosain gu diblidh 's iad sgìth, acrasach,
Dol á rian, call am miadh, cha leig biadh faisg orra,
'S ann dh' fheumas na léighean mu 'n teid iad a dhìth,
Bhi cur brochain le pìoban steach troimh am bèoil.

Cha chreidear aon lide a thig as am beul,
Oir 's annsa leo 'bhreug a labhairt na chòir;
Toirt rabhaidh gu minic mu thein' anns gach ceum,
'S nuair a thig fir 'nan leum, iad a' deanamh dhiubh spórs;
Iad gun tùr, builcach dùr, cha 'n eil rùn ceart annta,
Dh' fhalbh am mùirn mar ri 'n clù, cha 'n eil diù chleachdail dhaibh;
Iad an dùil le droch ghniomhan gu'n deanar riu bàigh,
'S ma chi iad fear-stàt bidh 'n cuip air a shròin.

Tha nis gach bùth-litrichean bichiont' fo gheàrd,
Air eagal a' ghràisg so thighinn 'nan còir
A losgadh 's a mhilleadh gach litir is paipeir,
'S innleachdan aingidh aca 'nan sgòid;
Iad 'nan dùin anns gach cùil, agus sùil ghuineach annta;
Ma gheibh dlùth té air bùth cluinnear smùid uinneagan;
Iad a' toilltinn am brangus chur teann ann an gial;
Mar sin 's a' ghlas-mheur bhi 'ga teannadh 'nan còir.

Ach, illean, tha òg, thugaibh dhòmhsa bhur cluas;
Na cuiribh snaim-cruaidh ri aon de 'n an t-seòrs';
Ge do dheanadh té caochladh cha 'n fhaod e bhi buan,
'S cha bhi sibh ach truagh 'nan comunn ri 'r beò;
Cha 'n eil annt' ach an sgùm; cha 'n eil fiù ballaisd annt';
Mar fhros cluarain air fhuadach gu luath cabhagach;
Gun tàmh is gun fhois, e gun chlos dol mu 'n cuairt;
'S mur gramaich e 'm bruaich cha dual d'a bhi beò.

Ach 's léir do gach glic-fhear, mur tig iad fo chis,
Gu'n cuir iad an rìoghachd tur dheth a seòl;
Cha 'n fhaodar so fhulang, 's tha cunnart darìreadh
Ann a bhi mìn riutha tuillidh 's a chòir;
Iad an dùil, le 'n droch rùn, gu'n toir ùin furtachd dhaibh;
Gu'm fàsar sgìth de gach innleachd 's mibhuileachadh;
Bha beagan de dhaoine 'toirt taobh do 'n an aobhar;
A nis chuir na baobhan an cas troimh 'na bhròig.

Gu'n do mhill iad a' mhais aig an aitreabh bha grinn,
Bha againn air chionn an t-suinn Loid Deòrs,
A' losgadh 's a' bhriseadh le peileirean-b'oighdeach,
Fùdar is coinnlean suidhichte seòlt;
Na 'n robh 'n gnìomh reir am miann rachadh crioch buileach air;
Na 'n do sgealb am fear-garg, cha d'rinn spealg fuireach dheth;
Ach Am Freasdal tha caomhail ruinn, shaor as an làimh e,
'S cumaidh e bhàn iad dh'aindheoin am bòsd.

C'àit an cualas 'san t-saoghal na's baoghalta rian
Na boirionnaich liath is caileagan òg,
A bhi 'g iarraidh 'sa phrìosan 's gu'm bi iad am miagh,
'S iad ag innseadh 'n droch ghniomh a rinn iad le pròis?
Cha 'n eil feum anns an t-sreup, chi iad féin uile so,
'S mur a géill iad gu'm feumar gach té chumanadh:
Litrichean soilleir chur orr' 's an trom ùnlagh;
'Sin thig iad gu ùmhlachd is fasaidh iad stòld.

MAR BHUIDHNEADH CAISTEAL AN RUBHA MHAOIL.

LE IAIN MAC CORMAIG.

Caib I.

"Ma 's fior an ràdh, Eachainn—agus tha eagal orm gur fior—cha'n eil do sheilbh air oighreachd an Rubha Mhaoil ach air cloich an turramain. Ciod e nis a tha thu smaointinn air a dheanamh? No am bheil thu smaointinn air gnìomh 'sam bith a chur an céill? Ma thiomnadaidhean cùisean am mach mar a dh' fhaodas fuighair a bhi agad, cha bhi ann ach coiseachd a mach a'treibh an Rubha Mhaoil gu maol marbh, simplidh. Ciod e tha thu 'g ràdh ris? Bruidhinn. Cluinneam t' innleachd."

"Na biodh tusa fo chùram 'sam bith, Una, gu'm bheil mis' a'm chadal air a' chùis, no a' siubhal an t-saoghail 's mo dha shùil dùinte. O 'n fhuair thusa 'n mise gu socrach air na sparran an caisteal mór m' athraichean, saoil am bheil sinn cho socharach 's gu'n leigeamaid ar nead a chreachadh, an cuachan a sgapadh, 's na sparran féin a thoirt gu talamh gun làmh no cas a ghluasad. Cha b' e deanamh a' ghnothuich e. Is ihusa greim a chall na fhaotainn; 's an greim a fhuair sinne leanaidh sinn ris am fad 's a ni alt no innleachd a ghleidheadh dhuinn.

Cha chreid mise nach miannaich Baile-nambó saor as a ghrunnd fhad 's is beó e, an Doctair Bàn còir gu cnap-starra sam bith a dh' fhaodas tionndaidh suas, a chur as an rathad. Theid an tairgse a chur mu choinnimh, agus creid thusa gu'n leum e rithe mar a leumas breac ri cuileig air feasgar trom Samhraidh."

"Feumar rudeiginn a dheanamh. Cha bhi nead an adharcain ach fuar an déidh maise is uaibhreachd nead na h-iolarach fior-eun nan speur air fad. Có gheibheadh coire do neach ged a bhriseadh e na meanglain an àm dìreadh na craoibhe a ruigheachd air a' mheas àlu'nn a tha cinntinn 'na bàrr, agus eadhon a chaitas an gréin an abachaidh 'ga shior-bhualreadh."

Sin mar a labhair Baintighearn an Rubha Mhaoil, 's i 'na suidhe taobh an teine mu choinnimh a fir, agus solus fann na coinnle a' gliostradh air gach sgéith 's uchd-bheirt is claidheamh mór a bha an crochadh ri ballachan an t-seomair mhóir, far an robh mar an ceudna cruth-dhealbh iomadh glùin de na gaisgich a bha an seilbh a' chaisteil, a' sealltainn a nuas air a' chàraid cho nàdurra 's gu'n saoilteadh gu'n robh iad beó. B'iad cinn-fheadhna fhoghainteach, smachdail, cholgarra bha 'm muinntir an Rubha. Fad iomadh linn air a s air an àm air an innsteadh an sgeul so choisinn iad ainm agus clù air raon dearg a' chath, is cha b' e fear glic a thogadh tuasaid riutha, na 'm b' e 's gu'n feumteadh claidheamh a thomhas ri claidheamh, no beum-sgéithe a bhualadh an astar eisdeachd a dh' fhear calma an Rubha.

Bha raointean glasa an Rubha fada, farsuinn, agus nuair a thigeadh àm an fheum chriosiaicheadh sè ceud gaisgeach a chlaidheamh mor air a leis, nuair a rachadh a' chrann-tàrraidh bho chlachan gu clachan, no nuair dh' innseadh gach binncan beinne a b' àirde le teangan dearga teine gu'n robh tcaruinteachd Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil an cunnart, 's gu'n robh cliù-cogaidh a' chinnidh r'a ghleidheadh le faobhar na stàilinn no le peilear glas na slisnich. B' fhada bho chéile cuid de na chruinnicheadh air gairm a' chinnfheadhna cholgarra; oir bha astar latha fada samhraidh eadar dà chluais na h-oighreachd, agus bhualeadh miltean tonn aig a n àm air a' chladach rubhach, bàghach. Bha nàdur féin a' buileachadh gach seòrsa saibhris air oighreachd an Rubha Mhaoil. Gheibhteadh am fiadh cabrach 'na frithean, is b' ann 'nan ceudan a chùnteadh am feachd a thionndaidh am mach ri beinn 's ri sliabh an àm na faghaid. Chluinnteadh gleadhar cruaidh a' choilich agus gogan togarrach na circe moch is anamoch, is bhiodh breac is bradan a' gearradh shùrdag an déidh na cuileig air abhainn 's air loch. Cha d' éirich a' ghrian air maduinn, is cha do luigh 'san oidhche air sealladh bu bhrèagha le obair nàduir na air an t-sealladh a bha mu'n cuairt lùchairt a' chinn-fheadhna so, nuair bhiodh gach preas is enoc is raon air an nochdadh 'sa chruth a b' fheàrr le gréin an fheasgair shamhraidh, agus na faileasan troma dubha a' daingneachadh nan gleann 's nan glac. Bha 'n lùchairt mhór anns an do rugadh 's an do chinn iomadh ceann-feadhna foinnidh air a stobadh gu daingeann air sròin an Rubha, air an robh an oighreachd air a h-ainmeachadh, far am biodh gu tric sioban geal na fairge air a sgiùrsadh le gacitthean doineannach a' gheamhraidh a' taomadh nam frasan troma air a cheann turaidcach, binneanach, sgleatach, 's an làn-cheathairne a' gabhail fasgaidh fo dhion-bhalla, far an robh na gunnachan móra mar mhiol-choin a' cur an sròinean a nach air gach fròig. Cha robh ach an aon taobh air an gabhadh Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil toirt a mach. Is ann le feachd làidir a ghabhadh e toirt gu làimh air an taobh sin féin; oir nuair a chuireadh grunnan beag de 'n làn-cheathairne an dromannan ri balla, chuireadh iad cùl air na ceudan. Air taobh na mara dheth bu chunnartach aghaidh a thoirt air, ged is tric, nuair bhiodh na siontan fàbharach agus duirche na h-oidhche a' cur dìon air an nàmh, a chaidh oidhirp ghleusda a thoirt air an ailbhinn sgorach a dhireadh, far am bu lugha air an leigeadh am faraire geur shuileach, furachail amharus. Ach thigeadh frasan troma de shonna-chlachan bho na ballachan gu h-àrd, agus anns a' chuan gu h-iosal, nam mile crìomaig gheibheadh na séisdearan tapaidh leabaidh. Is iomadh Lochlainneach a dhìrich na stallachan ud agus a theirinn iad gu grad 'nam piosan; agus 's iomadh cinneadh treun 'sa Ghaidhealtachd a fhuair tanachadh goirt aig iomadh àm, measg nan sgorran oillteil a tha mar fhrioghain gràineig a' cur dìon air Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil.

Bheir an dealbh so air oighreachd eireachdail an Rubha Mhaoil oirnn a thuigsinn nach robh ionghnadh ged a bhiodh a' bhaintighearn fo mhór chùram mu'n robh greim seasmhach aice air an dachaidh ud agus air suidheachan cho àluinn is a chuireadh uabhar an cridhe neach 'sam bith a bhiodh an seilbh oighreachd is aitribh cho ceutach. Is iomadh neach 'san àm a bh' ann nach obadh air coiseachd troimh fhuil dh' ionnsuidh sealbhachadh a leithid de shuidheachadh mòra'l am measg an t-sluaigh.

Caib II.

Cha robh ach dà mhac aig ceann triath an Rubha Mhaoil: Cailean agus Eachann. B'e Cailean a b' oighre, agus air bàs athar b'e Fear an Rubha. Thug e bean àluinn dachaidh mar mhnaoi, ach mo thruaighe! tri miosan an déidh a' phòsaidh, agus na bu lugha na dà bhliadhna an déidh bàs athar, mharbhadh le

tuiteamas e aig faghaid nam fiadh am measg nam beann glasa, far an cuir grian an t-samhraidh fàilte air sneachd a' gheamhraidh, is far an ceil fear na cròice e féin fad bhliadhnachan a dh'aindeoin gleusdachd an t-sealgair agus feabhas sealladh a shùl.

B'e Eachann bu tànaiste, agus a róir an lagha thàinig e air an oighreachd an déidh bàs a bhràthar. Chaidh bean òg Chailein am mach á Caisteal an Rubha le cridhe trom, trom a chur seachad a làithean am fàrdaich na banntraich, agus thàinig Eachann 's a bhean uaibhreach, ard-cheannach, chruaidh-chridheach a steach a shuidheadh air cathair oighreachd an Rubha.

Bha eadar-dhealachadh mór anns an dà mhnaoi. Bha a' bhanntrach òg de theaghlach uasal, measail, agus i féin ciùin. sàmhach, blàth-chridheach. Rachadh i feadh an Tuath is shuidheadh i gu simplidh, banail, suairce air cathair bhig shlataig anns a' bhothan bheag, dhubh a bh'aig a' chaillich bu bhochdainne bh'air an oighreachd. Bhruidhneadh i riutha an cainnt bhlàith, sheirceil agus bheireadh i comhfhurtachd dhaibh le briathran a beòil is le tabhartas a laimhe aig an aon àm. Bha bean Eachainn air an laimh eile morail, cruaidh-chridheach, rag-mhuinealach, sanntach, a shealladh air dara taobh an rathaid nuair bhiodh a h-aon de 'n Tuath dol seachad air an taobh eile, agus a dhùraíceadh gun teine bhi air a thogail air a' chirb de'n oighreachd bho 'm biodh a' ghaoth a' séideadh dh'ionnsuidh a' chaisteil, seach toit na mòna a bhi ruigheachd a pòran rioghail air sgiathan gaoithe a thug a' cheud taghal maidne air bothaig an iochdarain a roghainn air lùchairt an uachdarain. Cha b' fhigh 's cha b' fhiù gu'm biodh bothag an sealladh Caisteal an Rubha: agus 's ann a rinn i fàsach de na bha mu mhile no dhà d'a lùchairt mhóir, mhùirnich far an tionndaidh am mach ceud làn-cheathairne aig àm 'sam bith, a là no dh'oidhche, a chluinnteadh buille air cop no srann air adhairc g'an gairm gu spealt-chleas ri nàmh; no eadhon g'an altachadh air raon. air son lùth-chleas nan arm geura a chumail an cleachdadh.

Ach bha 'àmhghairean féin comh-cheangailte ri suidheachadh àrd na mòralachd, agus ged bu chinnteach as an greim ribhinn dhubh Lathurna agus a fear, an là ghabh iad seilbh anns an Rubha, dh'èirich rudeiginn am mach a bha cur soillearachadh air cho sleamhainn 's a bha 'n leac a bha eadhon an dorus Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil.

Is annamh a chaidh riamh còmhla càraid a bha cho cruaidh-chridheach féineil ris a' chàraid so a choisicheadh dh' ionnsuidh cathair an uabhair, ciod air bith ciod e cho salach 's a bha an t-slighe. Cha robh bruaillean nan siontan am muigh na bu mhotha na 'm bruaillean a bha 'n aodainn Fear agus Bean an Rubha air an oidhche air an d'fhosgladh an sgeul so.

Thàinig teachdaireachd chinnteach g'an ionnsuidh gu'n robh e coltach gu'm biodh a' bhanntrach òg 'na màthair mu'n tigeadh an t-Earrach gu cheann. Na'm bu leanabh-gille e bhiodh oighre dligheach air an Rubha, agus bu sheirbhe an greim an àm dealachadh ris na a mhìlsead an àm fhaotainn. Is ann air an so a bhuail a' bhaintighearn nuair thuirt i; "Ma's fìor an ràdh, Eachainn, cha'n eil do ghreim air oighreachd an Rubha Mhaoil ach air cloich an turramain. . . Am bheil thu smaointinn air gnìomh 'sam bith a chur an céill?"

Bu mhath a rug Fear an Rubha air ciall nam facal, agus bu deas e dhol 'na uigheam a chur a' ghnìomh an céill na 'm b' fheudar e.

Am muigh, air an oidhche so an deireadh an fhoghair bha ghaoth an iar a' ràsaich an coilltean loma. Bha i sgiùrsadh nan tonn a steach am bàgh gus an robh iad mar choin sgorr-fhiaclach a' leum ris an eidhinn a bha comh-dhualadh na stalla mòire air an do leag na seann laoich a bh'ann bho chian bunaiteán a' chaisteil. Bha 'm fair-oidhche a' sealltainn thar nam ballachan am measg na doininn, 's an làn-cheathairne gu seasgair 'gam braighleadh ri teintean gaireach nuair bha Fear agus Bean an Rubha Mhaoil a' deasbud na cùis a dh'éirich cho obann a mhaoidheadh orra.

"An Doctair Bàn!" ars a' bhaintighearn. "An rud a dh'fhàgas tu am méinn neach eile cha bhi e ach mu làimh. Ciod e thigeadh orsta—Fear an Rubha Mhaoil—a bheireadh iomradh air ainm crith air ceatharnaich ceud mile as, nach toireadh a steach do 'n Chaisteal i gus am biodh fios agad an robh na bheil air a giùlan a' dol g'ad chur an cunnart; 's na'm bitheadh gheibheadh i féin 's e fhéin leabaidh thàimh anns a' chruisle is ìsle an Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil, far nach cuireadh iad dragh air neach a choidhche."

"Is fèarr sith na circe na h-aimhreit, Una"; arsa Fear an Rubha. "Cha bu luaithe bhiodh Iseabal air a h-ionndrainn as a' bhaile na bhiodh a h-uile madadh fiaclach an Ceann-tàile a' togail cuilg air a mhuineil 's a' casadh fhiaclan puinnseanta. Bhiodh cobhair am bus 'ga h-iomain thar crìochan an Rubha mu 'm biodh iad féin mar mhìle dha. is iad air bheil gu aichmheil a thoirt am mach. Una 'is fèarr sith na circe na h-aimhreit' mar thubhairt mi. Nuair a dh'fhadas tu teine cha'n eil fios idir c'aite 'n giùlain a' ghaoth strideag a chuireas am fraoch 'na lasaig far nach bi e furasda a chur as."

"Dean thusa do thoil, ma tà; ach thoir an aire nach éirich argarrach a suas la éiginn a ghearras an grunnd bho d' chasan agus a dh'fhàgas 'nad leirist thu, agus mise leat, a chionn 's nach do rinn thu gabhail roimh làimh air a' chùis," ars ise, agus a dà shùil a' tionndadh 'na ceann. "Nach ann air Nighinn Dhughaill a thig an tàir nach d'thàinig air a h-aon d'a daoine, ma dh' fheumas i dol do 'n fheithich leatsa. Gabh mo chomhairle-sa, Chailein, agus seall romhad an dràsd. 's na bi ruith cunnairt gu'm feum thu sùil thruagh ghoirt a thoirt as do dhéidh lá is fhaide mach."

"Ho hó, Una!" ars esan, "gabhaibh mi dòigh anns nach leanar mo luirg. Ach ma ghabhas mi do dhòigh-sa bidh làrach mo cheum eadhon anns na creagan agus leanar mi. Gabhaidh sinn an dòigh bhalbh. shàmhach air a ghiùlan am mach le ughdarras fir-sgil. An eagair a dheanar le fear an ùghdarrais 's na sgil gabhaidh i còmhdach gu loinneil; ach deanadh neach eil e is tionndaidh an domhan air."

"Seadh; seadh, a Chailein;" ars ise, "tha thu geur-dhealbhach; ach cuir còmhdach mìn, bòidheach air an eagair agus tha i a' sealltainn deich mile uair na's moisa nuair gheibhear am mach i. Ach an uair a bheir am fear làidir a chuid bho 'n fhear lag gu follaiseach, 's a ghleidheas se e le faobhar a' chlaidhimh, 's ann a bhitheas an eagair air a cunntas 'na ghnìomh treun. Cha 'n eil ni fo làimh—ach ge b' e leis an cumhang, teicheadh, agus ge b'e có is laige, géilleadh. Dean thusa do roghainn; ach biodh iuchair an tighe 'sam bheil t'ionmhas 'nad phòca féin: Sin agad comhairle mnatha."

So mar a bha damhain-alluidh an Rubha Mhaoil a' dealbh nan lion anns an rachadh an sàs a' chuileag neoichiontach a bha 'na suidhe gu sàmhach ag altrum a mulaid an Tigh Bàn a' Ghlinn-uaine. Nuair bha a càirdean a'

deasbud na dòigh a' b' fhèarr air a ribeadh, bha ise 'na suidheadh 'na seòmar, 's a corragan mine a' ruith a nunn 's a nall air teudan na clàrsaich, agus iad a' toirt as a' chruit-chruim ciùil a bha comh-fhreagairt ris an eallach a leagadh air cridhe maoth, blàth o chionn ùine cho goirid. Bha a' ghaoth a bha tighinn 'na sughaichean troma troimh 'n ghleann 's a cur crith air an darach aosda, threun, an cliathach na beinne, no cur na calltuinn làidir ri talamh, a' nochdadh dhithse anfhannachd an duine. Ach bu bheag a bha fuaim na stoirme no gàir nan tonn a' drùdhadh air a chàraid chruaidh-chridhich, cheann-laidir a bha am fasgadh ballachan Caisteal an Rubha 's a bha an suidheachadh gu'n leumadh sè ceud claidheamh as an truaillean le aon fhacal beag beòil.

Bha 'n sud sìth is suairce na banntraich a' daingneachadh conais is duairce na càraid a bha 'n làmhan sanntach làn an Caisteal an Rubha, agus a bha 'g oibreachadh am mach innleachdan salach leis an gleidheadh iad le eucoir an rud nach d' fhuair iad le còir. Na'm b' e 's gu'n tionndaidh gach ni am mach mar a bha eagal orra, bha 'phainntear air a suidheachadh gu h-òrdail iomadh latha roimh an àm. Mur a tionndaidh, cha robh guth ri ràdh. Cha bhiodh an saoghal na bu ghlice na bha e; agus có dh'aithnicheadh gu'n robh innleachdan cho diomhair 'gan gleusadh a chum greim a ghleidheadh air Caisteal an Rubha le còir no eucoir.

Caib III.

Bha i air tighinn anamoch aon oidhche 'san deireadh Earraich, nuair a bha Màiri Mhòr, a' bhean-ghluine, 'na seasamh aig ceann Tigh Bàn a' Ghlinn-uaine. Bha 'n speur sgleotach dubh mar a bhitheas e an déidh taomadh uisge a dheanamh, agus coltas riaslach air na ncòil mar gu'm biodh na siontan a' strith ri cheile air son làmh-an-uachdair, 's a h-aon mu seach dhiubh a' faotainn a dhruim a chur ri talamh.

Bha Màiri ag èisdeachd ri fuaim nan tonn a' briseadh gu trom bog air an tràigh gu h-iosal far an robh an abhainn mhor, roibeil air sgaoileadh am mach agus a' bùraich an sligheannan ura leis na tuiltean a thaom cadar a bruachan bho mhulach nam beann.

"Tha fuaim an lionaidh aig a' bhoiseig air an tràigh, agus is dòcha gu'n cuir i seachad an seal sruth so co-dhiùbh gun atharrachadh 'sam bith"; arsa Màiri rithe fèin, 's i sealltainn mu'n cuairt air na cnocan móra, is solus na h-uinneige a' daingneachadh iargaltachd na h-oidhche.

Anns na smaointeanan a bh'aice chual i ceum cabhagach eich; agus air dhith sùil a thoirt mu'n cuairt an oisinn chunnaic i 'n Doctair Bàn a' leum as a dhiollaid.

"Có so eil' oirre? O, chiall an sibhse tha 'n so?" arsa Màiri, is ionghnadh oirre an Doctair fhaicinn far nach deach iarraidh.

"'S mi. Ciod e mar tha gnothuichean a' dol, a Mhàiri?"

"U, tha, rùin, ceart gu leòr fathast. Cha'n eil fiughair ri dad fad an t-sruth so oo-dhiùbh. An innis mi gu'n d'thàinig sibh?"

"O, ma thoilicheas tu féin. Chuir Fear an Rubha fios chugam tighinn agus a h-uile ni fhaicinn ceart—rud a bha glé bhàighcil da."

Bhuail rudeiginn an inntinn ghéir Màiri 'sa mhionaid, agus bha i air a h-earalas. Thuig i air dòigh eiginn ma chuir Fear an Rubha osan gu taobh leabaidh-shiùbhla banntrach a bhràthar nach b'ann g'a crùnadh, agus chuir i roimhpe bhi air taobh an fhuaraidh de'n doctair bhàn, ach gun dad a ghabhail oirre.

"Bidh sibh tràth gu leòr mu bhriseadh faire am màireach, ma tà. Tha gnothuichean a' dol air aghaidh gu coltach gasda; agus tha mi fuathasach buidheach sibh a thighinn an rathad. Am bi ùine agaibh suidhe?"

"U, bithidh," ars esan; "cha'n fhalbh mi tuilleadh gus am bi gach ni an dara taobh. Ach tha mi sgìth, 's mi gun chadal, is ni thu deas leabaidh dhomh, agus—" ars esan an guth beag, "ma's e 's gu'n tachair dad mu'n dùisg mi 's gur h-e leanabh-gille, no ciod e 'sam bith e bhios ann, thoir chugam do 'n t-seòmar e a chum 's gu'm faic mi e 's gu'm bi naidh-eachd mhath agam nuair a théid mi air m' ais do Chaisteal an Rubha: 's math leò a chluinntinn ciod e bhios ann."

"Ni mi sin;" arsa Màiri. Ciod e 'sam bith a bhitheas ann chì sibh e."

Chum Màiri aghaidh réidh oirre; ach 's math a bhreithnich i ceann-fàth turus an Doctair Bhàin. Dh' éirich gach ròin breac-liath 'na sheasamh air a ceann nuair a bha i 'g aithris nam facal: "*Ma's e leanabh-gille bhios ann*'. Ma's e ciod e tha dol a thachairt; dhòmhsa cha 'n eil aon chiall air na facail: '*Ma's e leanabh-gille bhios ann.*'" Thubhairt Màiri na facail so rithe féin a' dol do sheòmar na banntraich, far an robh na mnathan 'ga faire. Nuair chaidh i steach dh' aithnich iad air a sùilean lannrach gu'n robh fiamh air choireiginn oirre is sheall iad air a chéile.

"Nis." ars ise; "tha mise dol leum beag dachaidh, agus ge b'e air bith a thachras na fàgaibh an seòmar so gus an till mi."

Thilg Màiri a breacan m'a ceann, agus le h-aodach air a sgioblachadh gu glùinean, dh' fhalbh i. Bha tri mile de rathad uaigneach, tolgach roimhpe, agus an oidhche iargalta, nuagach; ach ged a bha, bha rud cudthromach r'a ghiùlan am mach, agus bheothaich an smuain sin a h-uilt agus a misneach. Sheas i 'san fhasgadh aig ceann an tighe, agus thug i sùil mu'n cuairt an cisinn mu'n do leum i steach am beul na h-oidhche. Chrom i a ceann agus chaidh i an aghaidh na h-oiteig a thàinig 'na sgriob dheirg bhàrr guala na Beinne Làine.

"MA 'S E LEANABH-GILLE BHIOS ANN" ars ise rithe fein a rithist, agus rinn i greim le fiaclan air a' bhreacan a bha 'n stoirm a' bagairt air a sguabadh bhàrr a cinn. Leumadh budagoo le sgreuch á lub anns a' ghleann dhorcha agus bheireadh a cridhe leum as; ach cha rachadh moille air a ceum. Taobh Locha Bá fhuair i fasgadh nam beann is dh' imich i gun sùil a thoirt c' àite 'n cuireadh i cas.

"MA 'S E LEANABH-GILLE BHIOS ANN" ars ise a rithist 's a rithist, 's i sealltainn rathad nam beur garbh, is neul dubh na stoirme mar dhrìùlaich air ceann gach fir. An dràsd 's a rithist thigeadh uinneag bhoillsgeach air an speur far an robh na reultan lonnrach le 'n dearrsadh frionasach a daingneachadh duibhre nan neul anns an robh na beanntan a' stobadh an ceann; agus gheibheadh i misneach, is luathaicheadh i a ceum. Bhàrr allt is bhoglaichean ghabh i roimhpe gu treun, agus cagartaich an loch, far an robh i a' faicinn nan oiteagan a' caradh a chéile 'san dorcha, mar thanasan bhirlinnean air an stiùradh le buidsichean, mar cheòl milis 'na cluasan. Chuir i an loch as a déidh is dh' fhosgail an gleann a chraos roimhpe.

"Seun Mhuire!" theireadh i le geillt nuair leumadh earb á tom 'san gabhadh é fasgadh an déidh do 'n t-sìon a chur 'na ruaig bho bheinn gu srath. Shìn i as gu gleusda ged bha sùil air gach taobh dhith le fiamh, is gach creag 's gach craobh air am b' eòlach i 'san là

a' gabhail cumadh bhòcan air an oidhche gbairbh so. Crioman roimhpe, a nis, bha a bothan féin, 'ga altrum gu coibhneil air lèanaig ghuirm am bun na beinne. Chitheadh i cheana geugan nan craobh sean a bha cumail dìon bho na siontan air, a' crathadh anns a' ghaoith, eadar i 's far an tigeadh fosgladh anns na neòil.

"*Ma's e leanabh-gille bhios ann*," thuirt i rithist, 's i teannachadh a fiaclan 's a dùirn 'sa bhreacan. Bha na fòidean a bha smàladh an teine an toll na luathainn, air gabhail 's an dràsd 's a rithist chitheadh i e gliostradh troimh 'n uinneig a thoirt misnich dhith.

"Ciod e so, a mhàthair?" arsa Mór a h-inghean 's i sealltainn a nall air a màthair.

"Nach eil gnothuichean gu math?"

"Cha'n eil cèarr ach na chuireas Sileag bheag ceart ma bhios feum oirre," arsa Màiri. "*Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann* thig air Nic Gille-bhrath bhig air a suaineadh am breacan nan Domhnullach, am meanglan ceart a chumail fo dhuillich air a' chraoibh Leathannaich, agus an t-oighre dhligheach air còrsan an Rubha Mhaoil."

"A shiol nan sonn a dh' fhalbh, ciod e tha 'n so?" arsa a cliamhuinn, 's e 'g èirigh 's a' crioslachadh air an fhéilidh.

An déidh do 'n naoidheig nach robh ach 'na ceithir làithean a dh' aois, am broilleach, fhaotainn, phaisg Màiri r'a h-uchd 'sa bhreacan i agus le a cliamhuinn 'na cuideachd thug i aghaidh air a' Ghleann Uaine.

"A bhrònag bheag bhiodach, nach ann ortsa dh' innsear an sgeul cliùiteach latheiginn, *ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann*," dh' abradh i 's i plùchadh an leanaibh r'a h-uchd. Bha a' ghaoth air toirt dheth, na neòil air bristeadh 's an speur ghlas rionnagach a' tighinn ris nuair thàinig iad air feur a' Ghlinn Uaine mu ghairm nan coileach. Thionndaidh iad guala na beinne agus an sin thàinig an Tigh Bàn ris. Rinn Màiri toileachadh nuair chunnaic i a bhig bheag soluis a' tighinn gu sriuchanach bòidheach troimh 'n choille chranntaidh, dhuibh, á seòmar na banntraich.

"Cha 'n eil ùos ciod e mar tha daoine an so," ars ise, 's i plubail roimhpe am measg eabair is lòin.

Cha robh ach aon rud 'na beachd agus chuir i roimhpe a h-uile mi-chomhfhurtachd fhulang air son a ghiùlan am mach. "*Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann*" ars ise nuair fhuair i am measg nan craobh a bha bristeadh na gaoithe air an Tigh Bhàn. "*Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann*," theid thusa, Shileag bheag a chur 'na àite, 's théid car mu thom a thoirt do luchd nan tratan dubha. *Ma's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann* chì iad uile e là is faide mach na an la an diugh."

Le 'n cuarain a plabartaich mu'n casan fliucha chaidh iad a steach gu fòilidh.

"Am bheil dad an so fathast?" arsa Màiri, 's i leigeil dhith a breacain 's a' toirt am follais na h-inghneig.

"Righ; a righ! ciod e tha 'n so?" arsa té de na mnathan.

"Tha'n so na bheil ann agus dean thusa deagh bhuil dhith. Cha 'n ann gun reuson a thug mi 'n turus clàbarach ud. *Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann* nithear a nis leanabh-nighinn dcth, is faodaidh a' chuthag laighe an nead na h-uiseige gus am bi eun na h-uiseige làidir gu leòr. Nighean dubh Lathurna. tuitidh i la éiginn 'san t-sloc a chladhaich i féin do chàch—*Ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann gu dearbh*."

Caib IV.

Mu'n d' thàinig an latha chaidh an dara taobh de bhanntraich Ghlinn Uaine air càraid —mac is nighean.

Mu'n robh a' mhaduinn ach glas chaidh Màiri Mhór, a' bhean-ghlùine do sheòmar an Doctair Bhàin leis a' chaileig.

"So a nis" ars ise. "Sin agaibh ribhinn òg Ghlinn Uaine. 'S math an sainnseal maidne i, Dhoctair, ged nach e h-athair a ni fiughair r'a teachd."

"Fior fhuil an Rubha Mhaoil! Cha 'n i mo shùil a ni coire dhuit, a chreutair. Ach is coltach do mhàilghean ri màilghean mnathan do dhaoine, ars an Doctair, 's e sliogadh a h-aodainn le bhois.

"Nach coltach ri seanmhair an Rubha i?" arsa Màiri. "Tha fuil bhòidheach Loch-abar an gruaidhean na té so—an fhuil ghrinn ghlan a bh' ann an seanmhair an Rubha 's a lion àileadh nam flùr 's a' ghiuthais air bruachan Loch-lòchaidh de 'n dearg-stuth fhallan a chuireadh rudha 'na leac, ris am biodh farmad aig mnathan uasal na tire an àm cuirm nam flath. Am faca sibh riamh na bu bhòidhche cneas na seanmhair na'n té so?"

"Cha robh iad ann r'a latha," ars an Doctair; ach b' fhèarr leam an diugh gur ann a thàinig thu chugam le h-aon a chumadh là-eiginn a suas ainm nan sonn air nach d' thugadh riamh bàrr, an coibhneas an àm na sith, am beus an talla nam flath, no an sgàirt an àm cluich nan arm dùbh-ghorm air blàr a' chath. 'S e sin naidheachd bu mhotha ris an deanadh Fear duineil an Rubha Mhaoil fiughair nuair a ruigeas mi e an ceartair."

Am beagan ùine leum an Doctor Bàn 'na dhiollaid is mharcaich e air falbh am beachd gu'n robh Baile-nam-bó saor as a' ghrunnd aige. Chaidh Màiri Mhór g'a fhaicinn air falbh, 's an uair a fhuair i cùl a chinn rithe 's e mach á astar éisdeachd mhaoidh i dòrn dhùinte ris ag ràdh: "Seadh; tha thu air falbh a dh' ealpadh a' mheanglain chèarr air bun-suidheachain socrach an Caisteal an Rubha Mhaoil; ach tha sibh fad air chùl ur naidheachd. Thàinig thu an so, a brathadair, a dh' ealpadh a' mheanglain cheàrr air bun-stoc craobh-ghineal an Rubha; ach shàbhail Màiri Mhór do shaothair duit. Biodh a' bhreug-gheug fo bhlàth air còrsaichean farsuinn an Rubha Mhaoil is gach aineol a' toirt cliù dhith; ach bidh oighre òg an Rubha a' snothadh 's a' fàs far an ceil croinn arda na doire e gus an tig an là anns an cuir e iarrtas air a chòir dhligheich féin. *Seadh*; *ma 's e leanabh-mic a bhios ann*! Ho, hó! Nach b' e 'm mealladh duit e. Ho, hó!"

Thill Màiri Mhór a steach, 's a falt liath ribeach a sios mu suilean, is tòic na h-aodann leis cho durachdach 's a leig i mach i féin ged nach robh duine 'ga h-éisdeachd.

"So, a nis, a Sheumais," ars ise; "faodaidh tu falbh dachaidh le Sileig bhig. Bha a' chùis cho fàbharach 's nach do ruig i leas seasamh an aite oighre dhlighich an Rubha, agus sionnach a' chùirn 'ga shealg mu'n do rugadh idir e."

"Mo bheannachd ort, a Mhàiri," arsa bean a' Ghlinne; cha 'n eil fhios ciod e mar a bha cùisean idir mur a bhi thus. 'S math a thuig thu ciod a bu cheann-aobhair do choibhneas cuideachd m' fhìr."

"Ho, hó!" arsa Màiri; "'s bòidheach. taitneach an ceòl air oidhche ghreannaich gheamhraidh crònan a' chait; ach 's e daonnan crònan da féin a bhios ann. Bu choma leam crònan nighinn duibh Lathurna. Agus tha mise cur gach aon agaibh aig am bheil sùilean is cluasan fo chroisibh 's fo gheasaibh gun iomradh bhi air oighre an Rubha Mhaoil gus an dean se e féin aithnichte le facbhar a' chlaidhimh la-eigina. An ceartair tha e gun leth nighinn duibh Lathurna na'n robh fios no fath aice ciod e tha garacail 'san Ghleann

Uaine. Bithibh cho balbh sud," 's i bualadh bonn a coise air an ùrlar chruaidh, " 's na cluinneadh caraid no coimheach gu'm bheil an glùn ceart de chraoibh ghineal an Rubha a' gnodhadh 'sa Ghleann Uaine, ged tha dùil aig an t-saoghal gu'n do sgudadh gu bràth bhàrr an stuic i."

Thug Màiri seachad an òraid, so, is tòic 'na h-aodann. Thionndaidh an té bha 'san leabaidh-shiùbhla air a cliathaich a shealltainn cirre. Leig na mnathan eile mùgan, 's iad uile tuirseinn cicd e bha 'n tarruing aig Màiri.

Caib V.

Air son tèaruinteachd chaidh Tèarlach òg a chur g'a altrum. B'i mhuim-altruim Màiri Mhór, bean-glùine sgileil na dùthcha. Chaidh an leanabh a thogail còmhla ri teaghlach a h-inghinne féin, 's cha robh fios no fàth aig neach eile 'san sgireachd air an innleachd ghleusda a bhatar a' giùlan am mach an diomhaireachd cho mór.

Chaidh bliadhnachan seachad. Dh' fhàs Tèarlach 'na phropanach gasda. Bha reidhlean farsuinn aige air son cluich is iomairt, 's cha robh neach a chitheadh e nach robh a' gabhail beachd air cho lùthach, sgairteil, meanmnach 's a bha an gille cruinn sgiobalta aig Seumas Bàn a' Ghlinne. Bho mhoch gu dubh bhiodh Tèarlach a' ruith 's a' leum am measg nan còrsaichean àluinn air am b' oighre dligheach e féin, a' sealg nan earb 's nan eun an coille 's am monadh le bhogha 's le shaighead, mar a bhiodh na fir a' deanamh. Aig bruaich na h-aibhne le shlataig chaorainn ag iasgach nam breac; am measg na coille a' cruinneachadh nam blàth; no gu h-aotrom, ceòlmhor, le fead 's le òran, a' rùrach nead 's ris gach ni eile ris an leig clann am mach iad féin nuair tha iad air an togail le saorsa an fhìor-eoin féin am measg nam beann 's nan gleann, bhiodh Tèarlach òg a' Ghlinne bho 'n a bha e cùig bliadhna dh' aois. Bha e 'na nàdur cho beothail, sporadail, aigeannach ri fiadh nam frith; 's an uair a chruinnicheadh e a choimpirean féin air réidhlean gorm g'an cur an òrdugh blàir, chaogadh Màiri a sùil ris a' chuideachd, is dh' abradh i: "Bu dual duit."

Fad na h-ùine bha muinntir an Rubha a' tighinn beò gu h-uaibhreach, mòrail, ag cruinneachadh nam flath a chum greadhnachais aig gach àm, 's gach uachdaran air an oighreachd a' toirt ùmhlachd gu làr daibh. Ach an coilltean 's air dailtean a' Ghlinne, le fheileadh beag luideagach a' cliobartaich mu ghlùinean 's e ruith 's a' leum am measg nam bruach fiùranach, bha gioball beag luth-chleasach a thigeadh là a b' fhaide mach a thagar a chòire le faobhar a' chlaidhimh.

" Gu dearbh, tha rud eiginn an aodann a' bhalaich os cionn a' chumanta. Ge b'e có bhios beò, chi e gu'm bheil aran cheana fuinte," theireadh iomadh h-aon aig am biodh sùil gheur agus breithneachadh math.

Thachair do mhuinntir a' Chaisteil tighinn latha an rathad tigh Màiri. Bha Tèarlach òg ag iasgach an sruthan a bha dol seachad ceann an tighe, agus tharruing coltas uaibhreach, àrdanach, glan-chnàmhach, beothail a' bhalaich aire nan uaislean air. am measg chàich air fad.

" S ann a tha 'm balach sin a' toirt a'm chuimhne laogh an fhéidh am measg a' chruidh, leis cho bras leumnach 's a tha e 'na ghiùlan 's 'na ghluasad. Agus miann sugh-chraobh air a ghruaidh dheis! A dhuine chridhe, nach fhad, nuair a bha mi 'm chaileig a thuirt ban-fhiosaiche rium a bhi 'm earalas air fear mór direach, àrd, ruadh, agus miann sugh-craobh air a ghruaidh dheis," arsa Bean an Rubha.

Cha d'rinn a' chuideachd ach gàire; ach arsa fear an Rubha féin; " Creideadh sibhse, ma gheibh am balach so saoghal, gu'n cluinnear mu euchdan a chuid airm agus ged a tha a chom air a chòmhdach le breacan trom nan Domhnullach, ge b'e 'sam bith co bhuaidh a thug se e, tha fuil leòmach nan Leathannach a' ruith 'na chuislean," ars fear an Rubha.

" Nach bu dual da," arsa Màiri;" có bhiodh cho fada 'sa Ghleann Uaine gun suaip a bhi aige ri Leathannach."

Cha d' fhàg sud a' chuideachd na bu ghlice na bha iad. Ach chuir briathran a' chinn-fheadhna Màiri 'na mothachadh. Riamh tuilleadh chaidh a chumail as an t-sealladh nuair thigeadh na h-uaislean an rathad. Bhuail iomaguin a mhathair, cuideachd, agus cha d' fhuair i socair gus an deach Tèarlach òg a chur fad na far-chluais as an rathad. Cha robhtar 'ga chunntas sàbhailte e bhi na b' fhaide aig an tigh. Bhatar cheana cur sual-aithne air. Bha fuil a dhaoine 'na chuislean, 's e fàs cho coltach riutha 'na chruth 's gu'n abairteadh gu tric gu'n saoilteadh gu'n robh a h-aon de na seann laoich bho 'n d'thàinig e air leum a nuas á fear de na dealbhan brèagha a bha 'n crochadh an Caisteal an Rubha, 's air tighinn beò rithist. Leis an sin chaidh Tèarlach a chur am falach. Nuair bha e mu cheithir bliadhna deug a dh' aois chaidh a chur a dh' Eirinn g'a ionnsuchadh an sgoil 's an cleas nan arm. Cha robh e fada an sin nuair a bhàsaich a mhàthair 's a dhiuthar. De na bha beo air an t-saoghal cha robh fios air eachdraidh Thèarlaich ach aig triùir. Cha robh eadhon fios aige féin có e. Ach bha fios aig Màiri Mhóir air agus aig a h-inghinn 's aig a cliamhuinn, oir bhàsaich cuideachd nam mnathan eile aig an robh an sgeul dhiomhair, agus thug iad leotha do 'n uaigh i paisgte 'nan uchd. Chaill Tèarlach eòlas air a dhùthaich, agus chaill a dhùthaich eòlas air. Fad bhliadhnachan cha robh iomradh air. Chaill Màiri a misneach. Bha i a' fàs sean, 's cha robh coltas gu'm faigheadh i a dùrachd: Tèarlach òg a bhi 'na dhlighich an àite athraichean. Seadh; chaill i misneach; ach cha do chaill i cuimhne air a dalta. Bha Tèarlach òg 'na beul a là 's a dh' oidhche. Na'n toireadh a mart breab an àm a bleoghainn b'e " Tearlach òg" a ghladhadh Màiri. Na'n toireadh an gearan leum thaoibh as, " A Thèarlaich Oig" sgreadadh ise. Ciod e 'sam bith a thigeadh oirre gun fhios b'e " Tèarlach Og" a theireadh i, is lasan 'na gruaidhean 's na sùilean gorma. B'e. Ach cha robh fios aig càch e' arson. Chaidh Tèarlach Og air di-chuimhne.

Caib VI.

Bha troimh-cheile air bristeadh am mach 'san àirce 'n iar. Bha cinn-fheadhna a' cruinneachadh an gaisgeach. Bha laoich 'gan éideadh 'nan sirm anns gach gleann. Bha ceannardan mileanta a' dol air ceann fiurain de ghillean glana foghainteach, is chluinn-teadh fuaim a' chruinneachaidh am measg nam beann glas, nuair a ghiùlaineadh an oiteag e bho ghleann gu gleann far am beothaicheadh an fhuaim a bha teachd mu'm bàsaicheadh an fhuaim a bha falbh; còmhla ri farum chas nam fear leadarra fo 'n arm-achd.

" A Thormoid," arsa Sean Mhàiri r'a h-ogha, nuair bha e leum 'na lùirich 's a'

fàgail an tighe air son na ceud uair a dheanamh euchd duine. "A Thormoid," ars ise, "'s e so do cheud falbh air an t-slighe air am b'eòlach t' athraichean, agus air son soirbheachadh a bhi 'd chois so agad an t-im gun iarraidh' leis a' ghreim a ghabhas thu mu 'm fàg thu do dhachaidh air an turus chuctromach so. Tha mi cheana cluinntinn fuaim na pioba gu h-iosal 'sa ghleann, 's tha òganaich threuna le ceuman farumach a' tighinn gach rathad far am bheil an ceòl, 'gan gairm, 'sa cheart dòigh 'sam faicear duilleach nan craobh air an luasgadh le's an ioma-ghaoith a' cruinneachadh do 'n chùil fhasgaich. 'S iomadh fear sgairteil nach till. Ach, a Thormoid, mu'n do bhlais an t-eun an t-uisge tha curracadh aig bun na craoibhe 'san do chaidil e 'n raoir chaidh mise, do sheanmhair, 'sa mhduinn an diugh air 'deuchainn' air do ghon 's air do shealbhaich-sa. Bha rath math ort. Tillidh tu; ach cha'n ann leat féin; agus dh' aithnich mi a chruth."

Bha Tormod 'na shuidhe gabhail greim am fad's a bha sheanmhair a' bruidhinn. Bha athair 's a mhathair ag éisdeachd.

"Tilleadh no na tilleadh, cha 'n e Tormod a bheir nàire do na daoine bho 'n d' thàinig e" ars e féin. "Cha till mi buille roimh 'n fhear is fèarr a' sheasas mu m' choinnimh."

"Ach ma thachras Tèarlach òg, oighre dligheach an Rubha Mhaoil ort, a rùin, biodh do chlaicheamh càirdeil ris," ars a sheanmhair.

"Och, och! agus och, och eile! Nach b' i 'n tarruing fhada thall i, mhàthair, "ars a h-inghean. "Cha'n eil fios co 'n cèarn de 'n t-saoghal 'sam bheil Tèarlach bochd an diugh idir, ma tha e air uachdar talmhanta."

"Tha e air uachdar talmhanta, agus tha e an camp Cholla Chiotaich am measg nan sonn a thug e á Eirinn," arsa Màiri. "Ma chi thusa, Thormoid, lasgaire àrd rudhach, deas-chasach, deas-lamhach, agus miann sugh-craobh air a ghruaidh dhèis cho bòidheach dath ris an dearg mheas a chunnaic 's a mhiannaich a mhàthair taobh na h-aibhne móire nuair a bha i 'ga ghiùlan, sin agad do chomh-dhalta, Tèarlach Òg an Rubha, agus dà shùil a sheanar a' sealltainn am mach á clar aodainn. Innis tu féin dà is innis e féin dà cuideachd; agus innis air cho meirgeach 's gu'm bheil glasan dhorsan Caisteal an Rubha: gu'n cuir claidheamh geur gorm an car ceart 's na h-iuchraichean, 's gu'n leum gach còmhla dharaich air a bannan iarainn a leigeadh a stigh oighre dhligheach a' mhùir."

Caib VII.

Dh' fhalbh Tormod agus ràinig e far an robh òganaich 'gan cur an òrdugh siubhail. Le pioban ribeineach a' liubhairt phort togarrach, is cas-cheum sgiobalta, le gluasad farasda farumach thog fuireann Ghlinn Uaine ris a' bhealach far an do chrath gach stùc air gach taobh an ceo-maidne bhàrr a ghualainn a shealltainn orra nios an gleann, 's na mnathan 's a chlann a' toirt 'ho ré' nan déidh. Dhirich na fir ghleusda ri uchd na màm far am pògadh grian an t-samhraidh sneachd a' gheamhraidh, 's gach beur mar ghocaman a' comharrachadh na slighe dhaibh.

An déidh astar dà latha chur as an déidh, thug iad am mach an ceann-uidhe far an robh na bha rompa 'gan cur an òrdugh blàir. Bha feadhainn 'sa chuideachd mhóir a fhuair roimhe blas air blàr; ach bha móran mar a bha Tormod féin a' dol a bhualadh beum-sgéithe air son na ceud uair, is bha iad so mar choin air lomhainn gu mear leumach a dhol an greim 'sa chath. Fhuair iad an dùrachd air gach taobh nuair a thàinig buidheann an aghaidh buidhne air Sliabh Ionbhar-lochaidh, mar thonnan caireach air fadhlainn chumh-aing. Fad air astar cluinnear eubh nan sàr os cionn sgread na stailinn air copan. Chaisg an grunnd tioram a phathadh am fuil nan laoch, agus bha cuarain a diosganaich air an làr fhliuch. Beag air bheag cha'dh air an taobh air an robh Tormod. Ceum air cheum chaidh iad an comhair an cùil gus an do sgaoil iad 'nam buidhnean ri aghaidh gach aonaich a' gabhail fasgaidh anns gach àit anns an d' fhàg beum sleibh a' gheamhraidh làrach.

Air gualainn na beinne 's am feasgar a' tuiteam chaidh a' bhuidheann 'san robh Tormod an còmhraig ri buidhinn de 'n nàmhaid, is thog iad cath goirt d'a chéile. Rinn Tormod sloistreadh le chlaidheamh mór agus ghèarr laoch mileanta de 'n nàmhaid g'a ionnsuidh. Thug iad greis a bha gailbheach; ach, mu dheireadh ghlaoidh Tormod, 's e air a ghlùin dheis: "Fois air do làimh, a Thèarlaich Oig! Cha b' e fear a dheoghail cioch mo mhàthar a bu chòir braon de m' fhuil a dhortadh. Fois air do làimh!

Stad am blàr. Leagadh gach claidheamh. Leig gach laoch a thaic ri creig a' suathadh an fhalluis bharr a bhathais. Bha Tormod is Tèarlach an seanchas a chéile, is sheall gach fear le ionghnadh troimh an dorcha bh' air tuitcam mu ghualinean nan stùc.

Dh' innis Tormod eachdraidh do Thèarlach. Ghabh Tèarlach a steach gach facal a thubh-airt Tormod.

"Théid thusa mu chùl de ghnothuich," arsa Tormod ris; "is cha 'n eil fear air an oighreachd nach bi 'na ursainn an dorus do chaisteil nuair chluinnear le cinnt có thu. Tha so seachad. Till a dh' Eirinn. Leig ris do chùis a dh' Iarla Anntruim, 's na fuaraich-eadh an talamh fo d' chasan gus am bi big aig ulaidean do bhirlinnean a' cur an seòl r'an croinn a thighinn air thurus àbhachdach a dh' Albainn."

"Ni mi sin ma leanas tusa mi cas air chalpa," arsa Tèarlach.

"Leanaidh cho dlùth 's a lean riamh an eidheann ris an darach; cha bhi dearmad an sin," arsa Tormod.

Caib VIII.

Bha Iarla Anntruim fàbharach do Thèarlach. Chunnaic e gu'n robh an uaisle 'na chuislean. Chunnaic e gu'm b' ann de stuic fhìor-ghlan na doir' e; is thug e cul-taic dha. Am beagan ùine thog trì birlinnean am mach bho chladach na h-Eireann is tri cheud gaisgeach air an clàir. Bha an aghaidh air Albainn, is cha b' fhada gus an do leig iad sios an acraichean am bàgh sàmhach cùlteach air cladach an Rubha Mhaoil.

Nuair thuit an oidhche chaidh Tormod is Tèarlach do 'n Ghleann Uaine a thogail brath.

"Bha mi direach a' gabhail fadail dibh," arsa sean Mhàiri, 's i feitheamh riutha aig ceann an tighe. "Chunnaic mi do thri bhirlinnean air an t-slighe mu'n d' éirich grian air a' Bheinn Ghlais an dé. Ur beatha air ur n-ais is buaidh is piseach ort, a Thèarlaich."

Rinneadh fiughair mhór riutha is chaidhear anns a' mhionaid a shònrachadh na h-irnleachd air an glacteadh an Caisteal. Bha a làn cheathairne treun agus lionmhor; a ghòcamain geur-shuileach agus furachail; agus a bhallachan turaideach, daingeann agus àrd. Cha b'e 'n càs faoin leis an sin, Caisteal an Rubha a thoirt am mach, far an caidleadh na bha fo dhion ann gu socrach ged a bhiodh an nàmh bu trèine a' bagairt air.

"'S beag cuid mo thri cheud cheathairne-sa de na bheil a' dìon mo chuid-sa do bhràthair m' athar, mur a cuir sinn innleachd an céill. Ciod e tha sibh ag radh, a dheagh bheanchomain," arsa Tèarlach.

"Innsidh mi sin duit, a dhalta chaoimh. Tha àm nan creach ann, agus có mu na criochan so nach eil a' cumail a shùilean 's a chluasan fosgailte air son Mhic Iain Ghìor. Cha 'n ann 'na chadal a dh' fheumas e bhi am fear nach toir Mac Iain Ghìor car-mu-thom dha; agus creid thusa mise, Thèarlaich, gu'n d' fhuair muinntir Caisteal an Rubha an leòir dheth cheana, agus gu'm bheil losgadh an corraige 'nan cuimhne. Ni thusa, ma tà, mar so. Cuiridh tu Tormod, m' ogha, air ceann buidhne bige. Leigidh iad an crodh am mach as a' bhuaile, agus leigidh iad na laoigh 'nam measg. Eadar geumnaich a' chruidh 's nan laogh 's iad fèin le 'n leusan boillsgeach air an ais 's air an aghaidh 's a' teicheadh 's a' glaodhaich gus am freagair mac-talla 'sna creagan is faide air falbh, ciod e ach gur e Mac Iain Ghìor a bhitheas ann; agus am mach 'na bhogha 'sna chlaidheamh bidh gach fear 'sa chaisteal. Sin a nis do chothrom-sa. Biodh do dhaoine agad deas faisg an làimh agus biodh iad a steach mu'n gann a chailleas tu fuaim an cas. Sin agad mo chuid-sa dheth. Dean féin an còrr"—arsa Màiri Mhór.

Air feasgar na h-ath oidhche rinneadh mar a dh'iarr Màiri. Nuair a thill an làn-cheathairne an déidh an treud a chur air dòigh fhuair iad an Caisteal an làmhan eile. Thug iad ionnsuidh is ionnsuidh air briseadh a steach, agus thuit mòran diubh. Bha Caisteal an Rubha air a thoirt am mach a réir a h-uile riaghailt cogaidh, agus cha robh aig an làn-cheathairne ach an airm a leagail.

Bha Fear agus Bean an Rubha Mhaoil 'nan cadal gu socrach am fad 's a bha 'n oighreachd mhór ag atharrachadh maighstir. An làn an cuid armachd chaidh Tèarlach is Tormod is triùir eile do sheòmar-cadail nan uaislean. Dh'éirich iad le chéile 'nan suidhe 'san leabaidh mar gu'm biodh iad am breislich, nuair chunnaic iad na fir cholgarra, is sgreuch a' bhaintighearna.

"Cluinneam ur n-ainm is ur sloinneadh, is ceann-fàth ur turuis, fheara;" arsa Eachann mór féin.

"Is mise, le 'r cead, Tèarlach Og a' Ghlinn Uaine, mac ar bràthar agus oighre dligheach Caisteal an Rubha," arsa Tèarlach.

"Cha chuala mi iomradh air fear t'ainm riamh roimhe," arsa bràthair athar.

"Cha chluinneadh sibh an dràsd e na bu mhotha na'n do rinn an Doctair Bàn mar a dh' iarr sibh air a dheanamh—'*na'm b'e leanabh-mic a bhiodh ann.*' Ach thug a' bhean-ghlùine an car asaibh le chéile, agus tha *an leanabh-mic* a nis an so air a dheagh chòir a thoirt am mach," arsa Tèarlach, a' bualadh a choise air an ùrlar.

"Nach fhada; nach fhada, Eachainn, bho 'n a thuirt bean-fhiosachd rium a bhi 'n earalas air fear agus miann sugh-craobh air a ghruaidh dheis," arsa Bhaintighearna gu tùrsach, trom. "Am bheil cuimhne agad, Eachainn, mar a thàinig na facail am chuimhne nuair chunnaic sinn am brogach sgaoimeach, sgiobalta ud a' ruith mu 'n cuairt tigh Màiri Mhóir. Nach beag a smaointich sinn có bh'ann, ged a chunnaic sinn gu'n robh iarann nan Leathannach na chruth 's na aogasg cho caithte 's ged dh' éireadh iad á Rollaig Odhrain an I Chalum-chille, no ged a leumadh iad a nuas as na dealbhan a tha 'n crochadh 'san t-seòmar ud shios. Cha 'n eil dealbh Mhurachaidh Mhóir, do shinn-sheanair na's coltaiche ris féin na tha e ris an òganach sin. Agus sin agad ciod a rinn an Doctair Bàn ort," arsa Bhaintighearna, 's i tarruing nam plaideachan mu'n cuairt oirre.

Bha 'n cheist a dh' éirich suas cho obann so-fhaicsinneach gu leòr. Thug an t-oighre dligheach a chinn gun fhios an còrsaichean a' Ghlinn Uaine am mach a chòir. Cha robh a null no nall air an sin, 's cha robh ach lùbadh leis an t-suidheachadh a bh' ann, searbh 's gu'n robh e.

Fhuair iad le chéile as mar nach b' olc. Rinn Tèarlach math an aghaidh an uilc, agus deagh dhleasnas mac bràthar. Shuidhich e brathairathar 's a bhean 'sa Ghleann Uaine fhad 's bu bheò iad agus bha e math dhaibh. Cha mhotha dhi-chuimhnich e Màiri Mhór no a teaghlach; ach chuimhnich e gu ro mhath iad, agus chuir e 'nan suidhe gu socrach, iad am Baile-nam-bó mar éiric air a shon féin, agus bhuilich e orra e gu bràth saor as a' ghrunnd mar a fhuair an Doctair Bàn roimhe e air son gealltainn gnìomh sònruichte a dheanamh na'm b'e *leanabh-mic* a thigeadh do 'n Ghleann Uaine. Thàinig sin ann, agus ged a b' fhada ghleidh tionnsgal Màiri Mhóir am falach e bu mhath a leig se e féin ris nuair a thàinig an t-àm.

Rinn Tearlach uachdaran is ceann cinnidh math 'san Rubha Mhaol, agus bu mhór 'ga chaoidh an latha dh' fhalbh na bha beò dhiùbhsan a thog claidheamh 'na aghaidh an oidhche a thug e mach Caisteal athraichean le innleachd cho glan. Bha iomadh fear treun 'san Rubha Mhaol; ach cha robh riamh leithid Thèarlaich Oig ann.

AN SAIGHDEAR LEODHASACH.

LE "LEÒDHASACH."

Cha'n eil móran de'n òigridh
Ann an Leòdhas nach d' fhalbh as;
Cuid an loingeas mór an righ
Is cuid air tìr dhiubh anns "an t'seirbhis";
Dh'fhàgadh bodaich de mo sheòrsa
Gu bhi còmhnadh leis na cailleachan;
Sin ar cuid de chath na rioghachd
Gus an ciosnaichear a' Ghearmailt.

Chòmhnich Saighdear mi Di-màirt
A dh'fhàg an àite so 'na òige;
Dh'aithnich mi mar a bha làmh
An crochadh àrd, gu'n robh i leònta;
Stiallan óir a bh'air a ghàirdean
Nochdadh àrdachadh an òigeir:
Buinn de airgiod is de phràisteach
Air a bhràigh air son gach còmhraig.

Rug e orm gu fearail càirdeil
Leis an làmh a bha gun phianadh;
Ghabh e naidheachd bhuam mu'n àite,
'S mu na càirdean—'s beag an iongnadh:
'S icmadh là 'o na dh'fhàg e;
Sheall e 'làmh dhomh: gu'n deach sian air;
Toll a' pheileir anns a' ghàirdean;
Sgreab an dèidh an àite a lionadh.

Thàinig Murchadh, mac mo nabaidh,
Spaideil, stàiteil 'na ur còdhail;
Dh'iarr e naidheachd mu na blàir,
'S an robh na Frangaich càirdeal, dòigheil;
Cia mar thuigeadh iad an cànain;
'S an robh Gaidheil anns an Olaind,
'S an robh uile shluagh na Gearmailt
Anns an arm air son am beòshlaint.

Sheall an saighdear ris 'san aodann,
'S thuirt e: "Ghaolaich tha thu sòghail;
Tha thu 'n taice ri do mhàthair;
Saoil am b'fhearr thu bhi le còta;
Tha thu'n crochadh air do chàirdean,
'S tha thu làidir, làsdail òigeil,
'S ma tha naidheachd mu na bhlàr uat,
Ruig an Seirdsean 's gabh na bòidean.

Tha do dhùthaich ann an éiginn,
'S tha thu féin gu làidir, calma;
'S ann an diugh a chuirear feum
Air fuil nan Gaidheal ann an Albainn;
'S ma tha stradag 'na do chré
De nàdur speis dith, bi ri falbh aist,
'S seas ri taobh nan laoch 's nan seòd
A tha ri còmhraig ris a' Ghearmailt.

Tha do dhachaidh, tha do chàirdean
An cunnart gach là o naimhdean;
Theagamh mu'n éirich thu màireach
Gu'm bi pàirt dhiubh aig do theinntean;
Cha dean clach mhór Creagan nan Cnamh
A bheag de sgàth dhuit o'n a mhuinntir;
Sgriosaidh iad gach sliabh is còmhnard,
Tighean 's na tha chòmhnuidh unnta.

Co tha dol a dhìon nam fàrdach
Anns na dh' àraicheadh 'nad òige thu?
Cò tha dol a dhìon do mhàthar,
Ma thig nàmhaid o 'na mhór-thir?
Tog do shùilean o'n lár;
Thoir dhomh do làmh 's gu'm fàg sinn
còmhla;
'S bheir sinn buaidh air sluagh a' Cheasair,
Anns an treinns no air a' chòmhnard."

Thàinig biorgadh ann am Murchadh;
Thog e 'shùil gu colgail, duineil;
Thug e 'làmh dha anns a' bhargan,
Gu'm biodh e ri falbh 'na chuideachd.
Sìbhs tha fuireach ann an Leòdhas,
Ma tha aois no òig 'gar cumail,
Earbaibh sinne 'na 'ur n-ùrnuigh
Ris an Ughdar aig a' chruinne.

FREAGAIRT.

LE "LEÒDHASACH EILE."

Is mise Murchadh, mac do nàbaidh,
Rinn thu chàineadh ann ad òran;
Mur do chuir mi suas an *khaki*,
Nach 'eil àireamh dheth mo sheòrsa?
Thall 's a bhos air feadh na rioghachd
Leis an fhèarr an t-sith na chòmhrag,
Faicibh na tha 'measg nan Gall diubh,
Ged a tha iad gann an Leòdhas.

Ged a dh' fhalbhainn anns an t-seasamh
A ghabhail an tasdan àirleis,
'S ann a bhios a' chliù aig Sasuinn,
Gach gaisgeadh a ni na Gàidheil.
Riamh o thàinig sgoilean Gallda
Dhubhadh a mach cainnt ar màthar;
Iomradh air Sir Cailean Caimbeul
Cha chluinn mi, ach *English Army*.

Cha chuala sinn gu'n d' rinn thu féin
A' bheag de threubhantas 'sna blàraibh;
C' ar son a sheachainn thu am féileadh
Mar éideadh a chur an àirde,
'Dhol a dhìon do righ 's do dhùthaich,
Do shaorsa 's cliù nan armunn,
Choisinn iomadh buaidh do Alba,
A h-eachdraidh, a h-ainm, 's a cànain?

Ged tha thu 'n diugh 'nad bhodach,
Bha thu roimhe so 'nad òig-fhear,
'S uaireannan feum air do leithid
Na loisgeadh tu peilear còmhnard.
C'ar son nach robh thu 'n Omdùrman
Fo stiuradh Shir Eachainn Mhic Dhonnnuill?
Cha b' ioghnadh ged chuireadh e sios
Air fear nach dionadh dachaidh òige.

'S iomadh saighdear tha tigh'nn leòinte
Nall do Leòdhas aig an àm so,
'S do gach ceàrnaidh eile dh' Alb',
Ach 's iomadh fear a dh' fhalbh 's nach till ann.
'S lionmhor mac fhuair àrach mùirneach,
Tha 'n diugh an ùir na Frainge:
'S cia mar phàidhear nis na pàrantan
A dh' fhàg iad aig an teintean?

Cha 'n urrainn iad ruamhar a dheanamh,
Cha 'n fhaod iad iarraidh na deirce;
Cha mhòr is urrainn na càirdean
A phàirteachadh riutha 'nan éigin.
Ged robh a' mhòine 'na càrn
Am Buaile-nan-cnàmh air a stéidheadh.
Cha toir iad ach tearc de dh' fhàdan
As a chumas blàth an éibheal.

Cia meud a dh' fhalbh á Daile Beaga
A chumail aghaidh ris na nàimhdean?
Bheil mòran a mhuinntir na Riofa
Sios gu 'n iosgaidean 'san trainnse?
Cia meud a thàinig dhachaidh leòint'
A Dhaile Mòra no do Ghàbhsann?
Ged tha annta caoraich bhrògach
Le 'n uain mu chòir lic an teintein?

'S truagh nach robh Céasar na mallachd
Air a losgadh eadar theintean;
No air a reubadh le eachaibh
O'n is peanas ceart a thoill e,
Ma gheibh na réisimidean againn
Greim air amhaich air an t-slaoighteir,
Cha 'n fhaic e gu bràth St Helena,
Théid a chur fo bhinn am Belgium.

AN OITIR MHOR AGUS GEODH A' GHUIL.

Ged a tha an Oitir Mhór, no mar a theirear rithe bho chionn iomadh linn, Oitir nam Ban, agus Geodh a' Ghuil, air taobh tuath Eilein Uidhist, pailt ceithir mile bho chéile, gidheadh tha an sgeul a leanas 'gan ceangal ri chéile bho chionn da cheud bliadhna, agus ceanglaidh am fad 's a bhios Uidhist am bith. Bha cleachdamh ann an Uidhist bho chionn iomadh linn—agus tha e ann fathast—aig boireannaich, seadh, agus air uairibh, aig fireannaich, agus b'e sin a bhi dol gu oitrichean anns na fadhlaichean, agus ri cois nam fadhlaichean agus a' chuain, a ghlacadh agus a mharbhadh shìolag le corain a bhiodh air an deanamh freagarrach do 'n fheuma sin. Cha 'n fheumadh na corain a bhi geur idir, air neo dheanadh iad dà leth air na siolagan agus dh' fheumadh eagan freagarrach a bhi annta air chor 's gu'm biodh iad 'nan airm na b'fheàrr a chum na siolagan a ghlacadh, gu h-àraidh nuair a bhiodh iad air an oibreachadh le làmhan ionnsaichte eòlach.

Bheir sinn fainear 's e iasg làidir agus bras a tha anns an t-siolaig, agus 's e neach eòlach a ghlacas a bheag dhiubh, gu h-àraidh air ghrunnachadh, no gu seachd àraidh nuair a tha coltas uisge tighinn. Ach 's e iasg air leth grinn a tha annta. Tha àm sònraichte de 'n bhliadhna anns am bheil mòran de 'n iasg so a' cruinneachadh do na h-oitrichean 'sna h-uile àite; agus 's e sin an àm an fhoghair; agus nuair a thig mòran de na h-éisg so còmhla air an dòigh so, their sinn "bualadh mòr" ris, ach cha mhair am "bualadh mòr," fada; oir ann an seachduin sgapaidh iad air falbh feadh gach àite mar a bha iad roimhe.

Ach, co-dhiùbh, bhiodh làn fhios aig na h-iasgairean frithealtach, furmailteach, eòlach a cheart àm, anns an tigeadh am "bualadh mòr" sin; agus bhiodh iad a' deanamh deiseil fa chomhair, co-dhiùbh a bhiodh ann oidhche ghealltaich no latha geal, na 'm biodh am muir-tràigh ann. Chruinnicheadh na boireannaich 's na fireannaich còmhla agus bheireadh iad leotha coran an t-aon, agus pocan beag gu cur ann na ghlacadh iad de shiolagan, a bhiodh ceangailte mu 'm meadhon le ròp. 'S e 'n dòigh a tha aig na boireannaich air iad féin uigheamachadh fa chomhair dol gus an oitir shiolag, an cuid eudaich a thrusadh an àirde gus an glùineanan le ròp cainbe a cheangal mu 'm meadhon ris an canar "crios féilidh" gus gu'n gluaiseadh iad sgiobalta co-dhiùbh bhiodh iad a' grunnachadh no air tìr.

Ach, gu tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh brìgh mo sgeòil chruinnich grunn mòr, seadh dusan boireannach, ann an sgìr Shóllais an Uidhist o chionn dà cheud bliadhna air ais le rùn dol a dh'ionnsuidh na h-oitir shìolag, ri àm "bualadh mòr" agus 's ann air feadh na h-oidhche a thachair e bhi ann; ach cha d'fhuair sinn cunntas gu'n robh fireannaich idir 'nam measg air an turus so. Theagamh gur ann an déidh so a thòisich na fireannaich ri dhol ann, a chum 's gu'm biodh iad 'nan tacsa do na boireannaich. Ach, co-dhiùbh rinn an dà-reug boireannach deiseil mu choinneamh dol gus an oitir mhòir air an oidhche àraidh a bha 'n so; agus dh' fhalbh iad, agus ràinig iad, agus thòisich iad air faotainn ni neo-chumata de dh'iasg. Cha robh iomradh aca gu'n robh an làn a' tighinn, agus an lionadh ri éirigh (oir thigeadh doimhne mhòr làin cadar iad agus tìr, mu'n rachadh an oitir fodha). Bha tim a' dol seachad agus na boireannaich bhochda cho toilichte cho math 's a bha obair na h-oidhche a' dol leotha; agus tha e coltach nach d'thug iad aon ghuth no iomradh air a dhol a dh'amharc co-dhiùbh a bha caolas na h-oitreach a' dol fo shiubhal no nach robh.

Ach, mo thruaighe bhochd, an uair a bu toil le cuid diubh bhi tilleadh dhachaidh, air dhaibh bhi gun àite aca a chumadh tuilleadh éisg, thàinig iad a nall gu caolas na h-oitreach. Ach, gu dé a b'iongnadh leotha na muir gorm a bhi ruith an caolas na h-oitreach, agus cha b'fhada gus an do thuig iad nach robh innleachd aca bhi air an sàbhaladh. An uair a chunnaic iad so 's e 'n rud a rinn iad: cheangail an dà-reug aca iad féin ri aon a chéile leis na "criosan féilidh" a bha mu 'm meadhon, a réir coltais, a' ciallachadh leis an so, far an rachadh iad gu'n rachadh iad ceart cruinn còmhla. Mar so, chaidh gu léir am bàthadh; agus riamh o sin thugadh Oitir nam Ban air an oitir an àite An Oitir Mhòr, an t-ainm a bha oirre roimhe sin. Tha 'n oitir so aig bun an t-Sruth-bhàin air an fhadhlainn mu choinneamh fonn Mhalacleit, an caolas Ceann-uachdrach Bhàllaidh agus Mhàisgeir. Gu crich a chur air mo sgeul, chaidh cuirp an dà-reug boireannach ceangailte ri chéile gu ruige Geódha ann an Éilean Bhìlis, agus fhuaradh ann an sin iad, agus leis an t-suidheachadh, thruagh, dhuilich, mhuladach anns an robh an cuideachd 's an coimhearsnaich gu léir mu'n deidhinn, thugadh Geódh a' Ghuil air a' Gheódha riamh o sin; agus leanaidh sin ris a choidhche, agus cha 'n iongnadh e. Thàinig mar a thachair dhoibh an aisling cadail gu duine no dithis anns an sgìre, agus is ann mar so a tha na h-uiread de chunntas air a thoirt orra.

D. I. Mac-Cuis.

FAGAIL PORT-SHEORSA.

Chaith mi greis de 'n latha 'n dé
Measg mo chàirdean choibhneil chòir:
Gaisgich shunndach Chabar-féidh
Shios an Gearrasdan Port-Sheòrs.

Fhuair sinn coibhneis de gach seòrs
Bho na daimhich 's bàigheil cridh;
Fàilte, furan 's fonn mu'n bhòrd,
'S dh'òl sinn còmhla slàinte 'n Righ.

Bithidh na m' smaointeansa a ghnàth
An latha àbhach measg nan laoch:
'S cha leig mi á mo chuimhn' gu bràth
Na bha chàirdean air gach taobh.

'S ro-mhaith b'aithne do gach aon,
Ged bha sinne cleith a' ghruaim,
'N ath uair choinnicheadh na daoin.
Gu'm biodh corr is aon fhear bhuainn.

Oir bha 'n uair a' teannadh dlùth
Nuair a dh' fheumadh cuid bhi triall
A chogadh air son Alb 's a cliù
Mar bu dùth do 'n Ghaidheal riamh.

Daigheach aosd nan armunn treun,
Le mhuir làn a' leum mu bonn,
'S ioma cuairtear fad an céin
Leis am b'éibhinn gàir a tonn.

'S ioma gaisgeach bha 'na dhàil,
B'fheudar triall 's nach till 'na chòir;
'S leis na sàir tha bhuainn an dràsd
'S liuthad cridh tha làn de bhròn.

Ach bheil ar cridh 's ar misneach sìos?
Cha robh riamh cha 'n eil 's cha bhi;
Tha ar dochas anns an Triath
A chruthaich neamh is muir is tìr.

'S an uair a thig an t-sìth mu'n cuairt
Cruinnichidh dhinn na bhios beò,
'S òlar air na seòid tha bhuainn
Làn na cuaich gun fhuaim gun ghò.

Iain Moireasdan.

DÙGHALL ÒG AM BÀRD.

Anns na linntean a dh' fhalbh, bha e 'na chleachdadh aig òigridh agus sean mhuinntir na Gàidhealtachd a bhi cur seachad na h-oidhche an àm a' gheamhraidh le bhi cruinneachadh cuideachd ann an tighean-céilidh far an cuireadh iad seachad an oidhche gle chridheil a' seinn òrain agus ag innseadh seann naidheachdan Gàidhlig. 'S e sin cleachdadh a tha nise air dol á fasan, maille ri iomadh cleachdadh laghach eile a bha aig an t-sluagh ghasda a bha uaireigin a chòmhnuidh air feadh glinn agus srathan na Gàidhealtachd.

Ach feumaidh mi nis oidhirp a thoirt air mo naidheachd a chur an céill dhuibh:

Bha duine saoibhir a' fuireach uaireigin ann an gleann aonaranach faisg air Pollìubh ris an abradh iad Eachann Mór. Bha bean agus aon nighean aige. Bha e air a ràdh gu'n robh an nighean ro mhaiseach; agus theagamh gu'n robh sin a' tàladh grainne gasda de ghillean an àite a chéilidh do thigh Eachainn. Bha bean an tighe 'na boireannach fìor ghasda, agus feudaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach gu'n cuireadh i fàilte da rireadh air na gillean. 'S iad fhéin a bhiodh air dòigh, a' ceol 's a' dannsadh gus am biodh a thiota dol dhachaidh.

Bha móran spréidh aig Eachann, agus bha e 'na chleachdadh aige a bhi 'gan cur a mach do 'n mhonadh, astar math air falbh bho 'n tigh, na h-uile làtha. Mar sin bhiodh an oidhche air tuiteam gle thric mu'n tigeadh iad dhachaidh.

Bha, mar an ceudna, buachaille aig a' bhodach d'am b'ainm Dùghall Og; ach b'e an aithnisg (frith-ainm) a bh' aig gillean an àite air "An Glugaire," a chionn gu'n robh e gagach 'na bhruithinn. Mar sin bha dragh mór aige anns na focail fhaotainn a mach.

Coma riamh, gagach 's mar a bha e, bha rudeigin de nàdur na bardachd ann an Dùghall, agus bheireadh e rann òrain seachad cho binn réidh 's a chuala duine riamh, gun aon uair stad a thighinn air.

Bha, aon oidhche, an tigh làn de luchd-céilidh mar a b'àbhaist agus smùd dà-rireadh air A' Ghlugaire a' bàrdachd dhaibh. Mu dheireadh thall, chuimhnich An Glugaire bochd gu'n do dhi-chuimhnich e dol a shealltuinn air son na spréidh. Cha d'fhuirich e na b'fhaide; thug e dhith 'na dhìan-ruith a mach am monadh—oir bha, a nis, an oidhche a' ciaradh. Bios e coltach nach d'fhuair e an treud idir mar bu mhaith leis iad a bhi; 's cha b'urrainn e dad a b'fhèarr a dheanamh na tilleadh dhachaidh a cheart cho luath 's a thàinig e, agus innseadh do 'n t-sluagh a bh'aig an tigh mar a bha cùisean. Troimh eabar is pòll ruith Dùghall bochd. Mu dheireadh, ràinig e an tigh, 's chlisg na bha stigh leis an fhuaim a rinn e a' fosgladh an doruis. 'S maith a dh' aithnich iad gu'n robh rudeigin cèarr. Thàinig Dùghall air taobh a stigh an doruis; 's ma thàinig b'e sin an sealladh. Bha e breabadh a chois air an làr 's a shùilean air sheasamh 'na cheann; ach cha robh guth a sios no nios aige.

"Seinn e," ars Eachann; "Seinn e."

Agus cho reidh 's a dh' iarradh tu, dh' fhalbh e leis mar leanas:

O thachair an dòlas 'sa mhonadh ud thall;
Tha gamhainn 'sa mhòintich aig bun Creig-nam-meann
Nuair ràinig mi 'm fireach, bha 'm biorach air chall
'S bha 'n t-each ann an toll gu shùileann.

B. Nic Coinnich.

LON-NA-FALA.

Gu làn iomradh thoirt air an dòigh anns an tugadh "Lòn-na-Fala" mar ainm air còmhnard mhòintich a tha 'na luighe aig bun, agus ri taobh deas, Mealla-fuar-mhonaidh, 's fheudar a dhol air ais gus a' bhliadhna 1603. Bha aimhreite gheur eadar Clann Dòmhnuill agus Clann-'ic-Coinnich mu thimchioll sealbh fearainn anns an Aird-an-iar; agus air do Chlann 'ic -Coinnich, air a bhliadhna roimhe so Caisteal-an-t-Sròim a spionadh, leis an làimh làidir, bho Dhòmhnullaich Ghlinne-Garaidh, chuir na Garraich rompa, le Ailean Dubh, mac agus oighre Raonuill Mhic Raonuill, fear Lunndaidh, air an ceann, gu'n deanadh iad dioghaltas air an eascairdean.

Chum eòlas feumail dha fhèin fhaotainn, shiubhail Ailean air ais agus air adhart le mor sheòltachd feadh dhùthaich Mhic Coinnich ann an cruth ceannaiche-màileid gun neach 'ga aithneachadh, agus nuair a fhuair e na bha dh' eòlas cluais is sùl a dhìth air, thill e dhachaidh, agus ann am mios meadhonach an fhoghair 1603, thog e buidheann thaghte dhe fhir Ghlinne-Garaidh, agus threòraich e iad gu sgire a' Chaisteil Ruaidh. Air maduinn Shàbaid ràinig iad eaglais Chille-Chriosda nuair a bha i làn de Chloinn-'ic-Coinnich. Air ball chuairtich Ailean i le chuid daoine, agus an sin chuir e teine rithe. Bhrùchd an luchd-aoraidh gus na dorsan 's na h-uinneagan, ach 'se fhuair iad 'gam feitheamh claidheamhnan agus biodagan geura nan Dòmhnullach.

Eadar gaor nam ban 's na cloinne agus claodhaich nan daoine, b' oillteil thar tomhas an uair a bha taobh stigh na h-eaglais, gus, fa dheòidh, an do losgadh cuid, agus an do mhùchadh cuid eile gu samhchair. Am feadh 'sa bha 'n slaonasadh uamhasach so a' dol air aghaidh bha am piobaire aig Ailean a' spaid-searachd air ais 's air adhart a' cluith a' phuirt sin ris an abrar "Cille-Chriosda." Loisg Ailean moran thighean an sgireachd a' Chaisteil Ruaidh air an turus ud, gun tigh a' mhinisteir fhèin a chaomhnadh; oir tha seann sgriobhaidhean a' nochdadh gun do loisg e seòmar-leabhar agus leabhraichean—"librarie and buikes"—a bhuineadh do'n Urramach Iain MacCoinnich. Thog e creach mhòr de dh' eich 's de spréidh, agus air a rathad dhachaidh troimh Ghlinn Urchadainn stad e fhèin 's a bhuidheann leis a' chreich aig bun Mealla-fuar-mhonaidh a chur seachad an sgios.

Cha robh am fois ach goirid. Mar Chroistàra tharruing Iasraichean Chille-Chriosda Clann-ic-Coinnich an ceann a chéile, agus ann an tiota bha àireamh mhòr dhiubh air lorg nan Garrach. Nuair a thàinig Clann-'ic-Coinnich mu'n cuairt air gualainn sear-dheas a' Mhill, nochdadar na Domhnullaich le'n creich air a' chòmhnard fodhpa—ris an abrar bho 'n là sin "Lón-na-Fala" Le glaodhan dioghaltais leum, Clann-'ic-Coinnich 'nam measg sios orra. Sheas na Dòmhnullaich gu daingean ré tamuill; ach bha iad sgith le 'n turus agus Clann 'ic Coinnich gu math na bu lionmhoire, air chor agus gu'm b' éiginn do Ailean teicheadh, a' fágail a chuid bu mhò dhe dhaoine marbh no leònte mu Lòn-na-Fala. Dh' fhaodteadh tuilleadh aithris mu ghnìomharran Ailein agus a luchd tòrachd air an latha so fhèin; ach cha cheadaich rum an còrr a sgriobhadh an ceartair.

Iain MacDhùghaill.

DÀ SGEOIL GHOIRID.

Le IAIN CAMSHROIN.

I.

SGEULACHD RIABHAIG.

Bho chionn móran bhliadhachan bha cailleach a' fuireach air taobh an iar Uidhist-a-Tuath ris an canteadh "Riabhag." Chaidh i sios, aon latha, am measg nan sgeirean a bha air an tràigh, ag iarraidh maorach. Nuair a bha i tilleadh, air dhi a bhi air fàs rudeigin sgìth, leig i dhi am poca anns an robh am maorach. Sheall i mu'n cuairt dhi, agus dé chunnaic i ach dorus straonte fosgailte ann an taobh cnuic a bha ceart làmh rithe.

Chaidh i stigh. Bha an sin bodach mòr gruamach, liath agus cailleach chaol ghrànda. Cha do leig am bodach agus a' chailleach orra gu'm fac iad i gus an robh i an déidh a h-anail a leigeil, nuair a dh' iarr a' chailleach air Riabhaig tòiseachadh air fuineadh agus cha robh i ri sgur gus an teirigeadh na bha de mhin anns a' chiste. Bha Riabhag a' fuineadh 's a fuineadh 's cha robh a' mhin a' teirigeadh. Bha so a' cur ioghnaidh air Riabhaig; ach cha robh i ag ràdh facail. Mhothaich am bodach mu dheireadh gu'n robh i fàs sgìth de 'n ghnothuch, agus thubhairt e.—"Tha mi faicinn gu'n bheil thu a' fàs sgìth, agus cha 'n eil ioghnadh ann: tha 'n deagh ghreis bho na thàinig thu 'n so."

"Tha seachdain ann," arsa Riabhag.

"Seachdain!" ars am bodach a rithist, "a tri cheud bliadhna ann."

Chaidh a' chailleach a shitheadh am mach air tòir rudeigin, agus thug an seann duine sanas do Riabhaig.

"Na brath mi," ars esan; "ach cuir thusa an taoise air ais do 'n chiste, 's cha bhi a' mhin fada teirigeadh. Mar a thubhairt rinn, agus cha robh a' mhin tiotan a' teirigeadh. Thàinig a' chailleach a stigh agus thubhairt i ri Riabhaig gu'm faodadh i sgur fuineadh nis; agus anns an dealachadh thubhairt i rithe mar so: "Beannachd dhuit fhéin, ach molachd do bheul t' ionnsaiche."

Dhùin an dorus an déidh Riabhaig, agus cha d'aithnich i co am bad de 'n chnoc an robh e. Ghabh i air a h-aghaidh gus an do thachair tigh beag rithe ri taobh an rathaid, agus chaidh i stigh. Bha an sin seann duine liath. Dh' fheòraich i dheth c' àit' an robh tigh Riabhaig, a thaobh gu'n robh aghaidh na talamhainn air atharachadh gu mòr fhad 's a bha i anns a' chnoc.

"Nuair a bha mise 'n am ghille beag chuala mi aig mo sheanair gu'n robh boireannach de 'n ainm sin ann, agus gu'n d' thug na daoine sithe leo i. Bha e 'g ràdh gu'n do thachair so nuair a bha a sheanair fein 'na bhalach." Air chluinntinn so thuit i 'na glag air ùrlar marbh.

Agus canar Sgeir Riabhaig ris an sgeir anns am fae Riabhag na sithichean gus an latha diugh.

II.

SGEULACHD FEAR HAMOURA.

Bha fear 'san Eilean Sgitheanach ris an canteadh "Fear Hamoura;" agus thachair dha bhi dol do Uidhist a Chinn-a-deas a dh' amharc air càirdean dha bha fuireach 'san dùthaich sin. Nuair a bha e dol tarsuinn na tràghad a bha eadar Uidhist a Deas 's a Tuath thàinig an oidhche air. Bha aige ri dhol seachad air eilean beag ris an abrar "A' Chaigeann" agus chunnaic e solus briagha boillsgeach ann am mulach an eilein. Rinn e dìreach air an t-solus; agus nuair a thàinig e faisg air, thug e an aire gu'm b'e dorus fosgailte anns a' chnoc a bh'ann. Spàrr e sgian as a phòcaid, agus stob e anns an chòmhla i; oir bha fios aige na'n cuireadh e iarann no cruaidh ann an dorus sithe, nach gabhadh e dùnadh; agus dh' aithnich e gu'm b'e dorus sithe a bha 'n so.

Nochd e stigh. Bha bodach agus cailleach an sin. Bheannaich iad dha, agus dh' fheòraich iad dheth có as a thàinig e. Thubhairt e riu: "Is mise Fear Hamoura 'san Eilean Sgitheanach."

"Is aithne dhomh e," ars am bodach; "agus, ma dh' fhaodas mi fhoighneachd, gu dé a chuireadh Fear Hamoura air an allaban an nochd?"

"Tha mi dol a dh' amharc air càirdean a tha agam 'sa Cheann-a-deas."

"Glé cheart; agus ciamar a tha muinntir Hamoura? Am bheil iad a' call a' chruidh an sin?"

"Tha fear 's fear a' falbh de na daimh, agus, rud iongantach; a chuile fear a mholachdar 's e a bhàsaicheas."

Sheall am bodach air a' chaillich gu geur le snodha-gàire agus thubhairt e: "Cha b'fhada nis, bu choltach, do na gillean a bhi gun tighinn tuilleadh."

"Cha bhi iad an sin," fhreagair ise; agus, air ball, nochd a dhà dheug de ghillean mòr, garbha a stigh, agus damh aca 'ga ghiùlan eatorra.

Dheasaicheadh am beathach, is nuair a shuidh iad aig bòrd dh'fheoraich am bodach, "cia as a thàg sibh e?"

"Thug sinn á buaile Fir Hamoura e," ars iadsan, agus gun fhios aca có bh' anns an aoidh a bha ri 'n taobh.

"Agus ciamar a thug sibh leibh e?" ars an seann duine.

"Bha a' bhannarach a' bleoghainn a' chruidh, agus bhuail an damh breab air an t-soitheach bhainne agus dhòirt se e, agus mholaich i e, agus thug sinne linn e, agus dh' fhàg sinn an cù mòr 'na àite ann an riochd an daimh. Chuala Fear Hamoura so; agus nuair a dh'ith e a chuid de 'n damh ghabh e a chead dhiubh, agus dh' fhaibh e dhachaidh.

Nuair a ràinig e bha na sgalagan a' roinn an daimh air a chéile. Dh' iarr esan orra am beathach a' chur am mach air a' mhuir. Thòisich iadsan air bruidhinn 's air cnàmhan gu geur a thaobh am biadh math a bhi 'ga chur a dhith orra; ach dh' fhalbh iad leis, agus chuir iad am mach air a' mhuir e.

Nuair a thàinig iad air ais dh' innis e dhaibh gu'm b'e cù a bha ann. Mharbh e an damh a b' fhèarr bha 'sa bhuaile, agus thug e dhaibh e an àite an fhir a chuir iad am mach air a' mhuir.

ORAN.

LE BÀRD CHEANN-LOCH-IUBH.

Comhradh Eadar am Bàrd Agus Fionnla Liath.

Air do 'n bhàrd, moch 'sa mhaduinn air là àraidh, a bhi dol seachad air tigh Fhionnla, thòisich Fionnla air trod ris, 's e 'n dùil gur h-ann an déidh Ceit, an nighean, a bha 'm bàrd. Bha sgoil, goirid roimhe so, air tighinn do 'n àite, agus bha Ceit 'na ban-sgoilear mhath; ach cha robh math 'sam bith am Fearchar a bràthair. B'e MacMhàrtainn ainm a' Mhaighstir-sgoile.

Air Fonn:—"Oran na Feannaige."

Bàrd—
Cia mar tha sibh 'n diugh, Fhionnla?
No 'm bheil sibh sunndach 'sa mhaduinn?
'S math a mhoch-eirigh rinn sibh,
'S dath na h-oidhche air an latha;
Ma tha 'n teaghlach air éirigh,
'S tràth a dh' fheumadh iad laighe?
Am bheil iad slàn agaibh uile?
'S am bheil Ceit air a casan?
N' am beil i stigh? N' am beil i stigh?

Fionnla—
Tha i sin bho chionn fhada,
'S i 'n déidh a' glanadh 's a cireadh;
'S i cur àird air a bhracaist,
Tha i cabhagach daonnan;
Thug i dhachaidh 'n cliabh mòine
Gun duine beò anns an aonach;
'S tha i 'g ionnsachdainn leasain
A leabhair eachdraidh an t-saoghail,
'S i dol an sgoil 's i dol an sgoil.

Bàrd—
'S am beil i fad air a h-adhart?
N' am beil i fradharc a' ghramair?
'S cinnteach mise gur minic
Tha sibhs' a' cluinntinn a' chanain.
Cha 'n eil e fearasd a thuigsinn
Do neach, ach fear tha chèaird air.
Ma tha ise 'ga labhairt
Cho math 's is math le Mac-Mhartainn.
Cha 'n eil i tais, cha 'n eil i tais.

Fionnla—
Cha bhreitheamh mis' air an ealain,
Cha leugh mi earrann de 'n Ghàidhlig;
Nuair shineas Ceit air an Làidinn
Cha 'n eòl domh moladh na càineadh.
'S gu dé'm math dhomh bhi bruidhinn?
Nuair shineas is' air a' ghramar
B' fhèarr a thuiginn an tunnag
N'a chearc dhubh 's i ri gàgan,
N' an coileach glas, n' an coileach glas.

Bàrd—
'S am beil i math air a' Bheurla?
N' an i 's reidh dhi na Ghàidhlig?
'S mór is fhiach i bhi sgiobalt,
Cruaidh, fileant, aig pàisde;
Gu dé reitheadh i Dhun-eideann
Cha dean iad feum dhi gu bràth ann,
'S ann ann bu chòir dhi bhi fuireach
An ceann urad na sraide,
Mu 'n tha i deas, mu 'n tha i deas.

Fionnla—
Tha i 'g obair air sgliata;
'S tha i sgriobhadh gun lasadh;
Fhuair i 'n t-urram air liaghadh
Le guth briagha gun chasad.
Tha i oileanach, rianail
'S i is ciallaiche th' agam;
'S ge mór a chosg mi ri Fearchair,
'S gann a dh' aith'neas e facal,
'S gur beag a mhath, 's gur beag a mhath.

Bàrd—
Tha mi coma do dh' Fhearchar
Cha 'n eil eanchaill 'na chlaigionn,
'S beag a dheanainn ris earbsa
Mu 'n tha e cearbach gun aithne;
Fear gun ghrinneas, gun eirmse,
Nach dean seirbhis no cosnadh,
'S nach dean math fhad 's is beò e
Mur dèan e seòrsa de mharaich,
'S cha bhi e glan, 's cha bhi e glan.

Fionnla—
'S docha leatsa bhi bruidhinn
Mu dheidhinn nigheanan òga;
'S e Ceit tha ruighinn do chridhe
Nuair tha thu tighinn an còmhnuidh;
'S fhèarr dhuit dosachdainn rithe,
'S mo dheadh nighean-sa phòsadh,
Mu 'n tha i ionnsaichte, sgiobalt,
Air bheag gideal is pròise,
'S i soitheamh math, 's i soitheamh math.

Bàrd—
Eisd, a bhodaich gun tabhuil,
Cha 'n eil thu labhairt na còrach;
Na 'm b'e do chomhairl' a ghabhainn,
Bu mhi 'n tamhasg gun eòlas,
Ge d' tha mi faoin ann an rathad;
Cha chreid mi ràidhe do bheoil-sa
Fhad 's is beò thu air thalamh;
Cha 'n fhaic thu agamsa pòsd i,
'S bi 'na d' thosd, 's bi 'na d' thosd.

Fionnla—
Cha 'n eil math dhomh a leantuinn,
Bho 'n tha thu amaideach gòrach;
C' àit am faiceadh tu leithid,
'S nach eil aic ach an òige?
Tha i grinn air a làmhan,
'S air cumail tigh ann an òrdugh,
'S bu mhath a chùirt dhuit a faighinn,
Ged tha thu 'n aghaidh mo chòmhradh,
'S mi 'ga toirt dhuit, 's mi 'ga toirt dhuit.

Bàrd—
'S fhèarr dhuit beagan a chantainn,
Agus pailteas a dhearbhadh;
'S ma 's e 'n fhirinn a th' agad,
Cha chuir mi stad air do sheanchas;
'S neònach leam-sa cho salach
'S a bhitheas a h-athair 'san t-searmoin,
'S nach bi duine sa chuideachd
Cho miosa trusgan ri Fearchar,
Nuair thig e mach, nuair thig e mach.

Fionnla—
'S fhèarr dhuit-sa bhi sàmhach,
'S sguir a chàineadh, a ghille;
Cron 'sam bith a tha fàs air,
Cha 'n ann do chàch a tha 'n difir;
'S ma tha mise air dhroch caradh,
'S beag is fhèairrde mi thusa;
Bha thu mealladh a' phàisde,
S thug thu tàire dhuinn uile,
'S cha 'n eil thu math, 's cha 'n eil thu math.

Bàrd—
Cha do mheall mise riamh i,
'S cha do dh' fhiach mi ri leithid;
'S na bi 'g innseadh nam briagan,
'S nach eil fianaisean agad:
Ged a bhithinn 'ga dheanamh
Có dh' fhiach is ri m' thagairt?
Bheir mi ciad neor-thaing dhuit,
'S na bi cainnt rium na 's fhaide
'S bi dol a steach 's bi dol a steach.

Fionnla—

Cha téid mi steach air do chomhairl,"
Cha leig an comh-olc leam d' fhàgail
Gus an innis thu 'n gnothuich
A thug an rathad s' an tràthsd thu.
Ma 's ann dh' fhiachainn ri cothrom
Fhaighinn oirre-sa bha thu,
'S teann nach deach e 'nad aghaidh,
Bho 'n thug mi toighe cho tràth dhuit,
'S cha leig mi leat, 's cha leig mi leat.

A BHAN LUNNAINNEACH BHUIDHE.

A song composed about the year 1774 by a Perthshire Highlander to his fiddle.

Luinneag:—

Ged a bha mi roimhe dubhach,
'S ann am bliadhna tha mi subhach;
Fhuair mi Bhan Lunnainneach bhuidhe,
'S i 'na h-uigheam air son ceòil.

An sgrìob a thug mi do Shith-chaillinn,
Chaill mi mo stòras 's mo leannan;
'S cha robh leithid eile 'n Raineach
Nuair a theannadh i ri ceòl.

'S ann san Eadailt fhuair i h-àrach;
'S thàin' i Lunnainn nall thar sàile;
Thabhairt ceòl d'an rìgh 's d'an bhan-righ'nn,
Is uailsean àrda na Roinn Eòrp.

Thain' i o theaghlaichean prìseil,
Bho 'n a' chomunn uasal rioghail,
Bho Ard-reuladair na rioghachd,
Dheanadh a dioladh le h-òr.

'S binn-fhoclach guth mo leannain;
Cha tig tùchan 'na caramh;
'S i a thogadh fonn is aighear
Air gach gille 's caileig òig.

Thogadh i sunnd air fear bacach ,
Gus an dannsadh e air a leth-chas;
'S theireadh i air na cailleachan cneadach
Bhi 'gan cleideadh air na stòil.

Tha i fonnmhor, ceòlmhor, gasda;
Togaidh i sunnd air fir thaise;
Sparraidh i danns anns na casan
Nach d'rinn stap dheth riamh d'an deòin.

Cuiridh i driùchd as a' chraicionn;
Cuiridh i smùid as na basan;
Cuiridh i lùths anns na casan;
Fògraidh i airsneul is bròn.

Bheir i suaimhneas do luchd caoineadh;
Bheir i 'm buaireas à luchd caonnaig;
Bheir i cadal do luchd daoirich;
'S ni i daoine sean bhi òg.

Cha bu shamhladh guth mo chéile
Ri té ascaideach 's i beumnach;
Teangadh loisgeach mar na h-éibhlean
Bheireadh ceus air fuil 's an fheòil.

Ged a théid mi do thaigh-leanna,
'S ged a nochdainn spéis do chaileig,
Cha bhi gruaimean air a maladh
'S cha bhi maille air a ceòl.

Cha b'ionann i is ùmaidh caile
Bhiodh gu dìùmach air a' bhaile,
Sealltainn fiar le dranndan teallaich
Air son drama 'san tigh-òsd.

'S e Maighstir Maskelyne* an t-àrmunn,
Cha b'fhada dh'fhàg e mis am bhantraich;
Chuir e chugam rogha m' annsachd
Dh' fhàgas taingeil mi ri m' bheò.

Ged a bha mi roimhe dubhach,
'S ann am bliadhna tha mi subhach;
Fhuair mi Bhan Lunnainneach bhuidhe
'S i 'na h-uigheam air son ceòil.

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* Maighstir Maskelyne—Nevil Maskelyne, D.D., F.R.S., astronomer and physicist, inventor of the prismatic micrometer, was born in London, 6th October 1732. In 1765 he was appointed astronomer-royal, and in 1774 he visited Schiehallion, Perthshire, to make observations determining the density of the earth in connection with that hill.

CAISMEACHD NAN GAIDHEAL.

Nuair thogar bratach Clann nan Gaidh'l.
O! cumaidh suas gu léir i;
Is leanaibh ceuman treun nan sàr
Le'm b'fhèarr am bàs na géilleadh.
Thig, thig gu luath bho dheas 's o thuath,
'O bhàrr nam beann gu oir nan tonn;
Thig thar gach sliabh mar rinneadh riamh
A sheasamh dian ri cheile.

Tha milltean cruinn fo sròl Loch-ial
De ghillean ciallach gleusda;
O! có nach iarradh a bhi triall
An deise bhriagh an fhéil'dh!
Am measg nan laoch o thìr an fhraoich
Na h-oigfhir treun is òrdail ceum,
Gu buaidh no bàs tha fir no ghràidh
Cho ullamh ghnàth gu éirigh.

Thig Gòrdonaich bho àird an ear,
'Sa h-uile fear dhiubh leumnaich;
Is Sifortaich a cheart cho mear
Nuair dh'éireas cabair feidh orr'.
Thig siorrachd Pheairt 'na uile neart.
Is thig gun dàil fir Earra-ghaidh'l.
'S gu'n cruinnich seòid air là a' mhòid.
O thaigh Iain Gròt gu Eirinn.

Thig gaisgich dìleas treun a nall
'O chuile thìr fo'n ghréine.
A chabhair an còirdean anns an àm,
'S cha bhi iad mall 'san teughmhail.
Air taobh an righ 's air son an tir
D'an d'thug iad gaol thar àit' 'san t-saoghal
Sàr shiol nan sonn dh'fhag tìr nan tom
A' tigh'nn le fonn nan ceudan.

Nuair bhios sinn còmhlath gual ri gual,
Is piobairean a séideadh,
Gu'n dean sinn seasamh mar bu dual,
Ged bhiodh an luaidh 'gar léireadh.
Is bheir sinn dìol air sliochd gun mhiadh,
A thogadh lainn ri mhnathan 's cloinn.
'S dh' aindeoin cruas gu'n to'r sinn buaidh
Air mac na h-uaill 's na h-eucoir.

Nach d'rinn ar sinnsear cuchdan mòr,
'S nach dean sinn mar an ceudna?
An sliochd nach d'ùmhlaich neart na Roimh:
O! có bheir orra géilleadh!
Cha'n fhiach leinn gròt "mi fhìn is '*gott*'"
'S gur h-e ar sgiath "Iehobhah Dhia,"
Bha ceart an dé 'na bheart gu léir,
'S an diugh 's e 'n Dia nach tréig sinn.

IAIN MOIREASDAN.

Paipear eireachdail an t-sluaigh,
'S fhiach e fichead sgillinn ruadh;
Gach fear a cheannaich e,
Ghuidh e beannachd air,
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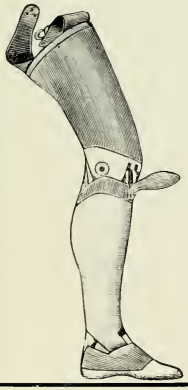

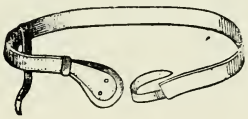

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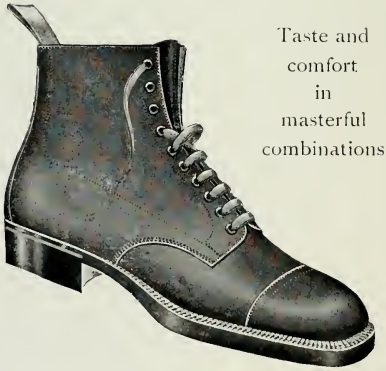

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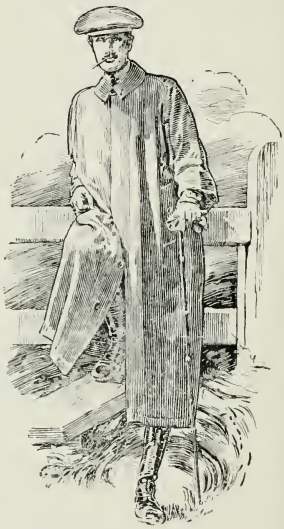

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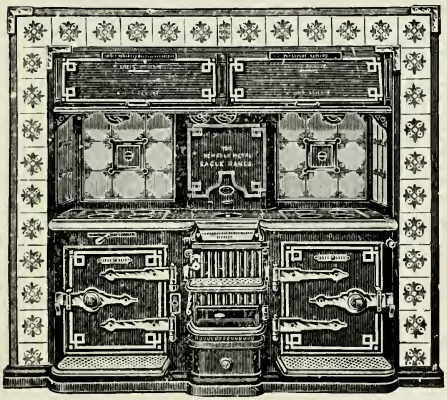

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